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WHAT THE GREAT THINKERS OF THIS ERA HAVE
THOUGHT AND SAID ON THESE SUBJECTS

COMPILED BY

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TWENTY VOLUMES

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THE GATHERING PLACE

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven;
At first we think of streets of gold,
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white,
And things all strange to mortal sight.
But in the afterward of years
It is a more familiar place;
A home unhurt by sighs or tears,
Where waiteth many a well-known face.
With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear—
The glad homeland not far away,
Where none are sick, or poor, or lone,
The place where we shall find our own.
And as we think of all we knew
Who there have met to part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er.

—Browning.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HEAVEN

BY THE REV. DONALD D. MAC LAURIN, D.D.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you.—John 14:1, 2.

The old day is nearly done. We are more than in the twilight of the dispensation that was the preparation of a new and more wondrous day. That new day is to break in the morning. But the night is very dark before that dawn, and twelve men are assembled in an upper room, nearly all of them with hearts heavily burdened, with souls deeply oppressed.

A crisis had come in the spiritual history of the race, in the life of the central figure, in this upper room. A new day, which meant a new experience in history, was about to break upon the old suffering humanity of earth.

But these men were full of grief. This central figure, to Whom they had attached themselves, had told them that He was about to go away, and they did not understand the meaning of His words then, nor did they for a little after. Jesus discovered their grief. He saw the billows, dark and dense, that rolled over them. He knew the sorrows that were surging through their trembling hearts, and so He spake to them words of exquisite beauty: "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me." That is to say, "Ye believe that everything God does is for your weal. God never makes a mistake. Now, I want you to have that same confidence in Me."

That is the meaning of this injunction. If you will pardon me for using a phrase of trade, He practically says to them, "Take stock in Me, bank on Me. You may not understand why I leave you after having called you away from your vocations in life, after arraying your age and your country against you, after working such transformations in your souls that the things that formerly engaged you, now no longer interest you; you may not understand

just why it is necessary, why it is expedient for Me to go away, but just rest the case there. Believe in Me as you believe in God."

And then He proceeds to utter these words that have sung gladness into millions of bereft hearts through all the centuries since: "In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

I wish to speak to you tonight in a very simple manner on the thoughts suggested by these words of our Lord, and I ask you to accord me, not for my sake, but for your own and the truth's, the hearing that will do you the most good.

We have here represented Heaven, and Heaven is represented here by the Savior Himself as the Father's house. You will remember that the temple, the gorgeous temple that crowned the holy summit of Mt. Moriah, was known as God's house; and the apostles often describe the church of God as God's house; but none of these is meant in the words of our text.

It means some magnificent region in God's vast universe which is set apart for the especial benefit of the Lord's own. "In My Father's house are many mansions."

Heaven is not only a state, but a place. You meet occasionally esthetic people who seem to be quite satisfied with this idea of Heaven that it is a state, an intangible state.

That does not satisfy my heart; nor does it satisfy the descriptions of Heaven in the Bible. Heaven is a tangible locality; it is a locus, a place. Indeed, it is almost impossible for us to think of Heaven apart from space or place.

In the Bible, this place is sometimes described as a garden, thereby implying that it is the most beautiful place in all God's great universe. Sometimes it is described as a city, thereby implying that it is a place of vast and splendid social enjoyments, for society never reaches its perfection, except in great aggregations of people in city life.

It is sometimes described as a palace with the great eternal on the throne, the atmosphere of which place is holiness, and all the attendants holy.

You know some of the apostles describe it as an inheritance. "For we have an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that

fadeth not away." These representations, to my mind, are mere hints of what Heaven is, but they are very suggestive hints, and are full of infinite consolation to the child of God.

Now, I wish to bring out several thoughts that are suggested by these words. And, in the first place, this Heaven to which we are journeying, I hope, is a scene of family life. How that takes the vagueness out of it. Jesus says: "In My Father's house are many mansions." And He describes that Father of His as your Father. So, we are to be at home when we reach the other side. It is a family life with God Almighty Himself as the head of the family, and Jesus Christ, Who spake these words, our elder brother. And you and I, and all the rest of us who are disciples of Jesus Christ, are to be the sons and daughters of God Almighty.

And, do you know, my friends, this service is one of the most interesting that it has ever been my privilege to minister unto. I cannot look out upon you here, from seven churches of different denominations for the most part, without wondering who and what you are. For the life of me I cannot tell a Methodist from a Congregationalist, or a Presbyterian from a Baptist. You sing with such heartiness; you look with such earnestness. And why? After all, we are children of a common Father. No matter what name we are known by in the ecclesiastical world, there grows in the face of us all the life of God; we are all sons and daughters of the eternal.

Heaven will be just like this, only enlarged and glorified. We will be brothers and sisters; we are children of one family, and we shall not be strangers to each other there. And what a family that will be! It will be a harmonious family, no jars, no bickerings, no quarrelings! It will be a holy family. No black sheep there. No skeleton in the closet of that celestial family. Every one who is there will be holy. Without are the dogs; without are the bad. None are admitted into that family circle. What a blessed thing it is! It is a scene of family love.

Then in the second place, it is a place of vast amplitude. "In My Father's house are many mansions," are many dwelling places. The abodes of God are numerous. How numerous I shall not undertake to say; because I do not know. Many people are perplexed

to know where Heaven is; I am not at all worried about it. There is plenty of room for Heaven in this vast universe of ours, and every one of the mighty stars that roll their way through immensity may become one of these homes of the sons and daughters of God.

While Heaven is a vast place, a place of vast amplitude, hell will be but a miserable, tucked-away place in God's universe.

When I lived over in New York (I am not sure the improvements have been so great since I left it that what I am to state is true or not), but, as I remember, on the upper part of Manhattan on some of the rocks that had not been reduced to the common level, there were little cots of squatters, made of boards that had never been painted, and in these little brown houses, people who had squatted on the valuable land were allowed to live. One of those little, shabby cots among the magnificent buildings of Manhattan Island, or, if you please, but one of these little cots in the midst of an immense city of palaces; that is hell to Heaven, one obscure little place.

What an idea modern astronomy has given us of the immensity of the universe. Let us see if we can grasp the conception, in order that our thought of God, and the provision which He has made for us all, may be enlarged.

This earth of ours is pretty large. If you climb the tallest steeple of Greater New York, and look out on every side, you will see, on a fair, clear day, a considerable area of the earth. But to get an idea of the area of the earth, you need to multiply all that you can see with the best eyes you have got on the clearest day that God will give you 900,000 times. Yet, our earth is not very big after all. You may set 500 earths side by side, and Neptune's outer ring would enclose them all. Or, you might jamb 300,000 earths like ours within the sun, if he were hollow, and there will be a little room left for something more. Why, the nearest fixed star is so far that it would require millions of years, if you traveled at the rate of a cannon ball, for you to reach it.

And this is only a part of God's vast universe. I have a question here from a modern astronomer as to the extent of the universe, and I want you to get it.

"The Milky Way," with which you are all familiar, I am sure, "holds probably at least 20,191,000 stars, and, as each is

a sun, we presume it is encircled by at least fifty planets. Counting up these figures we arrive at the magnitude of 1,000,000,955 stars. A thousand millions of stars—who can comprehend it? Still this is only a part of the universe. The modern telescopes have discovered more and similar Milky Ways still further away. We know of some 3000 nebulae which represent Milky Ways like ours. Let us count 2000 of them as being of the size of our Milky Way. Then 2000 times 20,191,000! Forty billions, three hundred and eighty-two million suns, or two trillion, nineteen billion, one hundred million heavenly bodies. Suppose these bodies parading before our mental eye, one per minute, it would require 3,840,000 years to finish the march, in all of which time we would have to look upon them unceasingly.

“Suppose a human being, migrating from globe to globe, and spending one hour on each, he would need 230,400,000 years for the task! Yet these nebulae are only a part of the universe! Outside the nebulae limits we know of other nebulae not resolvable into stars. They appear to be primitive nebulae, pure, unused world stuff—matter for new creations. Some of them occupy a space as large as the orbit of Uranus. Some are still larger. The one in Orion is estimated to be two quintillion times larger than our sun. Are we come to the outermost limits? Who dares say yes? We are probably come to our limits. But the future, with new instruments and scientific devices, may push those limits so much farther out into space.”

And this is still our Father's house! Pretty large house; plenty of room for the mansions. A scene of vast amplitude.

And, then, it is a scene of undoubted reality.

“If it were not so, I would have told you.” It is no poet's dream. It is no speculative philosophy. It is no guess. It is a scene of undoubted reality! And I am giving you this sermon tonight because your minds are still fresh with the sad and pathetic picture over yonder, which the agnostic's doubtings concerning the future have given to our world. I am speaking after the Master Himself when I say it is no guess; it is a scene of undoubted reality. “If it were not so,” says the Christ, “I would have told you.” Put over against that the guess of the agnostic, and even he, as you will remember, in his oration, which I read with interest at the time it was delivered at the bier of his brother, and which was

repeated at his own grave, even he, in the presence of the awful future, was forced to say, "From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death, hope sees a star, and listening, love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here (referring to his brother) when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with latest breath, 'I am better now.' "

And Ingersoll said: "Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all countless dead." Aye, this came from the heart of the agnostic, who, on the popular platform, leered and jeered at the future; but here, in the presence of his own dead, was compelled to indulge hope; but it was only a faint hope.

And you remember this poem, "The Declaration of the Free," which was also read at what they called the funeral services. In it he says these things:

"We have no God to serve or fear,
No hell to shun,
No devil with malicious leer,
When life is done.
An endless sleep may close our eyes,
A sleep with neither dreams nor sighs.

"We have no master on the land—
No king in air—
Without a manacle we stand,
Without a prayer;
Without a fear of coming night,
We seek the truth, we love the right."

Just remember that when I read you another verse toward the end of it:

"We do not bow before a guess,
A vague unknown;
A senseless force we do not bless
In solemn tone.
When evil comes we do not curse,
Or thank because it is no worse,
We do not pray, or weep, or wall."

Do they not? Come, Robert, did you look into your home after you left it?

"We do not pray, or weep, or wall;"

If agnosticism did nothing more than to deal so crushing a blow to a fond wife and daughter, it is cruel, too cruel, to be allowed a place in this world.

"We do not pray, or weep, or wail;"

Is that so? When you were well, in vigor and health, that may be so, but when you are laid low and your loved ones are taken, it is different.

We have no dread,
No fear to pass beyond the veil,
That hides the dead,
And yet we question, dream and guess,
But knowledge we do not possess.

We ask; yet nothing seems to know;

We cry in vain,
There is no "master of the show"

Who will explain,
Or from the future tear the mask;
And yet we dream, and still we ask.

In the earlier part of the poem, you remember, he had no asking. Always condemnatory! In spite of the head, the heart of man will be heard. And this is the heart:

Is there beyond the silent night
An endless day?
Is death a door that leads to light?
We cannot say.
The tongueless secret locked in fate
We do not know; we hope and wait,
That is all.

Now, over against this uncertainty is the certainty which the Christian who believes in the word of His Savior has. And I believe that Jesus told us the truth when He said: "If it were not so, I would have told you."

In the first place, Jesus Christ was too intelligent to be mistaken. "In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you." "I would have told you." And He knew! Why, friends, before that star dust of which the astronomers are speaking, out of which we know all material worlds have been made in the unbeginning beginning, I say, before one particle of it knitted itself to another and formed worlds, Jesus Christ was

there. Aye, not a thing in God's universe, vast as it is, was made without Him. And surely the Maker knows what there is. He knows! Ingersoll doesn't. He knows. Nobody else does. No one else was there. No one knows what these stars are. The very best astronomers—and most astronomers are devout men—know but little more than the child who, taught at its mother's knee to say, as he looks into the wondrous stars out of his wondering eyes:

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the earth so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.”

That is all the best of them knows about it. But Jesus knows! He knows! He knows! Your Master, and mine, knew what He was talking about. “If it were not so, I would have told you.” And then He declared Himself in this conversation with the disciples as the truth, and it is unthinkable that Jesus Christ would lie.

And then, He is too kind to delude. “I would have told you; I would not have left you in ignorance.” Jesus knew the hunger of the human heart! Jesus knew the race to which He belonged! He knew that from primeval time, men hungered, as they do now, after immortality! He knew that the old Babylonians yearned for it! He knew that the mighty Egyptians yearned for it! That is the meaning of their mummifying. That is why kings and prophets and priests among them were prepared for the thousands of years, 3,000 years, and their mummies laid away in hope of immortality, which, aye, so many of them, have already enjoyed. Their death is not in vain. Old Rameses, of the nineteenth dynasty, the Pharaoh of the oppression, longed for immortality; and so he had that great form of his mummified and laid away in some rock-hewn tomb, longing for immortality, and ages ago, too! His death-hope is not disappointing. His body has been brought forth, and is in the Bulak museum now, in Cairo, Egypt, and will remain there for the sons of men to look upon while the earth stands. But, back of all this, their temples, their worship, was the yearning for immortality. Jesus knew! And He knew that it was in the heart of these disciples, and thus, standing there, He said, “If it were not so I would have told you. I would not have allowed you to

cherish a false hope." He is too kind to allow them to be deceived. He knew, when He stood there before these men, who, like yourselves, hungered for immortality, longed for the life that is endless! He re-enforced the faith that dwelt in their hearts, and made it beautifully sweet. "In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you." Ah, He is a kind Savior, this! Do you know, if He had done nothing else for humanity than to give it this blessed disclosure, He is worthy the worship of the race.

There are ministers here. I want to tell you that if there is a trying place for a minister, it is to conduct the funeral of a bad man. If there is a trying experience for a minister, it is to meet the wife of a man whom both knew to have lived a life that precludes the indulgence of the slightest hope for his peace. I have seen them dazed. I have seen them almost bereft of their reason. I will not lie to anybody. When I cannot say any word of comfort, I say no word at all. For the most part, I have the privilege of serving those whose friends have gone in the triumphs of faith, and when I speak, in private, words of comfort, do you think it is no joy to me to see the face light up, though the tears roll down, and they say: "Oh, pastor, if it were not for my hope and for what Jesus is to me now, I do not know what I could do." Yes, it is a certainty. You are not, when you come to the grave, facing a guess, an uncertainty. It is a reality. "If it were not so, I would have told you."

Now, one word or two to close. Notice what Jesus says: "I go to prepare a place for you." How strange that is! Usually you know servants prepare for masters, and not masters for servants. But here it is reversed. It is the Master who is going to prepare a place for the servants. And it is the Son of God Who is proposing to go to prepare a place, not for Himself, but for His disciples; to make it ready.

I have always indulged, since my mother went away, and she went away on the anniversary of my natal day, and also the day I was ordained to the gospel ministry, I have always indulged this fancy—it is merely a fancy—that the Lord Jesus has, as He used to here, employed her as His helper to fit up our mansion over there. I know that nothing would gratify our mother,—the mother of eight children, most of them in Christian service—nothing would

gratify her more than to be engaged in this interim in fixing things up, under the direction of the Master, herself. I like to think of it. She knows our tastes, knows just how to fix things. And I think she would ask the Master for the privilege of doing this work. And when father went a number of years after, I am sure that everything was ready for his home-coming; and it will be for the rest of us.

But after all our friends can do, there is something Jesus Himself must do. "I go to prepare a place for you." Joseph Parker utters this thought: "It takes the Master to bring spring. Some of you," he says, "have seen fifty springs, and now you say, 'I will bring the fifty-first spring.'" And you go about it. Well, it is a big task. Make one spring! You say: 'I will buy all the paints, all the oils, and all the brushes in the world, and I will go out and paint the trees, paint the leaves, and buds, and flowers, and paint the cold grim earth, and make it green like the living grass.' Can you bring spring? Well, hardly. No! Not a man of you can hurry spring by a minute! Not a minute! It takes the Master to bring the spring."

And if you cannot make one spring or summer come, you cannot fit up a mansion for God's redeemed ones. It takes the Almighty Savior and Creator to make Heaven fit for those who love Him. You need not worry about Heaven. Whatever Jesus does, it will be all right. I have no concern if He is busy just now fixing up the place.

If you are married, or are marrying, a man of millions, you do not expect to go into a shanty. You expect to go into a fine mansion on one of the finest streets of your city. According to the man's ability you measure the preparation.

Now, think of what Jesus is able to do! He has got everything—got the universe to draw from. Do you think it will be an insignificant place that He will prepare for you and me? Oh, it is wonderful! I know that the place which He prepares for us is beyond our comprehension, in all that makes for beauty, in all that makes for comfort, in all that makes for richness. Aye, He made all the stars! Aye, He holds the world in balance. "I go to prepare a place for you." Even so, blessed Master, and when you are ready to come, come and take us home.—Commonwealth.

RANK IN HEAVEN

BY THE REV. DR. EDWARD JUDSON

Once upon a time a man strayed into a Christian church, who belonged to a class sometimes called toughs. He had a face as hard as the nether millstone, and a heart to match. He bore upon his person scars made by the knife in street brawls. He had been an inmate of many prisons. But under the influence of the gospel this unpromising character became a Christian, and undertook the duties of a new life. This was in no wise easy for him, because his wife was a bigoted, drunken creature, who made it the persistent aim of her existence to thwart all his noble endeavors. She used to keep him from church, provoke him to anger, and in fact did her very best to draw him back into his old courses.

For fifteen months, however, he persisted firmly in Christian behavior. At the end of this time, under peculiar stress of temptation, he fell back into his old ways, but at once recovered himself, and, expressing deepest regret for his waywardness, resumed the obligation of religion. After another period of consistent conduct he succumbed to his malign environment, and, in the delirium of a fever, shot himself. Now one would say, looking at such a life superficially, that it had very little to show of substantial Christian service and sacrifice. But perhaps He who looks not on the outward appearance, and Who measures the force of effort, as well as the bulk of attainment, may rank even the miserable New York tough among the last that shall be first.

"Not on the vulgar mass

Called "work" must sentence pass,

Things done, that took the eye and had the price;

O'er which, from level stand,

The low world laid its hand,

Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice.

"But all, the world's coarse thumb

And finger failed to plumb,

So passed is making up the main account;

All instincts immature,

All purposes unsure,

That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount.

"Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

Doubtless celestial mensuration will often reverse earthly estimate. The soul's value will be determined, not by the bulk of the work done and the sacrifice rendered, but by the animating spirit of the life. This was exactly the lesson our Lord taught Peter in His parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard. Peter had asked Him the characteristic question: Lord, we have forsaken all and followed Thee; what shall we have therefore?

One is shocked at such a claim made by a follower of Christ,—it betrays such self-consciousness and such a mercenary spirit. We should expect Christ to administer to Peter a rebuke, sudden and sharp. But He does nothing of the sort. Like the surgeon who folded his lancet in a sponge, it was Christ's way before a reprimand to prepare and soften the heart with a gentle word of comfort and promise. And so He begins by assuring Peter that those who make sacrifices in His name shall be amply rewarded in this life and the next. Then He adds the word of warning: But many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first. In other words, what is done and suffered all goes for nothing, if there is the wrong spirit. The moths of self-consciousness and self-seeking fret into dust the most gorgeous tapestry of Christian service and sacrifice. Those that are counted first here, because of what they have done and suffered for the good cause, shall be rated last over yonder, because all was spoiled by a proud and selfish spirit; while on the other hand, many who are regarded as least and hindmost here, of whom people said: What have they done or endured for the Master? shall rank first in Heaven, because their lives were pervaded by the aroma of a meek and quiet spirit.

He then illustrates His point by telling a story about some working men, who although they had been hired at five o'clock in the afternoon and had worked only one hour, and so might be called the last, yet in the estimation of their employer, took precedence of others who had worked hard all day long, but with a

mercenary spirit, like Peter's, who said: What shall we have therefore? and with a proud consciousness that they were first, since they said: We have borne the burden and heat of the day—the very echo of Peter's words: We have forsaken all and followed Thee. All well enough in the world of trade, but all wrong in the spiritual life.

The Christian life, then, will be valued not by its mass, but by its motive. The poor widow depositing her two mites in the Lord's treasury, though last here, shall be first there. The humble servant performing faithfully her household duties, with the simple purpose of pleasing God, though last here, shall be first there. The obscure sufferer in a tenement house bearing patiently the ills of life, rated last and least among the children of men, may be first and foremost in Heaven. The Christian life consists not in doing some great thing, but in being right with God.

Rank in the kingdom of Heaven will be determined not by the amount of work done or suffering borne, but by the spirit and motive of the life. A self-seeking spirit spoils the fairest endeavor. "Pursue virtue virtuously," says Sir Thomas Browne. "Leaven not good acts with fond intentions, nor circumstantially deprave substantial goodness." The great tenor, Mario, was one morning passing through the market place at Lyons, when his attention was attracted by a poor beggar woman and her child, who were appealing for help. Impressed by the noble face of the child he felt in his pocket for money, but found it was empty. Baring his head and holding his hat in such a way as to screen his face and to receive the coins of the passers by, he began to sing a simple air. The song ended, he poured the gathered treasure into the lap of the grateful mother, and went his way not dreaming that he had been recognized. But in the evening when he appeared before the footlights cheer after cheer arose from the assembled throng that pelted him with flowers, and would not be satisfied until he had repeated in the theater the song of the market place. How the hope of reward would have spoiled the fine action! How bright in the light of Heaven shines

"That best portion of a good man's life,

His little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

The brightest Christian virtue, moreover, is devoid of self-consciousness as well as of self-seeking. Piety, like beauty, is undone as soon as it is conscious of itself. The best men and women in our churches are those that don't know it. They mourn over their imperfections, rather than claim to have reached some higher plane of goodness. In passing through the great fields of Indian corn in some Western state, one observes that the ears which are small and green and not filled out, stand perfectly erect upon the stalk, while the ears that are ripe and brown, and weighed down with golden grain, bend over, so that the husk forms an umbrella, completely protecting the fruit. The best people are like that. Laden with the fruits of Christian experience, they bend low with humility and a sense of imperfection. As bees fly home to their hives, their thighs laden with pollen, which they shake off, and never looking behind fly away again for another load, leaving it for others to pack the pollen away in the cells, so the true Christian forgets those things which are behind and reaches forth unto those things which are before. It is a good motto, to do all the good you can to all the people you can, and make as little fuss about it as you can. Every noble life is haunted by the same divine discontent that is voiced in the lines written by Helen Hunt Jackson, only four days before her death:

"Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun.

"So clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought
Unconscious, selfish aims to win.

"So clear I see that I have hurt,
The souls I might have helped to save,
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls Thy leaders gave.

"In outskirts of Thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task Thou hast,
Let me, repentant, work for Thee."

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

THE TEARLESS HEAVEN

BY THE REV. ARTHUR MUNSELL

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Revelation 21:4.

There is much of mystery connected with the style and matter of the book of the Revelation; and when we consider the special object of its indictment we are not surprised that this should be the case. That object appears to have been to supply some kind of idea to mankind of Heaven and a future state, so far materialized as to give the highest possible notion which our capacities could form of happiness and grandeur. The most feasible method for effectuating this purpose seems to be the one which is here adopted, viz., the use of the allegorical style. It would be impossible for inspiration itself to present before material minds a conception of immaterial realities, without some confusion of metaphor, and a good deal of mixture of idea. And the only available means of protecting such confusion from the charge of inaccuracy and wildness, which frigid criticism would bring against it, was to resort to this allegorical mode of description, under which the pictures of the apocalypse are unrolled before us. In dreams, we often fancy we behold associations of objects which are not seen in nature, so that in portraying the visions of a trance there was the less apparent impropriety in the imagery employed, and less incongruity in the golden streets, and seas of glass, and gates of pearl, and rivers of crystal, than would have appeared had the evangelist only been professedly picturing some actual scene before him. And this method was the more necessary when we consider the glories of the state which the dreamer was laboring to unfold. The materials at his disposal were vastly inadequate to his task, and the man who has to use the ideas and objects of this transient earth in exhibiting the wonders and splendors of the Heavenly world, will soon find that it will require an aggregation of every figure and beauty he can collect to give an idea, however faint, even of one feature of the great reality. No wonder, then that the evangelist lays under tribute to his object the treasury of the vegetable, animal and min-

eral kingdoms; and selects all that is vernal in the first, all that is noble in the second, and all that is costly in the third, to aid him in his vast essay. In the production of his grand ideal, he dips his pencil in all the colors which earthly loveliness and Heavenly light supply, and summons to his aid, in the strong travail of his fancy, spirits from above, beneath, around. Mighty elements rush; strong winged angels fly; weird voices cry out of ethereal ambush; and spirit-fingers fling open scrolls of mystic meaning, written in strange characters of light. The unveiled Heaven glitters with potent signs, and the trembling earth cowers in portentous submission. Long-locked seals are opened, and vials charged with the awful ingredients of deity are poured forth on earth and ocean. Archangels bestride the entire world, and set one foot upon the boiling sea and the other on the land; while they deliver the oracles out of the holy place. And Heaven sends forth the mighty heralds of its counsels, carrying its behests around, until at length the chain of the divine Omnipotence is fully forged, and binds in bondage the sinewy serpent, that the accuser of the brethren may deceive no more.

This book is the index on the dial of eternity. Not only do the things of this world act, and come, and go before us, but phantoms glide out of immensity, and strangers visit us from the cloudy realm of the Unseen. The long-dead rise out of their sleep of years; the judgment-throne is built before us, and the great assize is opened; the tomes of destiny unfold their leaves; and the verdicts of eternity are ratified. The doom of the unrighteous is pronounced; the welcome of the redeemed is proclaimed. The everlasting doors lift up their heads and let loose the torrent of the hosannas of the just. Fields of light, flowers of radiance, floods of glory, open in intense perspective; and there, as the bosom and the core of all, is the King in His beauty, enshrined in brightness; and, built around Him upon foundations of blazing gems, are the mansions where the spirits of the just made perfect live, the homes where immortality expands, and in that expansion not a sigh of disappointed hope is heard, no tear of baffled desire can be seen, for sorrow and sighing have fled away, and God has wiped away all tears from their eyes.

Amongst the troubles of this chequered earth on which we live, our griefs are oftentimes so sore that tears come as a relief, and we are glad when the hot gush comes and helps the load away from our too-swollen heart. But this is not because tears are a good thing in themselves, but because an outward weeping is better than an inward lamentation. Tears are the visible signs of the heart's sorrows, and even what we call tears of joy would not be shed, but from some sense of ill-desert which calls up something like a spasm of self-reproach even while we take the blessing or the joy which is mingled for us. Tears are the signs of grief, and therefore to say that God will wipe all tears from their eyes, is simply to declare that every cause of sorrow shall be borne away.

Grief has but one deep primary root, and tears have but one deep primary source, and that root, that source, is sin. No sob ever mingled with Eden's breezes; no tear ever fell from the eyelid of our mother Eve, as she looked into the cup of the flower of paradise, until sin came. It was depravity's black wand that smote the rock, and drew forth the first flood of tears; and the heart-ache was not known until the serpent had made a conquest of the human will. But it was then that frowns, and sighs, and sorrows, and sobs, and tears, and miseries, and all the woful progeny of unhappiness were born; and until that serpent is again restrained, and sin again is banished, the cruel generation of human griefs will never be extinct. Fresh hearts must swell and break; fresh eyes grow red with tears; until the great Physician binds up every wound, and God wipes every tear away.

No tears can come where there is no sin. But this world teems with sin, and therefore rolls down with tears. Sin has robbed us of so much bliss and honor; has flung so deep a blight on body and on soul; has hewn so wide a gulf between mankind and God; has rifled us so cruelly of hope; has so traitorously revolutionized the moral, and even the secular, state of human society; and has cloaked the race with such a mantle of impurity and sadness, that no wonder the world is called and found actually to be "a valley of tears." Can we look upon the lands of heathendom, where wood and stone drink tribute from the worship and the very blood of God's own handiwork, and call it otherwise? Can we contemplate the continent in which our country is to be found, and see

more than three-fourths of all its millions dividing their homage between the False Prophet, with his voluptuous excesses, and the "Mother of harlots," with the "wine of her fornication," and call it otherwise? Can we look at home and see the social and political vice which festers round us, the wars so easily provoked, the blood so readily and ruthlessly poured forth, the mutual rights so often trampled down, the wrong which propagates distrust and breeds misgiving in the mind, and call it otherwise? Can we look amongst our own immediate circle, and see the many petty causes working to prevent the closeness of our mutual union, the small jealousies keeping families apart, the little roots of bitterness which grow in our own households, and fatten like fungi round our very hearthstones, and call it otherwise? Can we turn the inner eye upon our own hearts and watch the tumult of bad passions often rankling there, and call it otherwise? Beneath our gentlest and kindest virtues there sleeps the lava of an evil impulse ready to spring forth at any small ignition. The chain of our dearest intimacies is so charred in the fire of passion, that, even amidst brethren and sisters, the Abel of one hour turns into the Cain of the next, and the Mary of today is the Jezebel of tomorrow. Surely we may call such a world, overgrown with such tangled elements, "a valley of tears," "a howling wilderness." But taking the world as we find it, and bearing in mind the hereditary links by which the human race are bound together, although tears are the offspring and the fruits of sin, it is not always wrong to weep. When the penitent weeps over his sins, when the Christian weeps over his shortcomings, it is well; for they are the mourners in Zion to whose gloom a dawn is promised, and for whose wounds the balm of Gilead is at hand. "Blessed are they that thus mourn, for they shall be comforted." When the finger of the destroyer beckons us to look at our cherished ones lying stark in his embrace; when he points us to the cold lip and icy eyelid, unresponsive to the pressure of our kiss, or the language of our glance; when he shows us coffins, and shrouds, and snow-veiled graves, and rings a passing-bell in the chambers of our aching memories; it is not wrong to weep. Such tears must flow, for they are the signs of severed love. The thing they weep over is the child of sin, and the tear may be the libation of a gentle weakness; but it was a weakness which the world's Savior did not spurn to show, for He often wept with those that

wept, and on the turf of Lazarus' new made grave there fell a tear of tenderness which showed that divinity itself knew how to weep. No; though without sin there had been no tears, it does not follow that every tear must have a special sin as its root, or else the sinless One could not have wept. But divine grace destroys not natural sensibility; but, while the tear of love and memory breaks forth, it stands with the solace of the promises by the mourner's side, and says, "Be not ignorant concerning them which are asleep, and sorrow not as those who have no hope; for if you believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

From whatever source the tears we shed may spring, they shall be wiped away in Heaven. They are sometimes caused by temporal depression. Such depression cannot extend beyond the bounds of time. The toil-fagged laborer may sometimes weep over his hard lot. He may stand amidst the snows of "the winter of his discontent," and feel the tear start into his eye as he sees his thin wife trying to eke out their little hoard in vain, and hears his hungry children pleading for their daily bread which all his toil can scarcely find them; he may weep as he feels the infirmities of age creep over him, and deprive him of the energy and the strength to wage the rough battle of his life. The upright workman who desires to provide things honest in the sight of all men, as well as to help on Zion's cause, may sometimes show the hardness of the task by the tear which will not be kept back. The insolvent tradesman, cast down from pinnacles of ease and independence into the stern and thorny thicket of temporal reverse, may drop a tear over the ruin of his fortunes. Men who were once caressed by those they thought were friends, but who were only fickle flatterers, will haply weep sometimes over the betrayer's treachery. But all these reverses shall again be righted. In the abode where tears are wiped away there shall be no more poverty. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of waters."

Defective friendships are a prolific source of tears. It is a veil we cannot raise—that which covers the griefs which this root nurtures. "Every heart knows its own bitterness," and there is but

one other heart which fully knows it, and that is the heart of Him Whose hand shall wipe the tears away. Sometimes this defection is occasioned by infirmity, temper, ignorance, or prejudice. Many are our friends just so long as the sun of prosperity is shining; but as soon as our sky darkens into gloom, their smiles darken into frowns. When friendship is most needed, then it is most rare. We can find many to congratulate, but few to condole. Not many hands will try to heal our poverty, or help to bear our burdens. We can find thousands who are ready most religiously to obey the command which bids them be helpers of each other's joys, but very, very few who will be sharers of our sorrows. Defective friendships! Aye, and treacherous relationships, too, draw forth our tears. What bitter tears did David shed over the perfidy of his own son! And there's many a father now who knows something of the same grief. The words of Job, in which he proves how vain is the help, and how fickle is the heart of man, did not apply to his case alone. "To him that is afflicted pity should be showed by his friend; but he forsaketh the fear of the Almighty. My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as a stream of brooks they pass away; which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid. What time they wax warm, they vanish; when it is hot, they are consumed out of their place. The paths of their way are turned aside, they go to nothing and perish." And did not Christ find this defection; did not He find the "ice" and the "snow" curdling and freezing the regards of His dearest followers against Him in the hour of His need? During the seasons of unmolested communion He had an audience to hang upon His lips; but when the rabble shouted, "Crucify Him," Peter cried, "I know not the Man;" and when the cross was ready, and the thorns were twined, and Golgotha resounded with the lashings of the scourge, "they all forsook Him and fled." Amidst the honey of communion there were many to cry, "Hosanna in the highest;" but amidst the gall and vinegar of persecution they wagged their heads, and cried, "Come down, Thou Jesus, and prophesy." So, too, with the apostle of the Gentiles. He also had to complain: "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me." And does not the experience of daily life prove the same thing? The flatterer of today is the reviler of tomorrow. The

smile will often wreath into a sneer, and the eulogy change into a scoff. The pillars of our churches often break down, and those on whom we hoped we could rely, spread some unsuspected wing and flutter to some other resting-place. But there will be no faithless friends in Heaven. No Judas shall be found sitting at the board. No tears shall fall over the treachery of lover, brother, friend. But the whole family, named by one name, bearing one banner, and singing one song, shall have their mind and soul knit together by the golden thread of one glorious fabric, with love for its motto, and union its strength. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

How widely and how bitterly, moreover, do the fingers of affliction fling open the sluices of our tears! These frames of ours are frail. "All flesh is grass." And it is an affecting sight to watch in those we love the gradual or quick transition from health to sickness, from activity to languor, and from strength to pain. And the anxious cloud is often charged with tearful rain, when it curtains the horizon of the Christian with the infirmity and decrepitude of coming age. The winter of life is often a season of weeping. Old age is a time in which the blossoms of a life's relationships are often blighted, and the solitary veteran is gazed upon by the eyes of a new and strange generation. He feels lonely in the crowd. And the thoughts and minds of those around him are cast in a different mold from his. There is but little echo when he speaks, except that which reverberates through the caverns of memory, and makes him yearn for the days and months that are past. "When thou wast young thou girdest thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." Under the pressure of old age Barzillai refused the offer of a palace. Its magnificence had no charm for him, and with no appetite for the ambition of its grandeur he exclaimed: "I am this day fourscore years old; and can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat, or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and sing-

ing women? Wherefore then should thy servant be yet a burden unto my lord the king?" Even the harp of David vibrated with plaintive sound when it discoursed upon the theme of age. "The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." But there is no infirmity, no mental or physical decay, to break in upon the immortal activity and youth of Heaven; there there is no winter frost to whiten the angelic plumage, or freeze the wing with which the immortal cleaves the sky. Myriads of ages shall not quench the zest with which we revel amongst the Heavenly plains; nor weaken the force of melody with which we shout "Hosanna in the highest." "There shall be neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain;" but each century shall add a new power to the pinions to bear the spirit into yet higher and sublimer glories, and lend a new note to the unflagging hallelujah which extols the merits of the Lamb. Ye who have patiently endured disease, you could often weep though you will not murmur; but your emancipation draweth nigh; these weary days and racking nights no longer are appointed you. Nor does the spirit, full charged with its inward griefs, pour forth its flood into the eyes. Martyrs, you have been devoured and torn by thirsty sleuthhounds of persecution; but the tooth of torture now is blunted, and the embers of the stake are quenched; for, like your Master, you have exchanged the crown of thorns for one of glory, and you cast it in triumph at the feet of Him Who bought it with His blood, and cry, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

And those bitterest of all tears which bereavement calls into the eye—these, too, shall be dried. How often is the chasm in our hearts cleft open by the stroke which cuts off those we love more dearly than our lives! The brother cannot look upon a sister's face, but he knows that flower must fade. Old playmates, whose merry voices have joined gleefully together, who have wreathed the same daisy-chains, have learned the same tasks, taken the same walks, and shared the same pains and joys, are rent asunder, and the one may go and twine another daisy-chain from his old companion's grave. The plighters of life's solemn troth before God's altar are to be banished from each other's embrace, and the heart of the husband must be stunned with the mandate from on High:

"Son of man, behold I take away the desire of thine eyes as with a stroke." Orphans are left to weep for parents passed away; widows are called upon to drop a tear beside a partner's corpse; mothers must have their children snatched out of their arms. There's not a sweet and dear relationship which wakes our love within our hearts but we are summoned to surrender it, and weep over its dis severment; for "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." He must have been, indeed, unhappy over whose unmoistened grave no tears are shed, and whose death has awakened no regrets. But these, thank God, are few. Death rends all hearts. See Jacob shaking his grey hairs, and crying, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not; all these things are against me." When Joseph died, the children of Israel wept sore. "My father! my father!" was the wail which sounded from Elisha's heart as Elijah was snatched from him. "O my son Absalom! O Absalom, my son, my son!" cried the smitten David as he "went up to the chamber over the gate" that he might weep alone. And when his friend Lazarus died, Jesus also wept. Well; be it so. To weep and to be wept is the lot of man on earth; but, then, so much more welcome to the rest we hope for. A loud and thrilling voice is heard bursting from Heaven, "And there shall be no more death." Such a shade shall never fall upon the threshold. The lank-jawed skull shall never grin through the portals of the city of the glorified. The bony finger shall not beckon to the spirits of the just; the scythe shall have no power on the souls that throb in deathless vigor there. The monster has reaped his harvest this side of the grave, and let him make the most of it. Let him feed upon the garbage of the rotting body; but he shall not fatten on the essence of the soul and spirit, throbbing in the energy of their celestial employ. The rigid limb, the silent pulse, the pallid cheek, the breathless lip—these are not scenes for Heaven. Begone, thou king of terrors, and carry thy charnel sheaf of stricken mortality along with thee; fester away upon the juices of old graves; and when there is no further garbage for thy sepulchral appetite, lie down thyself and die; roll back the stone from the most marrowless and noisome sepulchre whose captive has escaped, and set up thy everlasting rest unfunerated, unknelled, unmourned—for death is swallowed up in victory!

And what a realm must that land be, whose frontiers death and sin can never pass, and in whose cities tears can never flow! Heaven! The home of God; the residence of deity; and the pavilion of the church of the first-born! It is a land where there is "fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore." What need to paint it? Why try to gather garlands from its river banks; why stir the spray of its crystal sea; why dive for the jewels which its mines contain? It is God's dwelling-place. Its residents stand face to face with Jesus, and the palms they wave and the anthems which they sing fan with their breath and greet with their melody the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. And what is the hand which shall thus wipe away our tears? It is a hand which once was pierced with nails; but there is no scar upon it now. The banishment of these tears is an act which is divine. He sends no ministering angel round to soothe and comfort those He has redeemed; but He is His own missionary, and carries His own solace. His love ensures His people's perfect joy. His power accomplishes and achieves the banishment of every woe. The immutability of His promise, and His oath to "save to the uttermost," is the guarantee for its performance. There is the breath of divinity stirring amidst the very language; it is the dialect and phraseology of God; "the former things are passed away. And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." How impressive and sublime is the picture thus presented! Beneath the throne of the Redeemer, who is arrayed in the glory of the Father, lie the plains of Heaven and the landscapes of the earth—the present scene of sorrow, pain, and death—the theatre of woe's tragedy. He spoke in ages past, and that world rolled forth and floated light in space. He speaks again, and it collapses and vanishes away, and Heaven is rolled up like a scroll, and "the former things are passed away." Once more His voice is heard, and from the ashes of a crumbled universe there spring the phoenix of a new Heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, replete with the effulgence of perfect and unveiled deity. The tabernacle of God is with men, and He Who sits upon the highest throne declares, "Behold, I make all things new." And the glory of the novelty is the banishment of grief, for "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

He will do it lovingly. As the "brother born for adversity," He will come gently on His assuaging errand; and as a High-priest touched with a feeling of our infirmities, He will bid our mourning cease. When we feel such a hand wiping our tears away we shall never regret that we shed them; but shall bless the Lord with all our soul for the bitterest grief which ever racked our heart.

And He will do it effectually. He will not merely dry up a fountain that shall anon break out afresh; but all tears shall be wiped away. Every cause of tears shall be removed; for He shall destroy sin, the great master evil,—the wide, deep ocean from which all tears have been supplied. The tears of penitence, of back-sliding, and contrition, shall be dried for ever. Tears of adversity shall be no more, for there shall be no more poverty; tears of affliction shall vanish, for there shall be no more pain; tears for the world and tears for the church shall flow no longer, for old things are passed away, and all things shall become new; while those from off whose faces every tear is dried, look from their smiling and unscalding eyes for a new Heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. As for bereavements, and the tears they bring, there shall be no parting in this region of reunions; and the only moisture on the cheek shall be the kiss with which our loved ones welcome us to the mansions where all families shall be complete;—where mother shall meet the child she laid beneath the turf, and the husband shall re-greet his partner whose taking off seemed to rive the very fibres of his inmost heart; and where each riven link shall be re-welded, and the chain made golden with the joy and brightness of the perfect day.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." He shall do it. It is certain. As surely as that tear has risen, so surely shall the hand of God remove it. The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, and it is true. The faith that believes it rests upon a rock—the Rock of Ages—the immutability of Him Who was, and is, and is to come. The hope that hails it springs from that stable faith, and is as "an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil, whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made a High-priest for ever." It is written, graven as with a pen of fire, and blazoned in the lightning characters of inspiration—"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes"—and believe

it, Christian, for "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one jot nor one tittle of His word shall fail."

Oh! is it not worth while to bear the griefs which come upon us here, in prospect of such an assuagement in the world to come? Should we not almost welcome sorrow rather than elude it, could we but realize the ecstasy of that electric thrill of gladness which shall dance through our expanding souls as the Physician comes with His healing in His wings; and with the solace on His lip, and in His hand and in His eye? O happy weeper, to have thy dimming eye thus brightened! Weep on! Pour forth the briny tide in scalding rills adown thy cheeks; sob with a deeper bitterness, and wet thy couch with a yet more overflowing anguish, for the Evangel of mercy is pluming His pionion for His flight of love and solace, and He bears within His hand the leaf, plucked from life's vernal tree, with which He shall heal thy sorest wound. How profitable is the penance of the believer's sorrow! What a legacy of interest is laying up in the exchequer of His heritage! O, it is worth while to wet the face with tears, to have it dried by such a hand as this!

If tears are wiped away in Heaven, it is not only that you may cease to grieve, but that you may begin to rejoice; not only that you may restrain the lamentation, but begin the song. Where the dimness of those tears was seen, the brightness of a holy joy shall flash, and your glance shall kindle like a conqueror's eye, and glitter like the sheen of the morning stars. Rejoined with all you ever loved; restored to all you ever lost, you shall stand, plumed with a crest of triumph, full in the undimmed blaze of Immanuel's smile, singing a song for ever new, and swayed by a gladness ever fresh. Through meads of flowers that never fade; by streams whose ripples never dim; midst fountains whose spray is ever golden with a sunless light; in bowers whose leaves are never sere; through gardens whose fragrance never surfeits; here you shall spend eternity. The ages shall not cloy or grow monotonous; for perfect mind, expanded thought, shall ever lead you further and further into Heaven. Angelic converse shall be the dialect of your fellowship, and you shall sun yourself for ever in the radiance of the Lamb. There shall be no evening vesper, and no matin carol, but one unending noontide shall prevail, and the spontaneous pulse of worship shall beat in every heart, and stir the plumage on each angel wing;

and, whilst the streams are laughing in their onward flow, the fountains dancing in the mellow day, and the perfumes weaving with the breezy air, the organ of the universal worship shall peal forth, and angel harp and seraph voice begin again the choral hallelujah. Thoughts of old Calvary shall flash across your mind; and as you look upon the Victor's blazing crown, and think upon the Victim's bloody cross, the shout will peal louder from your lips—Hosanna to the Lamb—hosanna to the Crucified—hosanna in the highest! Oh! does not the prospect animate your soul's ambition? Does it not generate in the embryo of your desire the cry, "O that I had wings like the dove, then would I flee away and be at rest!"

LIGHT THROWN UPWARD

BY THE REV. J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D., LL.D.

"Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me; for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world."—John 17:24.

This is the last, the most profound, the most far reaching conversation of Christ, in which He performed the act of washing the feet of His disciples to teach them the hardest lesson for their successors, humility. He revealed His betrayal. Judas retired from the scene. He announced His coming departure from the earth. Peter promised to die with Him, and was warned but was incredulous. He gave the promise of the Spirit that should guide them into all truth. He explained His apparent neglect of the subject of the future state, saying: "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you." Finally He lifted up His eyes and uttered the prayer of which the text is the culmination, known as the high priestly prayer. A German studied upon it forty years, but never dared to write on it, and toward the end of his life had it solemnly read to him three times. Some little children in an American city whose leader failed to come to their little prayer meeting, turned over the New Testament for a long time, at last selecting this prayer as the passage to read. Afterward, being

asked why they chose that one, said it seemed to bring the Heavenly Father and the Savior down into the room.

It is clear this prayer was not uttered primarily for its influence upon God, but to be heard and preserved for its effect upon the disciples of Christ. On a certain occasion Jesus declared that He prayed for the sakes of them that heard Him, for God always heard Him. And on another occasion He declared when some said an angel spake to Him and others said it thundered, that this voice came for their sakes.

There is a remarkable difference between this prayer and all other prayers uttered directly by Christ and all prayers of any length in the sacred Scriptures. Though never man spake in figurative language more than Christ did, though He said to His disciples, "Except ye eat My flesh and drink My blood ye have no life in you," and they were so confused that He was compelled to say to them, "Does this offend you? What, and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where He was the words I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life," notwithstanding He perplexed Nicodemus so that he fancied the spiritual life involved in a certain sense the reproduction of the physical life, in this prayer, long as it is, no proper figurative expression can be found.

The special subject which lies embodied not in useless ore but in jewels of incomputable value, is the Heaven of the believer. "I will that those whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am." There are more hymns about Heaven, more frequent references to Heaven in the literature of the Christian church than upon any other subject. And no wonder, for what question is so absorbing as what awaits us when we die? But of all subjects of religious thought ideas are most vague upon Heaven. It may be inferred that very little real consolation comes to the average Christian who lives upon the hymns and the beautiful passages concerning death and the other state in the works of fiction which have become so common within the last few years; very little consolation is afforded by thoughts of Heaven in the hours when it is most needed.

Several considerations support this view. One is that many of those who profess themselves Christians exhibit less composure than ordinary persons of the world in hours of bereavement; many more exhibit no more composure. Men and women of the world

find it exceedingly difficult to induce Christians to unfold to them consolation drawn from the future state. In fact, the most candid testimony has been given of men of intelligence as great as James Russell Lowell to the effect that it is almost impossible to induce Christians so to speak on the subject of Heaven as to demonstrate that it is near and real in their conceptions. There is something still more suggestive in the fact that most Christians when consolation is offered to them are compelled to listen to a repetition of the same general phrases, so that many of us have as much reason to complain of their so-called Christian friends as Job had when he said, "Miserable comforters are ye all."

In the thoughts of many Heaven is a vast nebulous cloud at the most. It may seem somewhat brighter than the surrounding expanse of blue or black, but there is nothing definite in it, and they look with increasing sadness upward and sometimes in moments of despondency look out helplessly into a black, starless midnight. This should not be so. It was not so to the apostles, nor to the early Christians, nor to the Scotch covenanters, it was not so to the Quakers in the day when they waited for and received the Spirit; it was not so to the founders of all the great Protestant sects; it is not so today to the most spiritual minded of the Roman and Greek churches. The efforts to show that "the gates are ajar" are but pitiful, for if the gates be ajar there is nothing seen except a gaudy reproduction of the life which now it. Wherein lies the difficulty? It is in the fact that it is not common to take the view of Heaven, of the future, or of earth itself that is taken by the gospel. The mistake is made of regarding the future state as something isolated, to be contemplated in itself as a state, a condition, as an everlasting "if," divided into two hemispheres, the everlasting "if" of happiness, the everlasting "if" of woe; there is no such reference to Heaven or to the future state in the sacred Scriptures.

If we study the text we shall find ourselves ascending the steps of a golden ladder, and from each uplift shall derive new light, until at last from the summit, if we use the proper glass, which the text itself will explain, we shall behold not a mere expanse, not a few flashes of a kind of spiritual aurora borealis, but a clear and steady light which will shine more and more unto the perfect day upon the inheritance of the saints in light.

Father: Here is introduced an abyss of mystery. The personality of God. It has been well said by one whose name is not remembered but whose words can never die, that this truth, the being of a God, is the mystery of the universe, at once the most certain and the most incomprehensible of all things; inexplicable itself, it explains all besides; it casts a clearness upon every question; it accounts for every phenomenon; it solves every problem; it penetrates every depth; and after explaining every other difficulty it remains the greatest of them all in solitary, unapproachable grandeur. The little child conceives God as a colossal man arrayed in the most beauteous and imposing garments, seated upon a great white throne; but to the youth these figures become hazy; and the man cannot employ them to assist him in reflecting upon the author of his being. The Bible abounds in illustrations drawn from material things. But just as we begin to think that God must be an immense being similar to ourselves, a solemn demand is made of us. Hast thou not known that the Lord, the everlasting Father, fainteth not. There is nothing like unto Him, in the Heavens above or the earth below or the waters under the earth. His face no man hath seen or can see.

And yet He is a person, a person like unto ourselves. For what man knoweth the things of man save the spirit of a man which is in him. Even so the things of God knoweth no man but the spirit of God only. In that passage the same word is used of our personality and is the capacity of knowledge which is applied to God and His personality, and capability of knowing. Therefore, as we cannot understand our own personality, we need not perplex ourselves in vain efforts to comprehend the personality of God.

Let us turn away from the delusions of pantheism, which are well suited to sentimental poetry, in which there is a kind of sentimental grandeur when we say:

"All, are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is and God the soul."

There is nothing there, pantheism to a rational man is practically **atheism**.

Let us turn away from all images and fancy ourselves to be blind men, knowing that in the corridor in which we grope there

is a friend. We can not see Him, we know not now whether He cometh from the east or from the west, but we are sure that He is there and we in our blindness will speak out into the universe and call to Him for our need. The little children clasp their hands at their mother's knee and learn to say our Father which art in Heaven, and what can we do better than that?

The introductory words to this prayer are that Jesus having said these things lifted up His eyes to Heaven. The personality of God is not inclosed in a temple of brain as ours is; it is free and infinite, ours is finite. How beautifully Jesus taught this to the woman at the well. And therefore it is suited for us. For surely we are as competent to understand such words as she. Not in yonder mountain nor even Jerusalem shall men worship the Father. God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. Ah, had the Savior paused there, the woman and we might have turned away, for that would be pantheism. That would be God everywhere, and wherefore God nowhere as a personal thought to us. But He continues: "For the Father seeketh such to worship Him." Behold then the foundation of all hope and of all religion. Father, God, the Father Almighty, the Everlasting Father that inhabiteth eternity. I will, I Jesus. Behold herein the personality of Jesus before He came to this world and after He departed from it. Christ, unlike us, had a personality manifested under three conditions, before He came into this world, while He was in it, and after He departed. There is no question about His personality here. But He declares in the text that He had glory with the Father before the world was, and He declares in the text that He is about to re-enter that glory. Hence we have the personality of Jesus before He came into this world and His personality after He left this world. And here we enter a realm of mystery, in a realm of indescribable contradictions. And because men have floated out upon the sea of thought upon one side of the contradiction, they have declared that Jesus was but a man and that His Father was Joseph. One might be justified in registering a solemn vow that he would throw away every word in the divine Scripture as a revelation if Joseph were the father of Jesus Christ. Certainly there is no standing place. And those standing upon the other side of the contradiction have declared that Jesus was God and God only and God in the same

sense in which the Father is God, and that He merely assumed a muddy vesture of decay to make a spectacular exhibition of Himself to the universe. This doctrine has had but few supporters in the history of the world.

Let us look at the contradiction and behold the key. Some one has skillfully grouped these contradictions. As a man Jesus was born and increased in wisdom and stature; as a God He declared, before Abraham was I am. As a man He fasted and was an hungered; as a God He fed 5,000 with a few loaves and fishes. As a man He spent a night in prayer; as a God He arose and walked upon the sea. As a man He was weary and fell asleep; as a God He arose and rebuked the winds and the waves and there was a great calm. As a man He was nailed to the cross and cried in agony, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me? As a God He said to the penitent thief, "Verily I say unto thee, this day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." As a man He died and was buried; as a God, He arose from the dead triumphant in glory to live and to save. As a God again He said to John, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore and have the keys of hell and of death." It is not easy to explain contradictions; He explained them and He inspired his apostles to explain them. "Being in the form of God He thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but was found in fashion as a man and humbled Himself and took upon Himself the form of a servant;" and for that cause God has given Jesus Christ to man, and Jesus Christ who in an inconceivable sense was with the Father before the world was and was God and is God evermore, but not in the same sense that God is one, in an inconceivable sense to our minds God has given Him a name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, bow in Heaven and in earth and shall confess that He is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me. Here appears the personality of the believer after death. We know that we are persons now. We know by the testimony of consciousness and by our power over the physical universe so that we can perform a miracle which nature never performed by lifting by a spiritual invisible force operating through material mechanism against the everlasting drawing of gravitation and by sustaining ourselves up-

right in the world, we know that we have the essential elements of personality, consciousness, memory, consecutive thought and will. But we do not know that we will have a personality after death unless God tells us.

But Jesus says, I will that they be with Me—and they are to be there for a purpose, implying personality—that they may behold My glory which I had with Thee before the world was. To accomplish that there must be perpetuated personalities with consecutive thought. Are we to be with Him where He is, and this demonstrates that in Christ's view Heaven is a place as much as this earth is a place. We might have learned that from the Lord's prayer, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven." If earth is a place, Heaven is a place. Christ came from God and went to God, and Heaven as spoken of by Jesus is not this earth. He declared that He was going to the place whence He came. He came not from this earth, but to this earth. Jesus will come to take His people away from the earth. Whatever may intervene, that is the consummation. But where is Heaven? It is impossible for the human being to conceive or even imagine it. It is impossible for a human being to form an idea that is worth the requisite force to think of it as the location of Heaven. As with the personality of God and the personality of Christ, so with Heaven.

Many Christians have a notion that they will never see Jesus in the sense of a person exterior to themselves. Does the text teach that? "I will that they be with Me where I am that they may behold My glory." That implies Christ visible to them.

It is hard to see if we do not think more closely than we do when our feelings are stirred how we shall recognize our friends in spirit life. Could we recognize today the soul or spirit of any person here with these eyes, if it were possible for such a spirit to float from the brain in which it is imprisoned and float over this assembly. Not far from this spot a collection of persons gather who have turned away from these sublime truths. They are at the mercy of every performer of sleight of hand from every land. They listen to spirits that peep and mutter, but the peeping and muttering are now as they have been the peeping and muttering of impostors and fanatics. But no spirit has ever yet been seen. Yet let me suggest to you that every day you are doing something

as difficult to be done in your mind as it will be to recognize the spirits of those whom you have known and loved. You recognize the thoughts which you had in years long since gone, as they float before the mind's eye.

But are spirits to be recognized as you recognize them here? No. No. You never could recognize the smallest baby that was ever snatched from its mother's arms in its body unless it were forever to remain a dwarf throughout eternity. You never could recognize those who bore the burden of deformity through life if you recognize them by their body unless they must bear the burden through eternity. The blind and deaf and lame must be blind and deaf and lame forever if they are to be known by their resemblance to what your eyes saw here. No, no; the application there will be the recognition of spirits as we now recognize our own spirits and their internal spiritual revolutions. For our thoughts are not to be measured by weight. They are not to be recognized by the marks upon them. Humanity looks upon, recognizes and selects the welcome but drives away the unwelcome thoughts. To conclude, God fills the universe, but He is a person. Upon that, as the first foundation for the feet of faith, we rise to the personality of Jesus before He came into this world; while He was in it, the historical Christ to man; but the historical Christ to God and the holy angels hath no beginning, and after His departure He liveth to make intercession for us.

The prayers of Christ need no repetition. We are changeable, every day we must offer the same prayer and begin with the prayer for forgiveness and end with it, as well. But Jesus needed to pray but once. His prayer is eternal. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever." Christ does not pray for the world; but for the apostles and their existing disciples. But as the prayer progresses, Jesus says: "Neither pray I for these alone but for all them that shall believe on Me by their word." By that apostolic succession we have been led to Christ. We have been led by the word of men who believed in the word of another man; and so, all the way back to those to whom Christ spoke, and in whose presence He was. Therefore, we are included, and that eternal prayer encompasses us as really as the light of day encompasses every human being upon which it shines.

Why, then, is it that Heaven is as vague, as hollow as an assemblage of ghosts ? Because men are looking for their friends and not for Jesus first; they are trying to project this life forward.

And oftentimes the mother, and no one can help pitying her, loses her little child from her arms, she feels robbed of every blossom of hope and happiness; she looks and looks—and sometimes lunacy lies that way—she fancies that she hears. Thus, we look and look and call.

We are trying to people Heaven with persons of whom it was said: "Now this I say: Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." He who taught resurrection affirms that its final result is a spiritual body. Now return, and by faith and not by sight look upon God. Look upon Jesus, not after the flesh, for even the apostles had to give that up as soon as He died; and they declared that they were trying to forget Him as He was in the flesh. Look up to Him in the spiritual realm, elevate the telescope of faith so high that no earth born cloud, no tower on the horizon, can obstruct your view.

"Beloved, now, are we the sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Now are we the sons of God and we know nothing about what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him and shall see Him as He is. God is seen by the eye of faith. So Christ is seen, and in this sense, after we see Christ, we may follow our friends. We are not to follow them as if they were phantoms; neither must we endeavor to people Heaven with resemblances, for that is still more irrational. Be content to know that they are there. This day we have friends in foreign lands; the wide and stormy seas separate us. Some are in the far off Orient, and some in Europe. We do not know where they are. They may be in Paris. They may be in Rome. They may be upon the summit of the loftiest European mountain. We cannot imagine whether they are well or sick, prone or sick, reading or sleeping, thinking or conversing. Is it not enough for us to know that they are in Europe, where they went, where they meant to be at this time? Having heard no ill news from a far-off country, we are content to be happy here today. But, concerning those who have fallen asleep in Jesus, although we can get no news, we know they went where He is—where He prayed they might be

together. Though we cannot tell where they are, we can be sure it is well with them. If we follow them thus, there will be winged angels, in a spiritual sense, lifting us higher and higher, nearer, incidental to themselves and directly to Jesus and this is the basis of all Heavenly consolation.

MANY MANSIONS IN THE FATHER'S HOUSE

BY THE REV. JAMES DRUMMOND

In My Father's house are many mansions.—John 14:2.

This forms a part of the last discourse of Jesus to His disciples before His crucifixion. He had before told them of His speedy departure from earth, and He wished to console them under this announcement. He was to leave them and pass out of their sight, but He was not to go beyond the region of sympathy and fellowship with them. Though absent from earth, and no longer visible to their natural eye, He was yet in their common Father's home. This was a weighty consideration, and eminently adapted to console them, as it is us, under their bereavement. "I shall be no longer with you, but I shall be in our Father's house, not in the same mansion, but in one of the many that compose it." The thought is cheering when we consider the position of Christ with respect to us, and it is also cheering when we consider the position of our pious friends who have gone from among us. Christ and they alike are in our Father's house.

Two thoughts are prominent in our text. First, All parts of the universe are our Father's house; and Second, In that Father's house are many mansions.

And, first, The entire universe is our Father's house. He inhabits it, is in one part of it as much as in another, though He may not manifest Himself as conspicuously in one part as in another; yet He is in it all as a dweller. We can go nowhere in it, be nowhere in it without Him, and if we are allegiant to Him, without His paternal recognition and regards. We can have Him everywhere in it as a protector, a friend tender and sympathetic. We can call upon Him, and He will answer us and draw nigh to us,

He fills immensity, He dwells in it, and may render all sections of it social and homelike. In no part of this vast universe, wandering up and down its vast corridors, journeying out into its far-re-treating extremities, need we, shall we be alone; need we feel solitary and forsaken. Wherever we go, on some high errand of duty, on some lofty excursion of investigation or benevolence, we shall be in our Father's house; its imperial walls will encompass us, its roof will shelter us. God our Father will be there, making what would be otherwise solitary, social.

Second, In this one house of our Father are many mansions or apartments; how many we know not. Christ tells us so, and modern science confirms the fact on a grand scale. The telescope reveals a firmament crowded with worlds, all of which are under one all-comprehensive law, all fulfilling their courses, obedient to central authority—all within our Father's domain—all mansions in His house. If occupied by living beings, they are subject to Him, they owe allegiance to Him, they claim and gain protection of Him. If occupied by intelligent beings, however they may differ from us in physical or mental structure, they are yet our brethren, as being children of a common Father. It needs but an acknowledgment of allegiance to Him on the part of any section of intelligent creatures, to bring them within the range of our sympathies and affections. If they and we love Him, we love each other. Common regard for Him, common obedience to Him, bring us into companionship with each other. They and we are in the one house of our Father, though we occupy remote and different apartments. Our remoteness does not make us strangers, nearly as much as our common love to Him, the Head and Master of the house, makes us companions. We may send our winged thought out as far as it can fly, we may penetrate to worlds which no glass reveals, we may conceive of stars so remote that no arithmetic can compute the distance; but if we find minds and hearts there made by the great mind and heart of God, they are occupants of our Father's house, the same house that we occupy, and so are our kindred, and our friends, and brothers. We could meet them today, here in our restricted and secluded abode; we could meet them in their perhaps broader and grander mansion, or we could meet them on the broad highways of creation, and what there would be in common to us

would infinitely outweigh what there would be special and peculiar to us. There would be grounds of comity and amity and fraternity, broader than those of isolation and strangeness.

They and we dwell in one house of our Father. They and we acknowledge one God Who is our Father, and so what would unite us is vastly more than what would divide us. We should not fear to meet them. They might be great and we small, they filled with the garnered knowledge of centuries and vast journeyings, and we narrow and restricted in knowledge; they might be overflowing with a seraph's love, and burn and glow with admiration of our Father's character, and we might, as we so often do, cleave to the dust; still, if we acknowledged one God and Father, we should meet on the basis of a blessed brotherhood; should be occupants of one house, whose apartments stretched through infinity. We should say, as we each considered our home, "it is the one house of our Father, and its roof canopies us and our differing apartments."

The idea of our text has food for the intellect. It sends the scientific investigator out into the depths of space in the full assurance that he will find no orphan-world, cast off from the cares and laws of our Maker. He will feel that whatever new star comes within the circuit of his observation, it will come, not as an estray with no cords binding it to its fellows; but it will come with the confession of a blessed unity, with submission to common laws, a new mansion giving new enlargement to our already expanded views of the greatness of our Father's house. And as it gives new food to the intellect, so does our text give new food and new enlargement to our hearts. "In our Father's house are many mansions." Science tells us that ours is comparatively but a little world, although it is so large. We know, too, that it is in an important sense secluded. We hear no voices, we see no signals from other worlds. We know not their constitution, nor whether they are occupied. We know not whether they are finished or are now in the process of construction. We know not the character of their occupants if any they have. We know very little about them; but under the statement of our text we know this: that we have a friendly interest in all those worlds, as being in the one house of our Father; that their occupants, if they do or shall exist,

are our brethren; that we have but to know of their existence, and we are prepared to love them as being our brethren. So that our text gives a new interest to the investigations of science, confirming what science teaches us, that all worlds are linked together; and also gives new scope to our hearts, immeasurably enlarging the sphere of their sympathies and affections.

This declaration of our Savior gives us repose and solace, in our contemplations of the vastness of God's universe. I think all minds at times, under the revelations of the telescope, get bewildered and lost in the sense of the vastness of the universe. We roam through it, and its grandeur oppresses us. We seem too little for it. It overmasters us. We cannot bear the vast stretches over which it carries us, and we shrink back, and nestle down in our little world, like a bird after its flights in its quiet nest; sometimes preferring littleness to greatness, a world where we can feel the warm breath of sympathy, to a world that oppresses us by its vastness and strangeness and solitude. Now I shall not forget this element in our nature that clings to the local and the known; but, then, while we love the local and the narrow, it is not enough for us. We want a narrow home to settle down in, but then we want a universe to send our thought through, to stretch our minds and hearts upon. Only let us feel that we are not aliens in it and strangers, that we are not stretching beyond our measure when we are roaming in it, that we are not going out of our Father's house, or out of the reach of our friends and kindred, and then the universe will not oppress us. The Savior did not feel that He was going into a strange place when He left the world that gave Him birth; and we shall not, whether in imagination we depart from earth, or whether, indeed, our souls take their flight above.

The text also gives us a lofty idea of the munificence of our Father. He has fitted up such a house, with such apartments varied and beautiful, not for Himself but for His children. He dwells in it all, and in each of its many mansions. He has not left one of them without reminders of Himself. He has crowded each with mementoes of His thoughtful kindness. If one were to live for many thousand years in the single narrow room into which he is born, and where he is disciplined for eternity, the grandest mind of the race would not exhaust the themes for study and admiration.

The secrets of a single world, its inhabitants will never open. And if one, and that a narrow world, absolutely astounds us at the indications of our Father's resources, His boundless munificence—what must all the apartments of this vast house open to the gazing and wondering spirits that occupy them! If one world causes us to stop and wonder, if it absolutely confounds us with what it exhibits of our Father's wisdom and generosity, what shall we say to all that He has spread in such profusion over all His dwellings!

I have said that we are in a state of seclusion in our world. We are shut up in it. We have no instruments of locomotion beyond its limits. We have no wings that can fan the upper ether. We can see in the depths of space the other apartments of our Father's house, but we cannot cross the threshold of our own while in life, and go out to make minute discoveries in the abodes that our brethren occupy. This is doubtless well. Our seclusion has wise ends of discipline for the present. We can best subserve present purposes by limitation. But seclusion will not always be the law. Ultimately, doubtless, all the apartments of our Father's house will be open to us. We shall have the liberty of the whole house, and of all its rooms. We shall not always be prisoners, knocking against the walls of our prison-house, if we indeed can call our house a prison, even by the widest stretch of rhetorical language. We shall journey whithersoever subdued, obedient, and loving spirits shall prompt us to go. We shall feel no sense of restriction or confinement. If it will add to our bliss to fathom the secrets, and know our brethren in other worlds—in remote mansions of our Father's house, we shall feel no constraint on our sanctified propensities. There as here, will be those who will love to roam, as there will be those who will love to stay.

The text affords us strong consolation in the death of our pious friends. They are not unhoused when they pass out of the world. They have not gone to some home of which they and we can know nothing. They are there as they were here, in our Father's house. They in one, we in another apartment. We in one adapted to wise, moral ends, and having blessed disciplinary purposes, but they doubtless in a more glorious apartment—one that shall more perfectly exhibit the goodness and munificence of the one Father—one that shall be better fitted for their advanced

and purified spirits, and their more blessed society and engagements. They are not strangers where they are. They have friends to greet them there, more and warmer than they had to greet them here when they first landed upon our earth. They are not lost in the immensity of God's works. They have a home. They have the home feeling. Their bodies we deposited in tears in the grave, as a seed that shall ultimately germinate and grow into the plant of an immortal life. But their spirits have gone up into some one of those many apartments that make up the one house of our Father. Their earthly house is dissolved, but they have still "a building of God, eternal in the Heavens."

The text comes with an immensely practical question to each one of us. Is the builder and Master of this vast house in which there are so many mansions our Father? Have we the filial spirit toward Him? Have we returned from our wanderings, and through faith in His Son, been adopted into His family, and constituted His heirs? This one house, with its many mansions—with its glorious apparatus—with its rich furniture, with all there is in it to make wise and blessed, is not for His enemies, not for aliens, it is for His children. If we, without presumption, in the meekest penitence and trust, can call God our Father—then may we call His house ours, its apartments ours, as we shall want them for our enlargement, our comfort, our joy.

GOD'S HEAVEN OUR HOME!

BY THE REV. E. W. SHEPHEARD-WALWYN

"In My Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2.

God's Heaven! Our home! They can only talk about a "house" in foreign countries. They have no word for "home" like we have in England. Neither poetry nor music nor any happy feelings are awakened by the word "house." There are only bricks and mortar in it. No more severely practical a word could be wished for by the extreme socialist, who does not approve of the presence of love in a house, because some are sure to be loved more than others, and thus there would not be equality. But witness the enthusiasm which the simple tune of "Home, sweet Home" will evoke at the town hall penny concerts given in our large cities. At the word "home" we think of the twilight circle round the fire, the little ones on their father's knee, and the mother with her work. Why is the word so sweet to us? The answer is straight and simple. Many as are our shortcomings, yet there still remains more of God in English households than in those abroad. Though, however, we are happy in thinking of our homes when we are away, few have got so far as to express this reason in words. Yet wherever God is admitted there comes sweetness. But should we continue to imitate continental nations in dishonoring God's day—with concerts, cycling and other amusements, as alas, is done in some parts—then we may be sure that the "loving" sound in the word "home" will quickly depart from us. When God is forgotten the sacredness of the marriage tie is forgotten, and how can there be any "home" in so terrible a case as that?

Is there one of us who has no family prayers in his house, no reading of a chapter—the lesson for the day, for instance? We should feel awkward! We should feel it to be an empty show because we know that we ourselves are not real! Oh, let us remember "Them that honor Me I will honor."

Let us now consider what it is that God's presence brings, which converts a "house" into a "home." Let us find the answer, first in reference to an earthly household, and then with respect

to the Heavenly household above. After that, let us discover whether the latter is to be our home hereafter. A "house" becomes a "home" when there is harmony between the members and the head, and so between the members and each other. First of all, in an earthly household. "Better is a dinner of herbs" with the seasoning of sympathy "than a stalled ox" without it. Do you know any families where the atmosphere is hard and cold, where no loving greetings of each other are seen, where you feel depressed as you enter the very doorway? Where, at the family repasts you can hear yourself eat, such is the gloomy silence, broken only by an occasional complaint that something either oughtn't to be on the table and is, or else ought to be and isn't. Such coldness often grows up gradually. The external marks of endearment given before marriage are often not kept up in after life, when the glamour of romance has passed away. And they are often dropped towards the children when they arrive at a certain age. But love needs bringing to a head by the assistance of visible acts. Oh! you who are parents, do you ever spare the time of an evening to talk with your children, one by one, perhaps in the darkness after they are retired to rest—do you talk with them and get them to lay their heads upon your breast and to open their hearts to you? Yes, children, open your hearts to mother, if you want to keep straight in life!

How often want of sympathy arises in a home when the young people are just leaving childhood, and lose that beautiful faith they had in their parents; that old, sweet confidence in their mother, that immovable belief they had in father as they walked by him, holding his hand. They develop a kind of silly feeling that makes them wish to be independent, and think it behind the times to consult father or mother any more. It has been said that a boy at the age of fourteen will look upon his father with reverence, at nineteen with calm superiority; at twenty-five he will consider his father and he just about fairly equal, but after his death will long for his invaluable advice in every detail of his life. "Oh, that I had him back!" A household is like a great organ. It can produce the loveliest harmonies, but only God knows the stops, so that the organ is dumb unless, in living presence, He be there. You could not play that organ without knowing the stops, and at the very first only the inventor could explain them. Yet will you

try to harmonize the jangling, quarreling humanity of this world without Him who has created man?

This then is the connection between harmony in a home and the honoring of God. Now, we may hope that when things are right with an earthly home the inmates may be ready for the Heavenly home. Because there is no more searching test of solid Christianity than the home. It is all very well to be pleasant in society where you only meet the surface of people. It is all very well to be thought charming by strangers, or even to appear religious at a prayer meeting, or to deliver an eloquent sermon, but this will not stand God's test. "In the outside world," says Miller, "we do not get close to men. We often only see their best points," that is, we see the coating of sugar which hides the unwholesome cake. "We do not feel the friction of their meaner qualities. But at home all is laid bare. Lives touch there. The selfish motives which make us polite to outsiders have no place there, for we are sure of the hearts there. We shall not lose esteem or affection there if we are deficient in courtesy." We can be as rude as we like at home; the place is still ours, they can't turn us out. There are only hearts to break there; no money will be lost by rudeness. And this is often all that men care about! Nothing but that love for Christ which "endureth all things" is equal to the strain of simple home life as we read in P.-B. version of, Psalm 68:6—"It is God that maketh men to be of one mind in an house." Do you think that the secular education of the Board School will do it? That young woman to whom a friend offers to make his house her home. You think him delightful now. You would willingly spend your life with him. But go to his present home and look through the door and see how he behaves to his sister. And know for a certainty that he will behave exactly the same to you in a few years when the unreal excitement of early feelings has passed away.

Let us now turn our thoughts to that Heavenly home, those many mansions which have been procured by Christ's atoning blood for men. The same is required there for it to be a "home," as in an earthly household, namely, sympathy of the family with its head, and hence with each other. Are the relations unsettled between our own souls and God, the Head of the house on high? Is religion to us a troublesome thing that has to be thought about on

Sunday, instead of being our delight and support every day we live? Then at any rate one thing is clear. And that is that if we were transferred to Heaven just as we are it would be no joy to us. If we are so out of touch with God that we do not quite like to think of Him during our business or during our pleasures, it would be agony, not joy, to us, should we, by miracle or by death, be taken into His Presence. So that, when He said in Psalm 9:13 (P.-B. version) that not Heaven, but another place is awaiting for those "that forget God," He, speaking in all reverence, could not help it. For only those, you see, who have loved to think of God whilst on earth, only those could endure Heaven. "Thinking about God," I hardly need say, is no sentimental reverie, but has instant effect on the life. It breaks the neck of that crooked business practice; it throws the foul *roue* into frantic torment of hell, until He comes to the cross for deliverance from the ghastly chains of his impurity; it blasts away that hateful self-love which is the one and only cause of a habit some have known as "taking offence." Is there one of us who is out of sympathy with God who considers religion the business of the clergy, and not a matter of appalling consequence to himself? If, then, we were shown God tonight when we kneel for our hurried prayer, oh! would we not call for the mountains to cover us? For it is not only the openly wicked who will be shut out from Heaven's house, but also those who only "forget God."

Next, how may we all know whether there are mansions in the bright country above waiting for us? In this way: If the "longing" has begun here, that is in the heart, the longing to be better, the sickening, fainting desire for God, that, then, is Heaven "pulling." A boy upon a hill flies his kite above the clouds, but he knows it is still there, though out of sight, because he feels it "pulling." And the Christian knows that there is a Heaven awaiting him, despite all learned arguments to the contrary, because he feels it always drawing him up to nobler and better things. Oh, can there be one of us who does not long to be better than he is? Can you possibly be content with your present position? When at the foot of the cross infinite, infinite depths of joy and peace are awaiting you! You can tell also where a person's home is by where the heart is, as we read, "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also." Most hearts have some

desire "pulling" at them. The little boy leaves all his treasures and home tenderness when he first goes away to school. And his heart tries to return where his body cannot, and thus he is what we call "homesick." A man leaves the treasure of his heart's love while absent from home. It is needless to ask where his heart is. It is often a blessing in disguise when the "treasure" is removed to the Heavenly home, because then the heart has to be there. The circle of an earthly home has been likened to a wheel submerged in water. If part is raised above the surface, then the portion remaining is itself "pulled nearer" the upper air. So, the goodness of those whom we have lost, by being transferred to the unseen side of things, helps away our heart from earth as we think of them. We ourselves are "pulled nearer" the bright upper air of Heaven by that very loss which left the poor heart so torn and bleeding. The sacred influence of an English home often serves as the last remaining link with goodness for many of our soldiers and sailors, and others who are called to foreign parts—the one thin thread which still leads them straight. This attachment to home is often attended with fatal results for those of uncivilized nations. The Arab taken from his desert, the Greenlanders from his icebergs, will sigh and weep until death ensues. The poor negroes, like animals, with no higher power within, die in those dreadful slave ships, in their hundreds, mainly from homesickness, which takes possession of them without their being able to help it. I well remember this curious feeling partly coming over me when in Switzerland, a strange longing to get back to England, although my real wishes were to remain and enjoy the glorious mountains.

Are we homesick for Heaven? You boys and girls had your little cry the first night at school when safe in bed, because you felt so strange without mother. But the soul of the Christian cries all the time on earth while kept from the perfect sight of his fascinating Jesus. "I am indeed a stranger here," he says, "Heaven is my home." Are our souls torn with desire to reach that home? Here, then, is a firm word of God for us from the 107th Psalm: "He satisfieth the longing soul." Has the earthly home of any of you been broken up by death or even by desertion? Or has discord entered and destroyed its sweetness? And are you so lonely? Here, then, is a word for you from the 68th Psalm:

"He setteth the solitary in families," that is, in eternal families that never break up. For there is a new relationship between all Christians far higher than any mere blood connection can ever give. Have you not noticed how that two very earnest believers in Jesus will "know" each other more truly in five minutes after meeting than some do in a lifetime? A Christian of deep soul experience will recognize another true heart and be on familiar terms instantly, without any cold formalities of introduction being required, or long years of acquaintance before they succeed in thawing each other.

Is Heaven, then, to be our home? A mother writes a letter for her boy to receive the first morning at school to cheer him up. Why does he read it so eagerly? Because it comes from home. When husband or wife are absent from each other one dear handwriting is quickly singled out from the pile of letters the postman brings. It is the envelope from their treasure and their home. I hold in my hand sixty-six letters from our Heavenly home above. Do we know them? Do you love them with the eagerness of a homesick soul, or even with the interest with which you read that business letter or that war news? This is a test as to whether Heaven is to be our home hereafter. "I have read them all," you say, "and want something new." And here lies a very great mistake. You do not read a letter from your earthly home more than once or twice because you expect more to follow. But no more letters will follow from Heaven, because the more we read of the Bible, on our knees, the more and more we see, the deeper we get. This is not so with any human letters, and that is why we expect more of them.

Oh! will the many mansions be ours some day? Will you, parents, be there with your children? There are cozy corners waiting for them. You who have little ones lying at home tonight in their warm nest of pillows while you are at church, tell them tomorrow, if you've never done it before—oh, tell them about the cozy corners! And then, when you arrive in those mansions all together you will find that God is indeed the one delightful satisfier of the homesick soul, and that the place you have reached is in very truth—God's Heaven, your home!

"I am but a stranger here,"
Heaven is my home.

—Christian World Pulpit.

HAVENWARD HEAVENWARD

BY THE REV. J. B. S. WATSON, M.A.

"There go the ships; there is that leviathan whom Thou hast made to play therein."—Psalm 104:26.

What a noble thing is a ship! In bearing how majestic, in mechanism how wonderful! Have you ever thought as you have seen it lying quietly at its moorings, or sailing gallantly across the mighty deep, how much of art and science there were needed to produce such a complicated piece of mechanism? The beauty and the utility of the ship appeal not less to the imagination than to the reason. You behold the stately vessel bounding over the billows from one side of the globe to the other, and the romance of the situation touches the imagination. You think of the science that has been laid under contribution before it could be launched, you think of the engineering triumph displayed throughout its various parts, and at once an appeal is made to the intelligence and the reason. The ship or vessel fills up our sense of completeness. As she spreads her broad wings to catch the favoring breeze, she seems a thing almost instinct with life and animation. Truly "triple brass," as the ancient poet has it, "was around his heart who first committed his frail bark to the mighty deep."

How wonderful, too, in its movement and in its direction! It is guided by a single watchful sailor at the helm, with perhaps a companion or two on the deck gazing into the depths of the starry heavens. And think, too, of the skill of the commander as he ploughs the pathless waste of waters. By turning his glass to the heavens and taking a simple observation of the stars, and then referring to his chart or practical navigator, he can tell you the exact position of his vessel. "He brings down the heavens to the earth." The instrument by which he accomplishes this triumph is of the simplest construction, but he launches bravely upon the deep, the stars and that little dumb pilot his only companions in the long night watches; in storm and tempest he cleaves his way through the furious waves and surging billows, over the wide

waste of waters, and fearlessly guiding his vessel past many a hidden rock and treacherous quicksand, sails on with dauntless courage until in triumph he reaches the desired haven.

Have you ever thought how much of our Lord's ministry was associated with the sea and with those who go down to the sea in ships? He walked upon the sea, and with that voice of kindly succor brought peace and "good cheer" to those whose ship was in distress, when they were yet in the midst of the sea, tossed by the waves and driving before "a contrary wind." He worked one of His most beautiful miracles in stilling the tumultuous waves that had "filled the ship," to the alarm of those on board—teaching a sublime lesson in the midst of the storm. He lingered by the Sea of Galilee, and taught from a boat, preaching from this as His pulpit, while the people thronged the shores. There was something specially attractive in the shores of the sea for our Lord. A few illiterate fishermen were the companions of our Lord's ministry and the founders of that religion which has revolutionized the world.

And how beautiful, how wonderful is the seashore to the prepared heart and soul. How soothing its calm beauty—now in the sunny summer of the glowing autumn; how majestic, how sublime when lashed into foam by the storms of winter or the gusts of spring. Have you never walked by the shore of the far-resounding sea, and thought of those brave men and true who go down to the sea in ships, and prayed for their safety and desired to help them to think more of Him who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, who metes out heaven with a span—of Him, too, who is the captain of our salvation, the author and finisher of our faith?

But, my brethren, the most important theme for our meditation tonight is not about the wonderfulness of the ships, much as I wish to interest you in reference to that, or the beauty of the shore, much as I wish to arouse your interest in reference to that also; but rather it is in reference to those brave men who manage the vessel.

And first, the question of most vital moment is this: That the mariner should know whither he is bound. Sometimes, you know, it happens that our ships of the Royal Navy and our brave mariners are sent off with sealed despatches to the disappoint-

ment of both crew and friends. No one knows whither they are bound or what their destination, until they have gone a certain distance on their way, then the despatches are opened and their destination revealed. But such an arrangement fills both those on sea and those on land with regret.

Both in voyaging over the sea and on the ocean of life, how important it is to keep ever before our minds to what haven we are bound, to what port we are bearing on. It is this want of fixed and definite purpose and thought of the end that makes shipwreck of so many lives that would otherwise sail bravely and brightly over life's ocean. Life is likened sometimes to a pilgrimage, sometimes to a journey across a desert, but no simile seems to me so beautiful, so appropriate, as a voyage with Jesus as our Captain, and Heaven our haven or home.

Yes, my brethren, it is this want of knowing whither we are bound and definitely keeping this ever before our minds that makes shipwreck of so many lives. What would you think of the captain of a vessel who steered without reference to heavens, or chart, or compass; who threw chart and compass overboard, and steered simply as the whim or inclination of the moment moved him—now influenced perhaps by the flight of a bird, or the curl or turn of a wave? This want of knowledge as to whither we are bound is truly, if somewhat grotesquely, illustrated by the story of the cabin-boy who once upon a time was in imminent danger from shipwreck. The waves were beating over the decks, the helmsman was lashed with ropes to his post of duty, and every moment it seemed that the vessel, tossed like a child's toy upon the angry waters, was destined to be engulfed in the deep. This cabin boy quaking with fear, was heard to pray very earnestly while the storm raged, but, curiously enough, there was little consistency in the manner of his petitions, for He prayed alternately to God and to the devil. When the storm had abated he was asked why he was so inconsistent in his prayers. His reply was that fearing he might be wrecked, and not knowing whither he was bound, he wanted to keep on good terms both with the good and the evil god. Practically, my brethren, there is the same wavering and inconsistency in many lives. Yet our great Leader and Commander, Jesus Christ, gives no uncertain directions as to the steering of our vessel over the ocean of life. What may be

called our sailing or steering orders are plain, direct, explicit. "Strive to enter in," the onward movement. "Set your affections on things that are above," the upward or Heavenward movement. And again, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above—where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God."

So must we steer, so must we voyage, ever remembering the end—the Heavenly haven. We would see Jesus, we would work by His side; we would sail under His banner, and we would, as good soldiers and sailors, fight under His banner against every form of evil.

And not only must we know whither we are bound in the great voyage over the ocean of life, we must continue sailing, we must persevere in our work with our eyes steadily fixed on the pole star—fixed on "Hope's beaming star."

Many set out on life's voyage with the fairest prospects, but long before they get to mid-ocean they have wearied—their steadfastness is exhausted, their courage gone. They have become languid and weary. They have let the vessel drift. They have wearied in well-doing. We must persevere, keep on sailing, if we would reach the fair haven. Let me pause for a moment to impress upon you and upon myself the importance of not becoming weary, the importance of sailing on. If the sails are to be unfurled, we must be at our post, whatever betide; if the rigging has become tangled we must never think it too much trouble to go aloft and set it right. We must have the lamps trimmed, though the oil be difficult to get, and the lights burning, though the trimming may soil our fingers. We must constantly be advancing, sailing onwards over life's ocean. For if we do not attend to this onward movement the tide will carry us back, and, it may be, dash both ourselves and our craft on the rocks of indolence. We must never weary in our sailing. You remember St. Paul guards his followers against what he knew would be their great failing in his counsel: "Be not weary in well-doing." A most necessary exhortation which the Christian needs every day and hour of his life. How frequently we are apt to fall into weariness, even in the noblest course of conduct.

Our well-doing seems to bear so little fruit. We have, or we think we have, so many discouragements. Yes, the best of us

are apt to weary in well-doing—in sailing on, and perhaps the best of us most of all—for as your standard of excellence is high your discouragements will be all the greater and the more numerous. So comes often the temptation to drift listlessly with the tide, to give up exertion, or to cast anchor and give up work—in a word, to weary in well-doing.

How needful is this counsel not to weary in the case of any man who has set himself to fight against any social or religious evil? What must have been the discouragements of St. Paul himself—beaten, stoned, imprisoned, shipwrecked, in perils, in watchings often, in weariness and painfulness. He had need of a brave heart and a divine steadfastness in sailing over the rough ocean which he crossed. And how much and how often must our Lord have been tempted to weariness in His human nature! In all our sorrows He had a part; how oftentimes—yea, at all times—He was beset with temptations and trials and sorrows! He had not where to lay His head; He was persecuted, reviled, forsaken. How often, with an intensity of which we can form no adequate idea, must He have experienced weariness which crushed and bruised His spirit, and stamped His visage with the marks and furrows of sorrow!

My friends, whatever your work may be in the cause and service of Christ, whether in the home circle, in society, or in the church, you will need this word—to keep on sailing bravely; not to let the oars lie listless in the rowlocks; not to let the sail flap idly in the breeze—in a word, “Not to weary in well-doing.” As a Sunday-school teacher, as a district visitor, as a worker for Christ in whatever sphere, you need it.

And ah! who needs it more than the preacher himself? Let us remember, my brethren, that the great corrective to those discouragements which tempt to weariness is to be found in another good word of Scripture, “All things work together for good to them that love God,” and that in all faintness and weariness, we may say with St. Paul, “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.”

Lastly, we must not only know whither we are bound, we must not only keep in constant activity and show unflinching zeal, but we must make for the haven. This follows as a consequence of the two rules already laid down. For if we know whither we

are bound, and keep in constant activity with the Pole Star, our guide, we shall be enabled to make for the haven. Heaven is our haven. We are voyaging still. To that port and haven is our vessel bound.

Oh! my brethren, let our lives be conformable to the great, momentous, and immortal destiny before us. What a glorious haven! Let us strive to bring every thought into captivity to Christ, and this we can do only by taking Christ as our Captain. Let us strive to make our wills one with God's will. Our wills are ours to make them God's. Only in this way shall we reach the goal; only in this way shall we attain the fruition of life.

To be able to know whither we are bound we must know Christ, Who is the way; to be able to keep on sailing, that is working, we must rely on Christ and His all-sufficient help; to reach the haven we must be guided by Christ. Christ must be our chosen Captain and King, ruling our heart, and will, and conscience, with all the issues of the mind. Christ, our Captain and our King—that is a great thought to carry with us and to set our lives by. Christ, our Captain and King, and we all conquerors with Him, the great Spiritual Conqueror. “To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in His throne.” A conqueror with Christ! Seated with Christ in His throne! What a glorious thought—what a Heavenly possibility! Yet that possibility is ours, if we do truly accept His salvation and walk in His footsteps, if we do truly accept Him as our Captain and our King.

My last word is, Steer straight for the haven. Think of God; may Jesus be our watchword and the Pole Star of our existence, and the Holy Spirit our continual and daily inspiration. Let there be no faltering or half-heartedness.

And, amid all the changes and chances of life, let us ever remember Whose we are, and Whom we serve. Once upon a time there was a great storm at sea—the ocean was rolling mountains high, and the vessel was in imminent danger of shipwreck. The passengers were rushing wildly over the deck, or sitting clothed with despair in their cabins. Nothing but disorder and terror prevailed. Only one little boy was quiet and calm and unconcerned, and when an agitated and affrighted spectator asked how

in such a storm he could be so calm, he quietly replied, "Father is at the helm." This fact we have ever to bear us up. "Our Father is at the helm." And so in hope and faith we voyage.

And so voyaging and so sailing we shall be enabled at last through God's good grace to gain the happy land which we hope to reach, when our flag shall be struck, our sails furled, and the voyage of life be over. Over here to begin there, where may God in His infinite goodness and love bring us all at last in safety and in peace to rest in His love, to be at home in His presence, to live in His light, that glorious light which, "like a soft snow of blossom, shall crown the after calm."—Christian World Pulpit.

"EARTH'S SONG IN HEAVEN"

BY THE REV. JOHN MACNAUGHTAN, D.D.

Earth's Song in Heaven.—Revelation 14:3.

Whatever may be the mysteries and difficulties connected with the Book of Revelation, and they are not a few, as will be freely confessed, there are yet strains in it that now and again catch the ear, that by the very sweetness of their music hold us entranced. There are rich and suggestive passages lying scattered through its pages that lay hold upon the imagination and the heart, and compel us to confess their beauty and power. But it is chiefly for these glimpses of the unseen world with which it abounds that it is to be prized. And there are many of them, which by the grand meanings with which they fill the heart, come down to enrich and glorify the dark, stormy life of today.

The passage I have quoted is one of these. It gives us a glimpse of Heaven, but it is one that carries us back to the life of earth with the power to read richer meanings into all its stormiest experiences, and turn its tragedy into joy, its grief cries into songs.

The vision that rises before us, in the opening portion of this chapter, is one that speaks to us of the glory that fidelity to Christ, in the midst of the sin and temptations of today, brings with it to the soul of man. The Lamb slain between two malefactors, comes be-

fore us standing on Mt. Zion, and with him a hundred and forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written on their foreheads. It is the vision of the conquering strength of redeeming love in its power, not only to save but to glorify human nature, and make it as pure as before it had been defiled with sin.

The picture presented to us is most vivid. The great host is realized for us in the suggestions of the passage. The noise of the multitude is "like the voice of many waters," sweet, clear and rhythmic, and it is also as the "voice of a great thunder"—not only sweet and clear, but deep toned, full of divine force. It is musical, too. There is in it "harpers harping with their harps," and they sing as it were a new song. It is a great hearted, rejoicing multitude. It is full of those delights which are the birth powers of song and music. They had come out of the winter of struggle, defeat, sorrow, toil and loss, into the summer of victory and bliss, and the effect is the same as you may have on any summer morning, when you will rise with the sun and stand among the mountains and hear the grand anthem of creation proclaiming the victory of life over death.

But it is that one statement of the text that I wish especially to fix your attention upon this morning: "And no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth." This is a wonderful fact to be communicated to us, as we will confess when we come to think of it. Realize that in the music of Mt. Zion there is a strain that is connected with the earth that gets its sweetness and power out of the life that has been lived here, and that only those who have lived this life can ever learn, and something of the grand suggestions there is in it will come to your heart. A song in Heaven that only those who have been redeemed out of the earth can sing! Wonderful melody surely, and one which, when we have apprehended its significance, will make this life forever after a diviner fact. Those who have come out of earth's sin and sorrow, because of the redeeming grace of Christ, are to learn a song that no angel or archangel will ever be able to join the redeemed in singing. Earth's own story carried forward into the music of eternity, and made a never ending mystery to all other created intelligence; a song in which the old, old story of our sin and suffering and redemption

will be carried onward through the eternal years, ever bringing back, in sounds most melodious, the history of earth's tragedy and trial.

There are several points suggested to us by this passage which we will now consider together.

1. The first suggestion that comes to us is this: That the future, with its glory and joy, is connected inseparably with the sins, the sorrows, the toils of the past. Heaven is made thus not something apart from the life we are now living. It is not something given, by way of arbitrary reward, for the fidelities we have put into this. As revealed here, we see it to be a world into which we are to carry some of the old life, and in which the experiences of today are to be transmuted by grace divine so that they become part of the joy the Heavenly life is to yield.

There is something very comforting for the dark places of life in this. I think most of us have been in the habit of regarding the dark side of life as something simply to be endured. But this is not the way our text leads us to think of all this. It is bolder in its conceptions. It takes up all that enters into our life and connects it with the life of Heaven. It makes the conditions of our mortal agony the occasion of the divinest life of the soul.

In other words, Heaven is not going to be the same to all of us. It is to come out of the elements that have been peculiar to us. An angel can never know our agony of sin and sorrow. No more can he ever know the joy that grows out of these as they are conquered in the struggle of life by the aid of grace. And it is out of that the music is to be evolved that in Heaven is to be known as the anthem of old earth, and that is to be sung only by those who have come out of its dangers and battles. How different would be our attitude to many of our hard experiences if we would remember this.

2. In the second place this passage suggests to us the rigid economy of God in moral and spiritual things. In nature there is nothing lost. Every atom has to do service. The summer that will so soon be with us will have its footing amid the ruins of the summer that is gone. Christ revealed his Godhead when he ordered the fragments gathered up that nothing be lost. Now it is just this same element of economy that I find in this song of Heaven that only those redeemed out of the earth can sing. God never lets a necessity exist without a use, and so out of our dark history of sin

and pain he brings an element that is an additon to the life of Heaven. Every fact in God's universe is recognized by Him and made use of. In this song of Heaven which the redeemed out of the earth can only sing, we see sin and pain recognized, conquered and transformed into a song. That is what it means. If there had been no sin there would have been no song of Moses and the Lamb. It is out of earth's dismal story this song is born that is to be earth's peculiar heritage in eternity. God lets nothing be lost. Even sin, with its hateful history, its curse and blight, is carried forward, and out of it comes an element that is to be permanent in the life of Heaven, so that even the wrath of man praises Him.

There is great cheer in looking forward to such a future as this. There is to be nothing thrown away. There is not a pain nor a sin that is not to have its compensations. There is not a sorrow or cry of grief that is not to be woven into the music of the divine life. God is making them all, through the cross of Jesus Christ, into elements of eternal glory.

How this thought hallows our life and with what new dignity it endows it! It cannot be a mean life that has in it elements out of which there is to be constructed an anthem that may be allowed in Heaven. How ashamed we shall be some day of controversies with God, when we see how out of our grief cries, our dismal distresses, God has created a music, and in us the capacity to sing it, which an angel can never learn.

This is God's way of dealing with affairs. He is not content to stamp evil out or make it powerless to do injury to man. He works upon it until it is changed into a thing of blessing. The dark episodes of earth's history are not to be forgotten. The old scars are not to be obliterated. God loses nothing, the scars are to become points of new beauty, and out of the bitterness of earth's sad story is to come the sweetness of the Heavenly song. The tracks of sin will never be deeper in God's universe than the tracks of glory. It is not enough for God to conquer hell and sin and death. He must make out of them an everlasting song.

3. In the third place we have impressed upon us another truth which I would have you think about, namely: The equity of the divine compensation of life. There is a fitness in the fact that there is a song in Heaven that can be sung only by those who have been redeemed out of the earth. This will be seen when you

consider first of all, how much suffering there is in life for which those who bear it are not responsible. It is not your fault or mine that evil is in the world. We have nothing to do with the disorder into which we are born. We come into a life that is full of confusion, involving suffering the result of the wrongdoing of others. So that were it even possible for us to live a perfect life, to keep ourselves as stainless as angels, we could not escape pain. We are involved in the sum of human life, and have to take our shares of what there is in it. Our life has thus to go forward through toil and sorrow, whatever our own conduct or character may be. Thus virtue, purity, righteousness are very different things in the life of man from what they are in the life of angels. We have not an angel's chance or opportunity, and thus a holy life means far more for us than for them.

But besides this our life of sorrow and pain, of conflict and hard temptation, is something in which angels are being taught of God—of his infinite love and pity and grace. We are suffering not only for others' wrongdoing, but that God may set before principalities and powers in Heavenly places His manifold wisdom. In the conditions of our mortal history God is unfolding the deeps of his eternal heart to sinless beings—discovering to them the infinite depths of His patience and fatherhood. There are throbs of delight, a passionate blessedness for them in history. They have beheld upon the black background of our sin and suffering, on which has been thrown the glory of redemption, a revelation of God they never could have dreamed of. We have been the victims of a divine vivisection as the price of which have come enlargement and enrichment of their life.

But they have not and cannot learn all that we learn. There is a song which only those who have been redeemed out of the earth can learn. Here is where we see the equity of God's compensations. Out of the storms of loss and of suffering in which our life is involved here below, God is bringing us to a life that is fuller, deeper and richer than that of any beings that are to be in Heaven. As they have never known our agony, so they are never to know the depth of divine joy.

What economy and equity we have here! The whole black story of earth carried up by divine power and love, and transmuted into a song whose melody only those who have suffered and sinned

can ever learn. This is the sweet comfort this passage brings. It cannot be as hard hereafter to bear our lot, since we know that every discord of this life is to be blended in the music of that song which is to be our peculiar inheritance forever. It enables us to face the present with cheer, for we know that whatever life has for us is to come back to us in forms and shapes of beauty, and that every dark hour is preparing one of light, and every note of woe is to end in a cry of triumph. It is said that the highest musical effects are produced by the introduction of discords, which being carried forward into higher strains of harmony, blend with these till out of their union comes the richest melodiousness. However this may be, if this new song means anything, it means that all the discords of our earthly life are to be woven into the music of earth's song in Heaven.

Two practical remarks are suggested by this theme:

The first is the immense claim that is thereby created for fidelity, courage and manly endurance. If our life lies in dark regions where struggle is necessary, it is because God means great things for our life—because he would make it capable of an untranslatable blessedness. It seems sometimes as if there was no need for all that we are called upon to endure. But we are judging before we have heard the Heavenly song. Economy and equity we shall find at the root of all life, and by and by these cries of pain will end in the deep, grand music of the victor's song.

The second remark suggested is the sacredness given by this Heavenly song to life. We have been too much in the habit of talking of this as a wicked world. There is evil in it, God knows. It is the scene of sin and of suffering, it holds our graves and has heard our groans. But our text reminds us, that in spite of all this, there is in it the beginning of an eternal song, it is a life that is to add something to the music of Heaven.

Dear old earth! God will never let us forget its story. It may suggest to us our sin and shame, it may linger in our recollection with its dark shadows and stormy days, but it will even more suggest to us the triumph of divine love, the conquering grace of a forgiving God. And this new song will mean, in connection with the history behind us, what "Home, Sweet Home," means for the places of our loves and friendships here. Into that song we have

put all the tenderness, the beauty and sweetness of our mortal history. That is a song that only our Anglo-Saxon hearts can understand. So it will be with the new song in Heaven, it will speak to us only, because it holds only our history.—Christian Work.

HEAVEN

BY THE REV. JAMES MILLER

"In My Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also."—John 14:2, 3.

"My Father's house." What does it mean? Why, it means Heaven, of course. But, then, what is it? What are we to understand by the house of God, the dwelling place of God, the home of God? We cannot think of God as needing a house for the same reason that we need houses. We need houses for shelter, for protection from the changes of the season; and the colder it is, and the more changeable the weather is in any locality or in any part of this world of ours, the more men need houses. When you get to warmer climates, where the weather is nearly always warm, and often insufferably hot, almost anything will do in the shape of a house—a tent will do just as well as a house. But in the colder regions we need houses in order to protect ourselves from the inclemency of the seasons. We can not think of any such thing as this attaching itself to the Supreme Being at all. We cannot transfer this thought to God. He does not need shelter. He does not need to be kept warm, nor to shelter himself from the inclemency of the weather. What does He need? God is Spirit. What kind of a house does a Spirit need? We build a house sometimes and call it the house of God. That is simply because we set it apart for the worship of God, but it is not for His use. It is for ours. God does not need a place like this. We need it, because we are so organized and constituted that unless we have a place where we can come together to sing, and pray, and worship, and stimulate each other, and encourage each other, we would soon lose our interest in matters of religion, and so we organize and we build a house, partly for shelter, for protection from the inclemency of the

weather, and partly that we may environ ourselves against the influences of outside conditions. But God does not need such a house. What, then, are we to understand by the peculiar phrase, "My Father's house?" What is it?

Why, my thought is just simply this: that it is the self-originated environment of God. That the divine nature is such, the Great Spirit that underlies this vast system of nature is of such a character that it spontaneously goes out and seeks to surround itself with conditions congenial to it. In other words, that God wanted to have intelligences like Himself to commune with Him, that He might make them happy; that He might fill them out of His own infinite fountain of joy; that He might communicate to them the blessedness of His own nature. So He made not only this world of ours, but other worlds. We are not so much interested in other worlds as this, but we may fairly conclude that the ultimate purpose of the Supreme Intelligence that rules all matter and all mind, is to bring out of every world that exists something like what He has brought out of this world, a race of intelligence, with moral and spiritual faculties capable of finding their enjoyment in the highest intellectual and spiritual activities. And so God made this vast system of worlds, and He made our world and gradually unfolded it and prepared it for the habitation of man, and when man was produced then He addressed Himself to the great question of man's education, and through all the ages and centuries and millenniums, God has been educating his child—man. What for? That out of him He may construct at last a great spiritual household.

You know this thought is brought out in the teachings of St. Paul in several places: "Ye are the temple of the living God. God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshiped by men's hands." As if He needed anything. "Ye are the temple of the living God."

God is building a house out of spiritual material. That is just what St. Paul means when he says, "Ye are God's building. As a wise master-builder, I have laid the foundation and others build thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon, for other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. And if any man build upon this foundation—"

I want you to stop and think of the foundation of God's house. It is Christ. What does that mean? It is moral and spiritual character. That is the foundation of it. It reminds us that Christ—that the essential, vital things in Christ were the moral and spiritual elements that belonged to His character. And if any man build on this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay or stubble. These are intended to represent the different types of character, the different types of moral nature and of moral disposition. If any man build out of this material, every man's work shall be tested with fire. The fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is, and if it abide and stand the test of the fire; that is, if it be of gold, of silver, or precious stones, if it is made of the best elements of character, it shall be enduring; but if it is made of the worst elements, it will be perishable. And so God is building Himself a house out of human character—a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

And that is what Christ means by "My Father's house." He is not talking of a locality; he is not talking of some country afar off; he is not talking of a place, any more than he is talking of some material building.

You cannot conceive of Spirit as being conditioned by time and space at all, and such a thing as Heaven being a place, a locality, a neighborhood, some place where we go, is altogether outside of the thought of the sacred Scriptures. Of course, phrases of this kind are used because they are the only phrases that man in his present state of existence can appreciate and understand, but Heaven, in its germ, in its essential principle, is character, and when God has succeeded in producing out of this world's history at last a race of intelligences like Himself in disposition, in spirit, in character, in charity, then He has produced just what He made the world for, and His own nature will be satisfied, and then it will be home to Him. That is what Christ meant when He said "My Father's house."

"Ye are God's building. Ye are God's temple, and God hath said I will dwell in them and walk in them. I will be to them a God, and they shall be My people." That is the thought of this text.

And then there is another thought here—that Heaven is the congenial environment of man's social instinct. "In My Father's house are many mansions." All people are not alike. They could not all live under one form of government here on earth. They could not all live in one church if they were all equally religious. That is impossible. They cannot organize themselves into one vast fraternity and find the conditions of their existence congenial enough to enjoy it. And so this world of ours has always broken up into factions—into political factions, religious factions, and social factions. You have your different political organizations, you have your different churches, you have your different secret societies, your different professional organizations, your clubs, and other kinds of organizations for moral and religious ends. Why is it so? Because there is in man that which persistently impels him to form himself into organizations of this kind for the satisfying of the inner longings of his nature. But now when you have done all this there is no organization upon the face of the earth that you can get into and find it perfectly satisfying to yourself, not one—neither political, nor religious, nor moral, nor social, nor business organization. In everything to which you attach yourself you find something that has to be endured, something that is unpleasant to you, something that grates harshly upon your feelings, that you have to submit to in the way of conditions, something that you hope to have somewhere, sometime, somehow removed. Now this is the idea of Heaven. There are a great many people who think that when we get to Heaven we shall all be so much alike that we shall perfectly enjoy each other. I do not think it will be so. We are not made that way. We are not developing that way here. All of education, association, religious influence, prayer, worship, and every sort of influence that is brought to bear upon us with this in view, fails to do it, and nine-tenths of all the people that come into this world and go out of it, go out of it feeling, in a great many respects, disappointed.

What man longs for in his social nature, what he seeks in the church, what he seeks in politics, what he seeks in social life, what he seeks in the lodge room, what he seeks in business, he does not find. There is a great deal that has to be endured. And look we away from this world and we feel that there must be a better condition for us, more congenial surroundings, more satisfying condi-

tions and circumstances, and to my mind this is the thought suggested by this great teacher when He said, "In My Father's house are many mansions."

With the differences that men have, with the variety of types of human society, there will be conditions of social existence which will make it possible for every man, woman and child to enjoy themselves in contact and association with those that are like themselves and enjoy themselves perfectly. That is one of the longings of our nature that Heaven is to satisfy. "In My Father's house are many mansions"—many homes, many types of social life. So you must not complain if the Heavenly Father of us all, who understands us much better than we understand ourselves, shall place us together, and in groups separate from each other—place us so that there will be nothing to mar our enjoyment.

Oh, it is a dream that men have when they talk about the good people of the world being so closely drawn together that there will be no differences, no misunderstandings. That will be impossible. It is simply beyond the reach of possibility in this world; aye, and beyond the possibility of realization in the next world.

We are placed in conditions of life here that make us different, and which send us out of this world not only differently organized, but differently equipped with different types of taste, and aspirations, and longings, and capacity, and power, and there must be differences of condition adjusting themselves to it, and so we have this thought: "In My Father's house are many mansions."

But then Heaven is not only the self-originated environment of God and the congenial environment of the social instinct of man, but it is the congenial environment of the individuality of man. "I go to prepare a place for you."

A great many people go through this life without ever finding their place. This world has been so crowded, so full of people, and its competitions have been so close that many, very many, have been crowded to the wall, crowded out of their grooves, and have gone through life and out of the world feeling as though it had no place for them.

Perhaps more people feel this way every day than we have any idea of. Of the many people that suffer this sort of pang, only once in a while is one constituted so that it gives expression to it. He bears this heavy burden and he feels that this vile world

is no friend to him to help him on to God, and he goes through life with a heavy heart, and he feels as though he had no place here in this world, and as though his life were a failure. But it is not so in the next world. The Great Teacher has said, "I go to prepare a place for you." And that is true to everyone, not only of every class of society, but of every type of individuality. Every man that has the principle of integrity and of righteousness rooted in his nature, and growing out of his life. Every such man will find his place in what we call Heaven, and he will be perfectly satisfied.

Then, there is this other thought here, that Heaven is the consummation of the great redeeming work of Jesus Christ. It was necessary that He should come into this our world; that He should submit to the conditions of human existence, and the sorrows and sufferings of human life, fight its hard battles, bear its heavy burdens, meet with its bitter disappointments, encounter its discouragements, and overcome its difficulties; but it was just as necessary that in consummating the task that was assigned Him, He should go away from this world as well as come to it. It was just as vital to humanity, to the salvation of man, that He should leave earth and go to Heaven as it was that He should come to this earth of ours in the way that He did. And so He said, "I go to prepare a place for you, and I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

We can never reap the full result of the great achievement of Christ's redeeming work as long as we stay in the flesh, but when the time comes for us to leave the earthly house of this tabernacle, we have a building of God, "A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Christ has gone to prepare it. In death He comes again, and He will receive us unto Himself, that where He is there we may be also.

And then, there is this other thought, that Heaven—Heaven, whatever else it is, is abiding fellowship and communion with Jesus Christ. "I will receive you unto Myself." And then, again, we find the Apostle John endeavoring to set forth this thought in another form of words. He reminds us that "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Now, do not dream that that occurrence will come to pass ages after you die, but just try to realize the thought, that as you die, as you surrender this body to the dust from which it was taken, in that very moment, in that very experience, your own divine Redeemer comes to you and takes you to Himself. If anywhere, in all your existence, there is a time when you need His presence, it is at such a time, and He says, "I will come again." When? At the great resurrection day? At the final judgment? At the end of the world? The end of the world comes to you when you die. The great transition, the most awful crisis that can ever occur in the history of your spirit comes to you when you die, and if you ever need the blessed presence of Christ's help, you need it then, and just as surely as He came once, as He lived among men, as He understands their sorrows, and enters into their sufferings, and has experienced the bitterness of their woe, and the pains of death, so surely as He understands it all, so surely will He come to every soul that stands face to face with death, and has within Him the consciousness of integrity before God.

Oh, my friends, there is only one condition needed to put you into such relations to Jesus Christ and to entitle you to all the blessedness of an endless immortality, and that is the consciousness that, in your own heart before God, you have the principles of integrity and honesty and that you want to do right. That is the essence of faith, the fundamental principle of all religion, and that will bring you into such relations to Jesus Christ that all the resources of infinite power that were placed at His command in His triumphant resurrection will be brought to bear upon the molding and shaping of your endless destiny, and you may rest assured that all will be well. "I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

But this text suggests a deeper line of thought than we have yet reached, and one perfectly consonant to reason and natural law. It suggests that Heaven is conditioned on the power of an unseen Christ. "I go." Let us remember that Heaven has the first unfolding of its germ in the birth of Christian character, regeneration, and then enquire, "What is the relation of an unseen Christ to the fructifying and unfolding of the germ?" It is a problem of psychology as well as of destiny.

Why should it be necessary for Christ to depart in order to give birth in the human soul to that dormant life which in its perfect unfoldment constitutes Heaven? The answer to this question presents a double truth. His departure was the necessary counterpart of His coming. It was necessary that He should come that He might focus the intense light of the moral character of God upon human society and human history. He did this in His own character, both actively and passively, intensifying the great principles of integrity and charity as the undying characteristic of human holiness.

It was necessary that He should depart that He might diffuse that intense light of infinite holiness focused upon man into the soft radiance of universal sympathy and love.

It was necessary that He should come in the full blaze and splendor of divine holiness, in order to make man passive under His influence, and receptive to His touch.

It was necessary that He should depart, that man, left to himself and his own inner resources, might be aroused to action and to the use of that latent spiritual energy generated in his passive condition.

The light of God focused upon human history in the person of Christ withdraws itself, that human souls which have seen its splendor and felt its warmth may be drawn after it by their own spontaneous effort to abide in its presence, and utilize its power.

The departure of Christ was one of those divine expedients made necessary by the fundamental laws of mind. It rests upon the principle that an absent object of interest requires greater mental and moral effort to realize and appreciate its power over us, than an object that is present to our outward senses.

It discloses to us the relative importance of the two great powers or faculties by which man comes into contact with that which is not himself—*non-ego*; these powers are sense and intuition, or faith; and it confirms the truth with which all history is pregnant that while sense lies at the base and constitutes the beginning of all personal development, intuition, reason, or faith, which is simply the internal power of the mind to grasp and hold the unseen, is the only power by which that personal development can be consummated. And this is Heaven.

For this reason then, Christ withdrew Himself into the realm of the unseen, that He might awaken in the human heart an intense longing for His presence, and thus call into action that dormant power of spiritual perception which would enable every honest seeker to grasp by faith and realize in experience the plenitude of His unseen spiritual presence.

This is doubtless the larger import of that following statement: "I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also." I will come in another form. I will come in the fullness of that spiritual energy which constitutes the very essence of Heaven, and I will awaken in you that dormant power of soul which will enable you to grasp and hold and enjoy the spiritual without any intervening objective medium. I will take you close to Myself, and you shall live continually in My presence. I will fulfill to you My former promise: "If any man love Me, My Father will love him, and We will come to Him, and make Our abode with Him." So that Heaven is guaranteed to every man that has an inward eye to see, and an inward ear to hear, in that rich and deep spiritual experience which wells up in the soul, when the divine and human meet in the border land of faith.

Heaven is not only a future but a present reality. It broke with almost insufferable splendor of light upon the Apostolic Church at Pentecost, and it has quietly diffused its milder radiance through eighteen centuries of Christian history, and it shall continue its gentle ministry until there shall come what St. John calls a "new Heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

ONE LESS AT HOME—ONE MORE IN HEAVEN

One less at home!

The charmed circle broken—a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place,
But cleansed and saved and perfected by grace,
One more in Heaven!

One less at home!

One voice of welcome hushed for evermore
One farewell word spoken; on the shore
Where parting comes not, one soul landed more—
One more in Heaven!

One less at home!

Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would rise
And wrap our footsteps round, and dim our eyes,
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies—
One more in Heaven!

One more at home!

This is not home, where, cramped in earthly mold,
Our sight of Christ is dim—our love is cold,
But there, where face to face we shall behold,
Is home and Heaven!

One less on earth!

Its pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share;
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;
One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear,
At home in Heaven!

One more in Heaven!

Another thought to brighten cloudy days,
Another theme for thankfulness and praise,
Another link on high our souls to raise
To home and Heaven!

One more at home!

That home where separation cannot be,
That home where none are missed eternally.
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee,
At home in Heaven!

CITIZENS OF HEAVEN

BY THE REV. DONALD D. MAC LAURIN

Christians are citizens of a glorious and eternal commonwealth. We are citizens of Heaven and that now. But, does not some one say: Is not Heaven far away in some great center in the universe, and not within the reach and touch of men in the mortal life? Well, what has distance, even if that be so, to do with citizenship? Distance does not altar citizenship. Distance has nothing to do with citizenship. But I would like to ask you why you place afar the Heavens? Why you think that we are remote from its life? Paul says "Our citizenships is in Heaven." Why, what is Heaven? Righteousness. What is Heaven? Whiteness of soul. What is Heaven? Vision of God. The Lord Jesus Christ defined it in that superb pearl among His sayings in the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." To see God in everything, as some of the saintliest people do, and as many people who study nature are beginning to do, as the late John Fiske began to do, as Romanes did, thus bringing himself out of agnosticism into childlike faith, or as Agassiz, and Gray, and Dana, and Young and many other of the students of nature have done—that is Heaven. To see Him in the plan of our lives, to see Him in the movement of history, to know that it is the pierced hand that is guiding the affairs of men, to see Him chiefest of all as He stands revealed in the person of Jesus Christ, to know that God is immanent, that God is here, that in Him we live and move and have our being, to know that He is concerned not with the great affairs only, but with the minutest affairs of our lives, to know that He is in our life, and to live with this knowledge, and when we come to what we call death to pass into the full realization of Him—this is Heaven. This is Heaven to see God. This is not only happiness, but it is the sum of all happiness. This is joy, and "joy is life at its very highest, its very brightest, its very best." And we who are in this realm are possessed of this joy and of this life. It is a moral perception, therefore, and it rests of necessity upon spiritual conditions. A man must have

his spiritual eye open or ever he can see Heaven, either now or a millennium of years later. There is necessity to a vision of Heaven a moral regeneration of heart, an opening of the spiritual eye, a vision of God in Christ Jesus. Where is Heaven? There, wherever God is and the pure in heart who see Him. Where there is no purity, there is no God, there is no Heaven.

The question you need to ask yourself is, not where Heaven is, but what Heaven is. Is it a place or a state? Both, I believe. But that is a secondary matter. The question we should ask ourselves is: "Have I the character?" Heaven is character and the man who has the character is now a citizen of Heaven.

And what is the supreme law of the Heavenly kingdom. It is love, and the man or woman, no matter what his or her pretensions may be, who is not ruled by love, and is not obedient to the imperial behests of love, is disloyal in his citizenship. If you were to summarize the whole Bible you would find it all compressed into the one word, Love. And there is no use for a man to proclaim, at least to me, that he is a citizen of the Heavenly kingdom, who is animated by malice, and hatred, and envy, and backbiting, and all that brood of hell that finds so large a place in the life of the world. The citizen of the eternal commonwealth is ruled by love in everything which he does from year to year through his whole career. Why, you will meet people that are just as mean, you will find people who hope to enjoy the Heavenly kingdom, who do not pretend to practice the principles of the Heavenly citizenship today. Why, man, down there, you expect to go to Heaven, and you are crabbed, you are mean, you are disagreeable, you are cross, you are selfish in every expression of your life now. Dear me, what magic wand do you think will wave over you in the article of death that will change you so that you will be at home in Heaven? There is nothing that will work that marvelous change! Unless you get Heaven into you here and now I doubt whether you will ever get into Heaven. Unless you now submit yourself to the rule of love, which is the law of life, you will never learn obedience.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

A VIEW OF HEAVEN

BY THE REV. DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE

"There was silence in Heaven about the space of half an hour."—
Revelation 8:1.

The busiest place in the universe is Heaven. It is the center from which all good influences start. It is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or charioted. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to roll, and the trumpets to sound, and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reined in their chargers. The doxologies were hushed and the processions halted. The hand of arrest was put upon all the splendors. "Stop, Heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in Heaven for half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time Heaven ever stopped. It does not stop as other cities for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows nor sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was and I do not care when it was, but of the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place, I am certain. "There was silence in Heaven for half an hour."

And first of all we may learn that God and all Heaven honored silence. The longest and widest dominion that ever existed is that over which stillness was queen. For an eternity there had not been a sound. World making was a later day occupation. For unimaginable ages it was a mute universe. God was the only Being, and as there was no one to speak to there was no utterance.

But that silence has been all broken up into worlds, and it has become a noisy universe. Worlds in upheaval, worlds in congelation, worlds in conflagration, worlds in revolution. If geologists are right—and I believe they are—there has not been a moment of silence since this world began its travels, and the crashings, and the splittings, and the uproar, and the hubbub are ever in progress.

But when among the supernals a voice cried, "Hush!" and for half an hour Heaven was still, silence was honored. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned "He answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Oftentimes, when we are assailed and misrepresented, the mightiest thing to say is to say nothing, and the mightiest thing to do is to do nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves set right accomplish nothing but their own chagrin. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or social or political injustice.

Stronger than any bitter or sarcastic or revengeful answer was the patient silence. The famous Dr. Morrison, of Chelsea, accomplished as much by his silent patience as by his pen and tongue. He had asthma that for twenty-five years brought him out of his couch at two o'clock each morning. His four sons and daughters dead. The remaining child by sunstroke made insane. The afflicted man said, "At this moment there is not an inch of my body that is not filled with agony." Yet, he was cheerful, triumphant, silent. Those who were in his presence said they felt as though they were in the gates of Heaven.

Oh, the power of patient silence! Eschylus, the immortal poet, was condemned to death for writing something that offended the people. All the pleas in his behalf were of no avail, until his brother uncovered the arm of the prisoner and showed that his hand had been shot off at Salamis. That silent plea liberated him. The loudest thing on earth is silence if it be of the right kind and at the right time. There was a quaint old hymn, spelled in the old style, and once sung in the churches:

The race is not forever got
By him who fastest runs,
Nor the Rattel by those peopell
That shoot with the longest guns.

My friends, the tossing Sea of Galilee seemed most to offend Christ by the amount of noise it made, for He said to it, "Be still!" Heaven has been crowning kings and queens unto God for many centuries, yet Heaven never stopped a moment for any such occurrence, but it stopped thirty minutes for the coronation of Silence. "There was silence in Heaven for half an hour."

Learn also from my text that Heaven must be an eventful and active place, from the fact that it could afford only thirty minutes of recess. There have been events on earth and in Heaven that seemed to demand a whole day or whole week or whole year for celestial consideration. If Grotius was right and this silence occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, that scene was so awful and so prolonged that the inhabitants of Heaven could not have done justice to it in many weeks.

After fearful besiegement of the two fortresses of Jerusalem—Antonio and Hippicus—had been going on for a long while, a Roman soldier mounted on the shoulder of another soldier hurled into the window of the temple a firebrand, and the temple was all aflame, and after covering many sacrifices to the holiness of God, the building itself became a sacrifice to the rage of man. The hunger of the people in that city during the besiegement was so great that as some outlaws were passing a doorway and inhaled the odors of food, they burst open the door, threatening the mother of the household with death unless she gave them some food, and she took them aside and showed them it was her own child she was cooking for the ghastly repast.

Six hundred priests were destroyed on Mt. Zion because the temple being gone there was nothing for them to do. Six thousand people in one cloister were consumed. There were one million one hundred thousand dead, according to Josephus. Grotius thinks that this was the cause of silence in Heaven for half an hour. If Mr. Lord was right and this silence was during the Diocletian persecutions, by which eight hundred and forty-four thousand Christians suffered death from sword and fire and banishment and exposure, why did not Heaven listen throughout at least one of

those awful years? No! Thirty minutes! The fact is that the celestial program is so crowded with spectacles that it can afford only one recess in all eternity and that for a short space.

While there are great choruses in which all Heaven can join, each soul there has a story of divine mercy peculiar to itself and it must be a solo. How can Heaven get through with all its recitatives, with all its cantos, with all its grand marches, with all its victories? Eternity is too short to utter all the praise. In my text Heaven spared thirty minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches, when there are many to take part, we have to counsel brevity, but how will Heaven get on rapidly enough to let the one hundred and forty-four thousand get through each with his own story, and then the one hundred and forty-four million, and then the one hundred and forty-four billion, and then the one hundred and forty-four trillion.

Not only are all the triumphs of the past to be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we now know of God, but what we will know of Him after everlasting study of the deific. If my text had said there was silence in Heaven for thirty days, I would not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes. Why, there will be so many friends to hunt up, so many of the greatly good and useful that we will want to see; so many of the inscrutable things of earth we will need explained; so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no more opportunity for cessation.

How busy we will be kept in having pointed out to us the heroes and heroines that the world never fully appreciated—the yellow fever and cholera doctors who died, not flying from their posts; the female nurses who faced pestilence in the lazarettos; the railroad engineers who stayed at their places in order to save the train though they themselves perished.

Hubert Goffin, the master miner, who, landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine, just as he heard the waters rush in, and when one jerk of the rope would have lifted him into safety, put a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child in the bucket and jerked the rope for him to be pulled up, crying, "Tell them the water has burst in and we are probably lost, but we will seek refuge at the other end of the right gallery;" and then giving the com-

mand to the other miners till they digged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth we will want to see when they get their crown in Heaven. I tell you Heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, Heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth that amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour. You know Heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centupled. Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of intercommunication, more of worship.

There is not so much difference between Brooklyn seventy-five years ago, when there were a few houses down on the East river and the village reached up only to Sands street, as compared with what this great city is now—yea, not so much difference between New York when Canal street was far up town and now when Canal street is far down town, than there is a difference between what Heaven was when my text was written and what Heaven is now. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and if we now have no time to spare we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in Heaven only half an hour!

My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half hour. That half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of Heaven. None of the whole hours of Heaven are measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past and the millions of ages to come not one is especially measured off in the Bible. The half hour of my text is made immortal. The only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text.

Oh, the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of your half hours? Tell me the history of your half hours and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you

can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate. Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity.

It was the half hours between shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith; the half hours between professional calls as a physician that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher; the half hours between his duties as schoolmaster that made Salmon P. Chase chief justice; the half hours between shoe lasts that made Henry Wilson vice president of the United States; the half hours between canal boats that made James A. Garfield president.

The half hour a day for good books or bad books, the half hour a day for prayer or indolence, the half hour a day for helping others or blasting others, the half hour before you go to business and the half hour after your return from business—that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between Heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half hours.

The half hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there; the half hour when I decided to become a preacher of the gospel; the half hour when I first realized that my son was dead; the half hour when I stood on the top of my house in Oxford street and saw our church burn; the half hour in which I entered Jerusalem; the half hour in which I ascended Mt. Calvary; the half hour in which I stood on Mars hill; the half hour in which the dedicatory prayer of this temple was made, and about ten or fifteen other half hours are the chief times of my life. You may forget the name of the exact years of most of the important events of your existence, but those half hours, like the half hour of my text, will be immortal.

I do not query what you will do with the twentieth century, I do not query what you will do with 1892, but what will you do with the next half hour? Upon that hinges your destiny. And during that some of you will receive the gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal. Oh, that the next half hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly existence.

Far back in history a great geographer stood with a sailor looking at a globe that represented our planet, and he pointed to a place on the globe where he thought there was an undiscovered continent. The undiscovered continent was America. The geographer who pointed where he thought there was a new world was Martin Behaim, and the sailor to whom he showed it was Columbus. This last was not satisfied till he had picked that gem out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography. Oh, ye who have been sailing up and down the rough seas of sorrow and sin, let me point out to you another continent, yea, another world, that you may yourselves find a rapturous world, and that is the world a half hour of which we now study. Oh, set sail for it! Here is the ship and here are the compasses.

In other words, make this half hour, beginning at twenty minutes of twelve by my watch, the grandest half hour of your life and become a Christian. Pray for a regenerated spirit. Louis XIV, while walking in the garden at Versailles met Mansard, the great architect, and the architect took off his hat before the king. "Put on your hat," said the king, "for the evening is damp and cold." And Mansard, the architect, the rest of the evening kept on his hat. The dukes and marquises standing with bare heads before the king expressed their surprise at Mansard, but the king said, "I can make a duke or a marquis, but God only can make a Mansard." And I say to you, my hearers, God only by His convicting and converting grace can make a Christian, but He is ready this very half hour to accomplish it.

Again, my text suggests a way of studying Heaven so that we can better understand it. The word "eternity" that we handle so much is an immeasurable word. Knowing that we could not understand that word the Bible uses it only once. We say, "Forever and ever," but how long is "forever and ever?" I am glad that my text puts under our eye Heaven for thirty minutes. As when you would see a great picture you put a sheet of paper into a scroll and look through it, or join your forefinger to your thumb and look through the circle between, and the picture becomes more intense, so this masterpiece of Heaven by St. John is more impressive when we take only thirty minutes of it at a time. Now we have something that we can come nearer to grasping, and it is a quiet Heaven. When we discourse about the multitudes of

Heaven it must be almost a nervous shock to those who have all their lives been crowded by many people and who want a quiet Heaven.

For the last thirty-five years I have been much of the time in crowds and under public scrutiny and amid excitements, and I have sometimes thought for a few weeks after I reach Heaven I would like to go down in some quiet part of the realm with a few friends and for a little while try comparative solitude. Then there are those whose hearing is so delicate that they get no satisfaction when you describe the crash of the eternal orchestra, and they feel like saying, as a good woman in Hudson, N. Y., said, after hearing me speak of the mighty chorus of Heaven, "That must be a great Heaven, but what will become of my poor head?" Yes, this half hour of my text is a still experience.

"There was silence in Heaven for half an hour." You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's Palace and take only a glimpse, for we have only thirty minutes for all Heaven. "Is that Jesus?" "Yes." Just under the hair along His forehead is the mark of a wound made by a bunch of twisted brambles, and His foot on the throne has on the round of His instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the palm of the right hand, and a scar on the palm of the left hand. But what a countenance! What a smile! What a grandeur! What a loveliness! What an overwhelming look of kindness and grace! Why, He looks as if He had redeemed a world! But come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apostolic row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That is Martyr row. Do you see that immense structure? That is the biggest house in Heaven; that is "the House of Many Mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its burning splendor, for that is the wall of Heaven, jasper at the bottom and amethyst at the top. See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson, or the Alabama, or the Rhine, or the Shannon say, "We never saw the like of this for charity and sheen." That is the chief river of Heaven—so bright, so wide, so deep. But you ask, "Where are the asylums for the old?" I answer, "The inhabitants are all young." "Where are the hospitals for the lame?" "They are all agile." "Where are

the infirmaries for the blind and deaf?" "They all see and hear." "Where are the almshouses for the poor?" "They are all multimillionaires." "Where are the inebriate asylums?" "Why, there are no saloons." "Where are the graveyards?" "Why, they never die." Pass down those boulevards of gold and amber and sapphire and see those interminable streets built by the Architect of the universe into homes, over the threshold of which sorrow never steps, and out of whose windows faces, once pale with earthly sickness, now look rubicund with immortal health. "Oh, let me go in and see them?" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those there who would never consent to let you come up. You say, "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No, no! Our time is short; our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to the earth before this half hour of Heavenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance when this half hour of silence is ended.

MAN'S MOST EXALTED IDEA OF HEAVEN

BY THE REV. DR. WILLIAM E. CHANNING

In his sermon on "The Great Purpose of Christianity," Dr. Channing said: "Not a few, I suspect, conceive of Heaven as a foreign good. It is a distant country, to which we are to be conveyed by an outward agency. How slowly do men learn that Heaven is the perfection of the mind, and that Christ gives it now just as far as He raises the mind to celestial truth and virtue. It is true, that this word is often used to express a future felicity; but the blessedness of the future world is only a continuance of what is begun here. There is but one true happiness, that of a mind unfolding its best powers, and attaching itself to great objects; and Christ gives Heaven, only in proportion as He gives this elevation of character. The disinterestedness, and moral strength and filial piety of the Christian, are not mere means of Heaven, but Heaven itself, and Heaven now.

The most exalted idea we can form of the future state is, that it brings and joins us to God. But is not approach to this great Being begun on earth? Another delightful view of Heaven is that it unites us with the good and great of our own race, and even with higher orders of beings. But this union is one of spirit, not of mere place; it is accordance of thought and feeling, not an outward relation; and does not this harmony begin even now? and is not virtuous friendship on earth essentially the pleasure which we hope hereafter? What place would be drearier than the future mansions of Christ, to one who should want sympathy with their inhabitants, who could not understand their language, who would feel himself a foreigner there, who would be taught, by the joys which he could not partake, his own loneliness and desolation? These views, I know, are often given with greater or less distinctness; but they seem to me not to have brought home to men the truth, that the fountain of happiness must be in our own souls. Gross ideas of futurity still prevail. I should not be surprised if to some among us the chief idea of Heaven were that of a splendor, a radiance, like that which Christ wore on the Mount of Transfiguration. Let us all consider, and it is a great truth, that Heaven

has no luster surpassing that of intellectual and moral worth; and that, were the effulgence of the sun and stars concentrated in the Christian, even this would be darkness, compared with the pure beamings of wisdom, love and power from His mind. Think not, then, that Christ has come to give Heaven as something distinct from virtue. Heaven is the freed and sanctified mind, enjoying God through accordance with His attributes, multiplying its bonds and sympathies with excellent beings, putting forth noble powers, and ministering, in union with the enlightened and holy, to the happiness and virtue of the universe."

"WILL THEY MEET US?"

BY DR. WILLIAM A. QUAYLE

When I read "Les Miserables," I never forget to wonder why Victor Hugo didn't step in a little further with Jean Valjean. I always thought that, instead of leaving him dead over in the garret with a smile on his lips and the kisses and tears of those who loved him on his hands, Hugo ought to have journeyed out a little with him into the infinite spaces. And the thing I would have liked to have seen and the thing I think I would have seen if I had been with him, would have been when Jean Valjean came to the gate of Heaven and the good bishop met him. Oh, I can see it. I am as sure as that you are here and I am here with you that when Jean Valjean came in at the gate, lonesome looking and, though he was a stranger, there was the bishop with his smile.

Oh, Bishop of our souls, the Chief Shepherd of the wandering flock of women and of men; oh, Thou of the crozier and the cross, meet all of us who are listening to Thee, at Thy front gate hereafter, and meet us with a smile. And He will.

LIFE HERE AND HEREAFTER

BY THE REV. J. WESLEY HILL, D.D.

"For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Corinthians 13:12.

Our text is a strain from Paul's inimitable psalm of praise to love. By a stroke or two of inspired genius he throws his theme into high relief; compares it, analyzes it, and crowns it. He declares that knowledge is fragmentary, love complete, science limited, love infinite; theology partial, love perfect; and therefore, that the perfection of human character is the perfection of love.

Our text is the announcement of this fact, that human knowledge is marginal, fragmentary and incomplete, that it is a condition of limitation and darkness, where things are seen by reflection, and knowledge at its best is dimmed by the shadow of mystery, for "we see darkly."

This life is an underground existence at its best. Once in a while we come to the surface, see some of the great infinite fields of light above us and then we are covered by some passing autumn leaf and obscured; and the blooming and fruiting are over yonder.

But there are those who proceed upon an entirely different basis. They postulate the possibility of a perfect knowledge of the universe, that theology can be laid bare to the core, infinity be reduced to a science and vivisection be performed on the Almighty. This knowledge is classified as "systematic theology" and the Bible is cited as its text book; but the Bible encourages no such assumption. It enters into no technical analysis of the divine attributes, makes no attempt to map out the infinite, nor to lift the veil of the eternal. To the contrary, it rebukes the bold ambition that would scale the battlements of the supernatural or seek to annex the throne of God to the domain of scientific knowledge! "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?"

This is an age of exploration and discovery. But why is it that the explorer, the man of science, the astute discoverer has

brought back no tidings of God? Why, when science and philosophy have advanced triumphantly to the drum beat of progress, has the knowledge of God retreated, compelling the apostles of worldly wisdom to confess their ignorance in the very name they have given the divine being, "the Unknown?" Have these men been utterly wanting in earnestness and sincerity? No. We would not so harshly judge them. They have been sincere seekers of truth. With bleeding hands and lacerated feet, they have felt and groped in the darkness, if peradventure they might catch the day spring of eternal hope! They have swept the golden dust of the sky with their glasses and discovered worlds; they have torn open the crust of the earth and explored by-gone ages; they have made the universe tributary to their conquests and fondly hoped in like manner to storm the abode of the Almighty and gaze upon His face. But all in vain their presumption. The Infinite cannot be explored or discovered by man's boldest conceit. No inspiring Columbus can track the boundless continent of His abode. No adventurous Franklin can experiment with the dynamic forces that encircle His throne. How, then, is He to be known? Once, and once only, is it recorded that our Lord, usually a "Man of Sorrows," "rejoiced with exceeding joy." And what was the occasion of that extraordinary soul rapture? Listen to His own explanation: "I thank Thee, Father, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes and sucklings!" And the meaning of this declaration is simply this, that spiritual truth must be spiritually discerned. The brain is not the organ with which to lay hold upon God, any more than you can see a picture with your ears, or hear music with your eyes. You cannot weigh truth in scales nor measure love with a yardstick, nor demonstrate Christian truth with a syllogism. You cannot discover God as you discover an asteroid or a new principle of mathematics or a new law in sociology. Supernatural things must be supernaturally discerned.

Because Christianity is a system of revelation rather than demonstration, its profound mysteries baffling the power of the human mind to penetrate them, rationalism pronounces it false. If it can be shown, however, that the intent of revelation is so involved in mystery that man, toward whom it is directed, cannot possibly understand it, then the objection is valid. But what it

professes to reveal is clear to every intelligent mind; it reveals facts, so related to the infinite as to render the modes of their existence mysterious, but the facts are none the less clear. The mind cannot originate an idea transcending its own power, neither can it entertain such an idea. Could it but do so, then effect would be greater than cause, and instead of mystery, there would be an absurdity. Christianity is not an absurdity, because it violates no law of reason. It is a mystery, on account of its magnitude and the relation it sustains to the supernatural. The mysteries of revealed religion are the mysteries of modes, not of facts. The revelations of revealed religion are the revelation of facts, not of modes. These facts are supreme. They shine like fixed stars in the firmament, tower like massive peaks out of the mountain range, stand like rugged columns, upholding the vast superstructure of Christian faith. We may not be able to interpret the language of the stars, but their radiance illumines the darkness and saves us from stumbling, ours may not be the ability to measure or weigh or calculate or climb those dizzy summits, but their greatness is our defense, their hidden treasures our wealth and their living waters our strength and salvation; we cannot lift those massive columns, or understand the mystery of their power; but we may behold their strength and beauty, feel their security, rejoice beneath the encircling arch of redemption, gaze into the starlit dome of Providence and live and love and labor within the glorious temple of a blood-bought and regenerate humanity! Thus we see that the facts are sufficient. They meet the necessities of the case. They tower from earth to Heaven, measuring moral distances and altitudes, pointing the way of duty and destiny, outlining along the world's spiritual horizon the perfection of the divine plan and inviting to enrapturing visions of God and His unspeakable glory! Passing beyond these peaks, we are out in starless night, blinded by the mists and mystery of life, roving about over a trackless waste without a torch or guide, lost amid the vastitudes of the infinite. But returning to the facts, we find a rational basis for the universe, cause for all effect, purpose in all phenomena, providence in all power, love in all law, pardon for all transgression, healing balm for all woe, and abundant life for all death. From this viewpoint the universe flames with light!

The great need of a guilty world is the revelation of a loving, personal God, and Jesus Christ is the incarnation of that revelation. "In Him dwelt the fullness of the Godhead bodily," and if mankind would see and know God, he appears in the "Incarnate Mystery;" not a regnant deity burning with implicable rage, but a God of infinite tenderness and love, a sympathizing, sorrowing God, 'touched with the feeling of our infirmity,' redundant in mercy, always waiting to be gracious, never refusing to pardon, able and willing to deliver from the burden of guilt, and "able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto Him through Jesus Christ." This is the great central fact of revelation, and resting upon it, my soul finds peace and comfort.

Then beyond this fact of reconciliation, there is that other great fact, without which, hope is an empty delusion and life a transient dream. Christianity comes with the announcement that man is all immortal. Who has not trembled at the thought of death? Who has been able to resist Him? Has not vigor and skill failed alike, before his invincible sway? It was against this heartless monster that God commissioned the Son of His right hand! Viewing the conflict from afar, He cried out: "Lo, I come to do Thy will!" In the "fullness of time," He stood in our midst. He came as our federal head, our Heaven appointed prototype. He assumed our mortality. He grappled with our temptations. He experienced our sorrows. He suffered for our sins, "the just for the unjust," and finally and most wonderful of all, He "laid down His life" for us, passing through the ordeal of death as our victorious representative, and thus becoming "the first fruits of them that sleep." He suffered Himself to be taken captive that He might "lead captivity captive." He permitted Himself to be bound in the sepulchre, that He might "break the bands of death," undermine the strongholds of the grave, uncrown and dethrone the "last enemy," cement the past to the future, and pledge Omnipotence to a glorious reunion beyond the starless night of the tomb! And He came forth from that conflict a mighty conqueror! Flushed with His glorious triumph, He could proclaim Himself "the Resurrection and the Life," and because "all power" was given Him, He could send forth His disciples to preach the gospel of immortality and the resurrection, even to the uttermost

parts of the earth, and wherever this good news is proclaimed, the midnight of the sepulchre whitens into the lilies of the morning, and the morning marches toward the destined day!

Mystery is but another word for limitation, and the law of limitation is the condition of all created things. Yonder stars which seem to sweep at will through the azure fields are held within fixed paths beyond which they cannot go. Old ocean's surfeited waves are beaten back by rocky barriers along the shore. The bold, bald eagle, may soar to the gateway of the morning, but there is the limit beyond which he cannot go. Cleaving the air with unfettered wing, he is still a prisoner in the circumambient atmosphere, as much so as the silver voiced canary, that impatiently beats its wings against the gilded wires of its prison cage. Man is not an exception to the law. He is walled about and circumscribed to a very narrow limit. Law touches him upon every side and he can neither breathe, move, think, feel nor act beyond the confines of its kingdom. He hurls himself against the barriers of his imprisonment, longing for light, for liberty and life. He turns to philosophy and is offered a stone instead of the bread for which his soul hungers. He implores science, and is answered with learned disquisitions on "The Origin of Species," "Prayer Tests," "The Survival of the Fittest," "monads," "protoplasm," and "primal cells," as though an immortal soul could be satisfied with guesses, speculations, fire mist and chemical experiments. He bows at the shrine of agnosticism, and waiting there in the starless gloom, he hears those discordant notes, all freighted with doubt and despair:

Star after star from Heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns and systems systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, to one dark center fall,
And death and night and chaos shall hover over all!

And he cries out, "Is this all? Are all the vast and varied forms of life destined to dissolution and decay? Are all these revelations of wisdom, power and glory to end in nihilism? Is the universe to totter into extinction? Is chaos the goal of creation? Are genius and heroism, hope and love to sink into oblivion? Is this all?" He looks and longs and waits, when suddenly the angel of Christianity stands by his side, and taking him by the hand, she exclaims: "This is not all, my child; this is but the

beginning, the threshold, the starting point." "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." Now you see through a glass darkly. Your mind is finite; your vision is limited; you see by reflection; "know in part;" but presently, almost immediately, you will rise above these limitations, throw off the weights of mortality, see eye to eye, face to face and know also even as you are known!

And this brings us to the final thought of the text, viz.: that by and by we shall have a more complete and satisfactory knowledge of the universe. We shall not always be found groping half blindly after truth, just able to touch with our finger tip the boundary line of life; not forever shall we be in bondage to the weakness of the body, hampered by its liability to disease and hindered by its proneness to fatigue; not always will our vision be clouded by mortality, our intellects be dwarfed by sin and our knowledge be fragmentary and incomplete.

Our text portrays a state where darkness shall give place to light, sin to holiness, and where mysteries shall be dissipated and realities shall be unfolded in ever increasing brightness. In the bosom of such a destiny, free from the restrictions of time, surrounded with facilities adapted to the higher sphere, with sages and angels for instructors, and, better still, the glorified Redeemer, with all the fields of truth laid bare, awaiting exploration, and with the countless cycles of eternity through which to career, we shall advance forever, but graduate never! Then we will know more about creation. Myriads of systems may lie just beyond the galaxy, but we know them not; then speculation will end and knowledge will begin; photograph astronomy will be done away, and we shall study and learn by personal contact; yes, we shall walk those burning orbs and praise God in the language of other spheres.

We will know more about redemption—its history, developments, symbolisms, foretokenings and consummation. More about Christ—His nature, love, merit and work; His incarnation, death, resurrection and ascension; His mediation and intercession; His humiliation and exaltation. We will know more about Providence, the reason of our bereavements, the cause of our disappointments and of our sufferings. Here faith comes to the rescue. We say with our lips, "All things work together for good," but very often

doubt springs up in the heart and we question the beneficent outcome of many of the dark experiences of life. But in that upper world of light and knowledge, no longer confounded with the roar and intricate movements of compounded wheels, with flying cherubim, clouds and darkness, we shall see the wisdom and perfection of the divine plan, and know that all the losses and crosses, the furnaces through which we have passed and the billows beneath which we have been plunged, were a part of the necessary discipline of life, designed for the enrichment and elevation of character, that being "made perfect through suffering," we might be fit for companionship with the great everlasting Father!

We will know more of Heaven. Bible story is mostly in the negative; no sickness, no sorrow, no tears, no night, no sin there. Then there are some positive statements; walls of onyx, beryl and jasper; gates of pearl; pavements of gold; twelve manner of fruit; twelve gates; palm branches, white robes, harps and hallelujahs, crowns and thrones! But, oh, what must it be to be there! To stand before the throne, look into the face of the Lamb, join in the tearless song, converse with saints, sages and seraphs, mingle with the good and great gathered out of all ages, sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb, drink of the fountain of perpetual youth and with unwearying vigor plunge into the activities and pursuits of that celestial life, where capacity will ever enlarge, new faculties unfold, fresh subjects of study come to light and discoveries and triumphs undreamed of in this lower world, reward the quest of the unfettered mind!

Then we will know what Heaven is, its activities and associations, its relations and responsibilities, its opportunities and possibilities, its joys and visions, its reunions and recognitions; and that old question, "Shall we know each other there?" will be answered, for "we shall know also even as we are known."—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

TWO WORLDS BUT ONE LIFE

“What a wonderful thing,” says Montesquieu, the great French writer; “the Christian religion which seems to have no object but felicity in the next world, yet forms our happiness in this.” The reason is, that though the worlds are two, the life in both is one life.

In what respects “the world to come” differs from that with which human beings are here conversant, no one can tell; nor can any one say how far the two may after all be alike. That they are not so widely sundered as it is natural to at first suppose, many things suggest. And still, the world of spirit and the world of material things must have contrasts and differences very great, and such as must make the transit from the one to the other a wonderful event in the experiences of a soul. The life, however, there and here, must be, save in things outward and incidental, one life. The scene changes; the being active in it is one and the same, and carries over into that beyond substantially that which was most truly personal to it here.

Those, accordingly, who, in the language quoted above, interpret the Christian religion as “having no object but felicity in the next world,” mistake alike its teachings and its purpose. Undoubtedly there are those who look upon Christians as persons seeking in such ways as their religion teaches them, to win Heaven as an achievement or a reward. During long, dark centuries, indeed, the Christian religion was understood and taught as proposing simply escape from perdition on the one side, and achieving salvation on the other. The means to this end were claimed to be at the disposal of a priesthood, and those who would win the great prize must win it by subserviency, by painful penances, by building religious houses, or by serving as the footstool of an arrogant hierarchy. Not much better have since been other teachings upon this subject, which would make Christian attainment the burden-bearing of a slave, or the self-immolation of an ascetic. Of all beings upon earth the Christian believer should be the most cheerful and joyful; for “he that believeth hath eternal life.” When

the will of God shall be done on earth as it is in Heaven, it will be because in the high sense meant in the aims and hopes of the Christian religion, earth itself will then be Heaven.

But there is a converse to this picture. It is one life for the lost no less than for the saved. There are those who refuse to believe in a hell. How can they, when they see it here with their eyes, and perhaps already feel it in themselves? What the world of the lost may be as a world, no one of us knows; what it is as a state,—is not that made only too evident by what even this sad world discloses?

What an immense alternative then is this—whether the life we now live be, in fact, the life of the saved, or the life of the lost; the deepening darkness or the brightening light!

A HAPPY LAND

The origin of the familiar Sunday-school hymn,

There is a happy land
Far, far away,

has lately been explained in the columns of the New York Tribune. It was composed in 1838 by Andrew Young, a man now eighty years of age, a lover both of music and of children. The tune is an old Indian air, whose melody struck Mr. Young's musical ear and haunted him until he was able to write out suitable words for an accompaniment. He sang the hymn in the presence of an intimate friend, who was a publisher, and it got into print at once, and has been translated into nineteen different languages. It is said that Thackeray once burst into tears on hearing it sung in the slums of London by a crowd of poor, ragged children sitting on the pavement. The contrast between their squalid surroundings and the ideas suggested by the words of the hymn was too much for his tender heart.—The Congregationalist.

WHAT IS HEAVEN?

BY THE REV. RICHARD MONTAGUE, D.D.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—Matthew 5:8.

What is Heaven? Whiteness of soul. What is Heaven? The vision of God. The abiding of a pure and gracious God in a clean and loving heart; this is Heaven. The essence of the Heavenly state is given in this familiar beatitude: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

To see God everywhere, in nature, in the plan of our lives, in the movements of history, in the person of His Son; to be so assured of His nearness that we never fear, since He is our Protector; we never are anxious, for He provides; life is good, for it is God's gift; and death has no terror, for it takes us one step nearer our Lord; in every duty of daily life to see and rejoice in an opportunity of service in God's kingdom; to know no distinction of secular life and religious life, to view all life as life for God; to be conscious of the Celestial Presence in every trifle as in every crisis of our days; to know, to feel, to see God, here and hereafter, now and always, is the essence of Heaven. It is not only happiness. It is the sun of all happiness. Other loves are the reflected rays of God's love. Other joys are but symbols of this one great joy. The central joy of Heaven is the seen presence of God. The consummation of salvation is that beatific vision in which we see as we are seen, know as we are known, and God is all in all.

It is a moral perception, and, in the very nature of it, rests on spiritual conditions. No soul without a love of harmony will enjoy Beethoven's Mass in D. No one indifferent to form and color will long pause over Raphael's Transfiguration. St. Peter's dome will awaken but a momentary delight in him who has no architectural sense. To see, there must be eyes to see. The very works that reveal our God to one veil Him from another; the very mutations of life that exhibit His wisdom and grace to His children puzzle the children of the world. To see the pure, we must be pure; to see God, we must be God-like. Not only is Heaven the vision of God, but that vision is born of God

Thus Heaven involves a specific, regenerated character. In its essential aspect it is character. Where is Heaven ? Wherever God is, and with pure heart is seen. Where that purity is not, Heaven cannot be; where it is, Heaven must in substance exist. Behind all queries as to whether Heaven is a place, or a state, lies this evident truth—Heaven is a character. Primarily the question is not where, nor how a man is, but who he is, if we would know if he is or is to be in Heaven. Without holiness no man shall see God.

In the light of these truths there emerge some principles worth our noting:

1. Heaven may begin in this life. The beatitude of our text does not refer solely to the far-off beatific vision when salvation's work is wholly completed in the redeemed. It starts in the present, and roots itself in the here. God is now visible. Purity is now possible. Heaven is now attainable.

In reading the New Testament and especially the parables, much perplexity and obscurity can be avoided by a correct apprehension of the meaning of the phrases which occur over and over again: "the kingdom of Heaven," "the kingdom of God." Some have endeavored to distinguish them, some have said that they refer to the church, others have said that they denote the government of our Lord after His return in glory; others yet have seen in them descriptions of the final condition when Christ's mediatorial work is done and He surrenders all things again to the Father. But all these opinions are, I believe, either mechanical, partial or unspiritual. The kingdom of God is that kingdom in which God rules and from the heart is obeyed. The kingdom of Heaven is that realm in which God is honored and obeyed by loyal souls just as He is honored and obeyed by those who in celestial spaces never cease to do His will.

Consider the majestic sweep of the conception. Here is some lonely widow, poor and friendless, in her cottage sewing, or knitting, or scrubbing, conscious of her Savior's presence, seeking to perform each day's duty as unto the Lord, and to bear each day's burden as one who is a pilgrim and a stranger; and though the monarchs of earth know or note it not, there the eye of faith beholds the kingdom of God! Or here is the archangel Michael organizing the hosts of God's elect above for worship or ministry

among the saints departed, or for service to the living heirs of salvation, and though we hear no clash of arms, nor movement of chariots, nor thunderings of clouds, nor blast of trumpets, though emperors, or kings, or presidents never give this mighty cohort a passing thought, yet there, in glory and splendor, radiant beyond all thrones and places of earthly sovereigns, is the kingdom of Heaven. The humble widow and the archangel are thus at one, fellow-citizens of God's kingdom. Dutiful Abel offered the sacrifice commanded, and for his obedient faith was reckoned a citizen of this holy realm. Far-seeing Abraham, when God's voice spoke, left his native land not knowing whither he went, or led Isaac to the altar ignorant how God's promise was to be fulfilled, and was accounted just, and became a habitant of this eternal kingdom. Wherever, on earth, in Paradise, among men or amid angels, you find a created intelligence in which the fear of God rules, there you have the kingdom of God. Whenever, in penitent Adam or in righteous Noah, in royal David or in prophetic Isaiah, among Jews or among Gentiles, before Christ or after Christ, in the far-away times of the past, or in the close, practical, every-day era of the now, you find a soul loving and obeying God, then and there is the kingdom of Heaven. It is the most magnificent conception ever held by the human mind! It annihilates space, and it leaps over all time; it gathers into a living and present unity all spirits who ever have accepted or ever may accept the sovereign rule of God in Christ.

A good many people will see little Heaven hereafter if they do not begin to look for more of Heaven now.

The trouble with not a few is that they so conceive of Heaven as distant, separate from present questions and duties, as to think that on death they are to take it all in bulk, and so they are getting very little of it while they live.

We desire, and are to have, a Heaven hereafter. Oh, yes! but to secure it, we need and we must have a Heaven now. Are you now in Heaven? No? Then what hope have you of going to Heaven? Do you now see God? No? Then what promise have you of seeing Him hereafter? Have you now some purity of heart? No? Then why do you hope to become pure even as He is pure? Are you wrangling in your earthly home? Then could you be harmonious in the home beyond the skies? Are you disputatious

among the saints on earth? Then how will you keep the peace with the saints made perfect in the Jerusalem above? If you want to get into Heaven, see to it that here and now you get some Heaven into you.

2. Degrees of life in Heaven. From what has been said, it is evident that there are degrees of life in Heaven. The vision we have of God will be proportionate to the purity of our souls. That explains why so many in the humblest walks of life see so much more of God than do the wise and great of the world. Their hearts have not been soiled by the contamination of ambition and selfishness and display. The lenses of the soul are clearer and God can be better seen.

It is a traditional notion that death ushers even the merest babe in Christ, or the stingy believer, or the worldly communicant, straight into the Heavenly bliss and glory. It is thought that, when the earthly life ends, the consummated Heavenly life begins. For one I can find in Scripture no trace of support for such a thought. I have vainly searched our theologians for conclusive or weighty evidence of such a view. The analogies of life do not favor it, nor are the fruits which it produces in daily conduct an argument for it. What is commonly thought of as Heaven does not begin till our Lord comes again in glory, when we shall receive our resurrection bodies, and shall obtain the salvation ready to be completed in the last day. Prior to that, in this world and in the next, the kingdom of Heaven is a process.

A company of Christian people assemble for a common purpose, and each often has a foretaste of Heaven, but all are in various stages of Christian character and of Heavenly grace. There is no reason nor Scripture for supposing that death works such a change that we are all by it reduced to a common level, be it high or low.

That to die is gain the Christian believer knows. That in Paradise, or between death and the second Advent, the believer comes into closer relations with his Lord, and so into added felicity is indisputable. But the old teaching of death and immediate glory is as truly without foundation as respects the believer, as it is without foundation in respect to the unforgiven sinner. There is abundant reason to believe that we enter the other world much as we leave this world. If we have been penurious, selfish, over-

thrifty, unduly careful of the interests of self, we need not think that by a process of magic when the spirit leaves the body we are to become singularly generous, unselfish, and Christlike. We are, thank God, if truly the children of God, to become ultimately as our Lord, but it will not be, here or anywhere, by the easy-going process of a *hocus poeus*, but by the patient trial and discipline of our faith and love. Some disciples of Jesus are fanning into a glowing flame the fire kindled of God in their hearts. Some are intermittent, spasmodic, erratic in the performance of their Christian duties. Some are forgetting to pray, some have for months left their Bibles unread. Some are doing nothing to make others happy. Somehow before these are fit for Heaven, there must be more Heaven fitted into them.

O beloved, what are you doing to get more Heaven into your present life? What are you doing to give more Heaven to the forsaken, the poor, the aged, the tempted, the wandering, the sick, the hopeless, the lost? Did you ever think how much work must be done in our hearts and lives before we are fit to enter the final Heaven, and enjoy the beatific vision and be as pure as Christ?

And though in the last and finished state of Heavenly glory, we shall be altogether free from sin, altogether pure, we shall not all be alike, we shall not have ceased to grow. No painter yet has been able to portray the face of Christ. Its riches of grace, tenderness and holiness are untraceable. And so it will be in the final glory. God is infinite, grace is boundless, creation has no discovered limits: there will in that Heaven be so much to learn, to think, to feel, to love, to discover, to achieve, to be—the infinite operations and attributes of an infinite God to investigate—that we can never stop. Across the boundless ocean of divine mercy will come the refrain, sung by angels and saints redeemed, “No shore. No shore!”

3. No limit to the satisfactions of Heaven. I have already anticipated my closing thought. There is no limit to the satisfactions of Heaven. That is just as true in this life, as after this life. Jesus said to the woman at the well, “He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.” That is, “In Me and in the new life which I give he shall have a perennial source of inward supply for all his heart’s desires.”

We tire of earthly scenes. To most men it is a disappointment to go back, after many years, to one’s early home. The many

changes awaken pain. Ordinary books cease to inspire us as at first they did. We crave new scenes, friends, ideas, work. Immortality is the natural crown of present life. But even that must be progressive. I rejoice that in Heaven there is to be no end of supply for every true soul want.

You know perhaps how it is in music. You learn a phrase of two or three notes. You discover how it is wrought into a prolonged melody. Then some one tells you how by fixed laws its corresponding parts are worked out, and thus a true harmony is produced. Step by step as your musical culture progresses you see a sonata, a symphony, a mass, an oratorio, with all its variety in unity wrought out into a perfect whole. And perhaps at last you have mastered the analysis of one of Bach's great fugues. You see theme chasing theme, harmony interblending with harmony, the utmost seeming disorder fused into the utmost real order, an almost infinitely intricate mass of detail blended into a perfect and intelligible unity, and you stand amazed that that little theme of perhaps but three notes could by an orderly and describable law of development yield that triumphant organ paean. It is to be thus, I judge, in our vision of God. We do see Him here, if by His grace His Spirit is within us to cleanse, so that with the Spirit's eye, as it were, we look out on nature and life. But how little of Him we behold. An old divine said that as we ate we should thank God for the manna that came down from Heaven; as we drank we should remember the precious water of life; and as we walked we should be reminded of the walk worthy of the gospel. In silver and gold is the contrast to the precious blood whereby our redemption was purchased. In the mountains is God's throne; in the skies God's chariot; in the lightnings God's arrows; in the thunders His voice. There is no circumstance, nor scene, nor experience which does not correspond with some work or power or attribute of God.

As the heart grows purer, and vision grows clearer, how increased on every hand are the signs of the divine presence,—until all the varied experiences through which we pass, all the countless phenomena on which we gaze are but the combinations of two themes, "God is Love," "God is Light," which unite again in that single note, God is Father.

Thus I have sought to show that Heaven is more than endless felicity after death. It is God in the soul here, now, and forever. What is Heaven ? It is holiness. What is Heaven ? It is to see God. The vision of a holy God by a holy soul, that is Heaven.

He who is brought into living union with God now will have no fear for the future. He will have no concern about death. It can only take him nearer to Him who even here is his life and joy.

Then let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are traveling back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full Heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of Heaven below.

NO NIGHT THERE

BY E. S. ROBERTS

"There shall be no night."—Revelation 22:5.

There is no night in Heaven, no night there,
Of weary hours, of ceaseless, brooding care;
No fearful waste, no ashes of despair,
No night is there.

There is no night in Heaven, no, no night
Of sorrow there, no tearful, with'ring blight;
There is no gloom in Heaven's holy light,
No night is there.

No night is there, but one immortal day,
Where Sun of Righteousness imparts each ray;
All earthly tears shall there be wiped away—
No night is there.

—Ram's Horn.

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN

BY THE REV. RICHARD MONTAGUE, D.D.

"Love never faileth."—1 Corinthians 13:8.

The apostle is looking forward, and in the light of eternity is estimating the gifts and graces of the church. Gifts, such as prophecies, tongues, miracles, and all the varied equipment by which the kingdom of God is extended on earth, shall pass away. There will be no need of them when they have done their work. The staging can be taken down when the fresco is done. But graces will never pass away. Faith, hope, love, these are to abide. And with particular emphasis may it be said of that grace which is the crown of all graces in God's kingdom—"Love never faileth."

In this truth is involved the answer to a question nowhere directly answered in Scripture, but ever prominent in Christian thought: "Shall we recognize loved ones in Heaven?" There are problems which logic or philosophy cannot solve, but which affection practically settles. I believe that there are specific intimations in Revelation which give us rational grounds for hoping to meet in a future life our loved ones who have fallen asleep in the Lord. But even did no such detailed intimations exist, I should feel justified in cherishing such a hope on the basis of a declaration such as our text contains. The instincts and behests of love are the deepest of our nature. None cry out so loudly for satisfaction, none crowd so closely upon David's inspired words: "I shall be satisfied, when I wake, with Thy likeness." Given affinity, and by a law of life, if energy endures, after sufficient mutation, there will be relationship. The moral and spiritual world as truly tends to equilibrium as does the material and psychical world.

It is to be noted just what Paul means by "love." It is not animal desire, mere fancy, nor liking. It is not domestic fondness, that sweet manifestation of affection, which, pure and holy as it is when transfigured by Christian faith, is yet in great degree grounded in our present earthly and bodily conditions. It is a strict spiritual affinity. It is an attachment based on character, actual

or latent. It is a loyalty to God or Christ, growing out of the perceived glory of the divine nature. Or it is a self-giving movement of one soul toward another soul or other souls, awakened by the recognition of moral and spiritual worth. Only on such a basis as this have we any reason to expect recognition in Heaven. For it is character, and all that it in Christ involves, that is the essential content of Heaven.

Emerson has thrown more light on the higher and lower, as well as the progressive manifestations of "love," than any uninspired writer I recall. Read his essay, "Love," and verify my statement. With that charm of word and thought so peculiar to himself, he takes us along from the fancies and passions of early years into the slowly ripening affections of the spirit and shows us how, as the one disappears the others abide, and love, celestial, holy, spiritual, outgoing, self-giving, God-like, "Love never faileth."

There is nothing more beautiful to me than a young man and young woman just starting out on the untried pathway of a married life. If Christ be in that new home, its law and life, I know not where to turn, as the years go on, for sweeter glimpses and foretastes of Heaven. Some mountebank comes to town and advertises to tell married people how to get along without quarreling. You do not need to pay the charlatan a dollar to learn that, precious beyond gold as the knowledge is. You may know without a fee. Get a right view of the highest ends of marriage. Fix it in your mind that by God's law and by your marriage vow you are bound to each other, until death shall part. Your wife, O man, is not merely to mend your clothes, cook your victuals, keep your house, rear your children! Your husband, O woman, is not merely to give you protection, furnish home, give support, or indulge your tastes. You are of twain made one, that you may be one. There is perfect truth in Tennyson's lines:

"Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height."

"She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
More as the double-natured poet, each;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

In a true Christian marriage there is a growing respect for each companion, a growing recognition of the higher ends of marriage, and an increasing perception how all its ministries may serve to strengthen these great spiritual ends. There is no school for character like the Christian family. And the one key to domestic harmony is this: "In love be tenderly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another."

Next to the affections of the home are the affections that are born and developed in the church. In a happy Christian family, serving one another "in the Lord," we get the sweetest foretastes of Heaven. But in the church we gain new glimpses, and glimpses that mere kinship cannot yield. In the church we are met purely on a spiritual basis. Although social forces and intellectual forces modify church development, they do not start nor sustain churches. Churches never should be clubs. They are brotherhoods. Their fellowship is born of a common love to the Master. Now this Christian and church union is an awakener of some of our holiest and most enduring joys. Some persons affect to despise a prayer-meeting. There is often something said or done by some humble soul to jar their refined literary sensibilities! Well, what of it, if speech and prayer and song be genuine, out of a Christ-loving heart? To me it is sweeter than the cold formalities of a dinner party. When I see Christians sharing each other's joys, bearing each other's burdens, touched by a holy flame of love divine, one in Christ, I see Heaven already here. Have you not won soul purity, have you not seen God, have you not been in Heaven and had Heaven in you at the simple service of the Supper and Communion of our Blessed Lord?

Then again we come to be very intimate with people whom we never saw. I feel very well acquainted with Plato. Years since I poured over his dialogues till the ideals he paints became part of my very being. David is a man whom of late years I have studied, and loved with a great affection. I know Paul fairly well, and before I die I hope to know him much better. I love Augustine and Luther, Bunyan and Wesley and Edwards, Newman and Muhlenberg, Longfellow and Tennyson, Lowell and Whittier. Were any of these great and good men within my reach this week, I would seek to visit him, not out of idle curiosity, not for gratifying vanity, but because each of these, as many other kindred souls, are

my friends and benefactors. I wrote a letter once to each of my two greatest teachers, telling them what their instructions and, above all, their examples had been to me for many years. I would like to tell—if I ever have a chance I will tell, for common gratitude demands it—some or all of these great ones gone whom I have just named, what is in my heart toward them. Now can it be possible that I am never to have that chance? Has such an opportunity been the dream of the ages before Christ, of the wise men apart from Christ, and of all the flocks of the one great fold of Christ, and is it yet but a will-o'-the-wisp?

There are sainted pastors, teachers and brethren, living and dead, in the church of God, from whom you have learned the deeper things of God's Word, or the sweeter delights of Christian service, or the sublimer aspirations of divine worship. You admire them. You love them. Your souls are knit together, not by the ties of mere earthly companionships, not by the attractions of mere kin, or taste. They are knit together by Christ. Through their help, you have seen Christ. May you be sure that you are to see Him at last, face to face, and yet are you to doubt if ever again you shall meet them, and commune with them?

There are dear ones, to whom you have been related by ties of family and kin. They died in the serene hope of immortality, never doubting Christ's love and care. To one you owe perchance your first thoughts of entering your present vocation, and the blessings that godly prayers brought down from Heaven as the years progressed. He gave you many of your best ideals of Christian manhood. He loved you not merely as a son in the flesh, but, O vastly more, as a child of God. To another you owe any Christian sympathy you may ever have with the needy, the troubled, the poor, the sick. At her knees you learned, as a little child, to look on all men as created by one Father, redeemed by one Savior, worthy of unvarying service. Such self-denial by varied intimations of God's Word.

Here then we are content to leave our hope, knowing to whom we have committed our souls, and awaiting the revelations of that great and better day, when we shall see as we are seen and know as we are known.

The belief which I have depicted is a very sweet and joyous one to the soul that is personally loyal to Jesus Christ. But it is

a hope which no one else is justified in entertaining. I may be speaking to some son or daughter whose parent not long ago left this world and entered on a higher and eternal service. You loved that parent and you love him still. He was a Christian such as you admire, and his influence even now almost constrains you to become a child of God. Wouldn't you like to see that mother again? Wouldn't you like to hear her speak of her blessed Lord, whom you as yet have refused? Wouldn't you like to see something of her all through eternity? Will it not be an endless pain always to be separated from her? But separated thus from our believing loved ones we must be, if we do not ally ourselves to their King, and march to glory beneath the banner of their Savior.

Yes, we desire to know these dear ones,—father, mother, brother, sister, child, wife, husband—in the life and world which are to follow this. I pray God we may. If we fulfill God's conditions, I believe we shall. "This is the work of God that ye believe on Him Whom He hath sent." That is the adamant condition of knowing again the sainted ones gone on to God. Have you fulfilled that condition?

O unconverted husband, will you separate yourself forever from your believing wife? O unbelieving father, will you take another path from that of your believing child? O Christless child, will you refuse to follow in the footsteps of a Christ-loving parent? —Standard.

THE INAUGURATION OF HEAVEN

BY THE REV. RICHARD MONTAGUE, D.D.

"So Christ also * * * shall appear a second time, apart from sin, to them that wait for Him, unto salvation."—Hebrews 9:28.

The salvation here designated is final salvation. It is not the salvation of first renewal, first forgiveness, first faith, first love—what is contained in or associated with the Pauline phrase "justification by faith." It is glorification,—that consummation of redeeming grace, which the Christian believer shall experience on entering the bliss and glory of Heaven.

Heaven is often spoken of as if it immediately succeeded death. In an accommodated, qualified and certain loose use of the word that is true. The essential thing about Heaven is the vision by a pure heart of a holy and loving God, and so it may in germ exist even in this life. But in the stricter, more accurate use of the word, Heaven does not immediately follow death. Our loved ones who fall asleep in the Lord do not at once go in the full, strict sense of that word to Heaven. The penitent thief did not go to Heaven. Paul is not in Heaven. Our recently departed brethren are not in Heaven.

Heaven in the distinctive sense, describes that final bliss, reward, state, conditions, place and glory into which we enter when we receive our resurrection bodies in connection with Christ's second coming and the general judgment.

The period and state between death and Heaven are properly designated Paradise. It is as in Paradise that we are to think of all our Lord's disciples who have hitherto died in the faith, or who shall die before He comes again in glory. Paradise is a condition of fellowship with Christ. Paul wished to depart, that is to die, and be with Christ. It is a state of improvement upon our present life, else the apostle would not have craved it. It is a state of rest and blessing in the Lord: they who are in Paradise do rest after their wearisome, fatiguing, and often anxious toils of life. They are conscious. They are in communion with God and one another. God told Moses at the bush, that He was the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. And Jesus interpreted the meaning

of the declaration when He said, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Jesus gives to His disciples eternal life. Those who believe on Him never die. Lazarus is conscious, active, and happy in the intermediate state. Paul expects to be with Christ, even before the last great day.

But the Bible student cannot fail to notice that this condition intermediate between death and the resurrection is one of incompleteness. The saints in Paradise are awaiting a glory not yet theirs, "a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time (1 Peter 1:5). It is at the "revelation of Jesus Christ," that their faith is to be found "unto praise and glory and honor." It is then, that, in the full, rich sense of the phrase they are to receive the end of their faith, even the salvation of their souls.

And close examination makes apparent some of the details of this incompleteness. It may be that at death, all remaining bias to sin is graciously removed from the heart of the true believer, though I find this nowhere clearly affirmed in Scripture, or even directly implied. There are even some slight intimations to the contrary. When it is said, e. g., that in the Christian dispensation we are come unto the souls of "just men made perfect," the meaning is not necessarily that in Paradise there are now any spirits as yet made absolutely holy, but the meaning is, I take it, that in Christ we come into relations with a system, a spiritual economy, which shall issue in the absolute perfection of redeemed souls. The securing of that perfection may be a part of the work of Paradise. In numerous passages in the New Testament, however, it is affirmed or implied, that a work of development, and sometimes it would almost seem a work of purification, is going on in the intermediate stage. In conditions of peace and blessing, in conditions of enhanced communion with Christ, as well as of separation from the temptations and taunts of those who love not God, in conditions of quickened spiritual activity, character is enriching, the soul is expanding, the mind is enlarging, the redeemed saint is getting ready for that complete salvation, which is day by day nearer than when we first believed, even the salvation in which we shall become like Christ.

And then, in Paradise, the saints are not yet clothed with their resurrection bodies. Emancipated from their natural bodies

they surely are; and this is doubtless a gain. Those bodies were of the dust, and to the dust they have returned.

But that perfect organ of the spirit, which Paul calls the spiritual body is not yet theirs. The Scriptures uniformly represent the gift of this body as deferred until our Lord comes again. Paul is very clear on this point. The resurrection is not already past. Hymenaeus and Philetus, in affirming it, were overthrowing the faith of some. The resurrection does not occur at death. The trumpet shall sound, the dead shall be raised incorruptible, the living shall be changed, they that are Christ's shall receive their glorious resurrection body at His coming. That to Apostolic thought is not an event that has yet occurred. It was not fulfilled at the death of any of his brethren who had fallen asleep in Jesus. Stephen had not attained it. James had not realized it. It was a blessing to come. It was connected with a glorious remanifestation of the Lord Jesus Christ, so significant that in union with it somehow the universe was to be transformed, salvation was to be completed, the glorious liberty of the children of God was to be ushered in, Heaven was to begin!

Thus Heaven, regarded as the final glory of the children of God, begins when our full development in Paradise has been accomplished, when we have received our glorious resurrection bodies, when the awards of the final judgment have been pronounced, when Christ "shall appear a second time, apart from sin (that is no longer as a sin-bearer, a sufferer, but now as a triumphant King) to them that wait for Him, unto salvation." Then shall begin that reign of ceaseless, indescribable, Heavenly glory, which the book of Revelation taxes all the riches of oriental imagery to portray, and in which every prophecy of our better nature, every aspiration of heart shall be fulfilled. Then, doubtless, with the universe of God as the field of our activities, we shall enter upon a career of progress and attainment, which the profoundest philosophy cannot now analyze, and which the strongest imagination is not able to picture. We may move at will throughout the vast universe. We may in direct perception know all the facts of that universe. Memory may be perfect. Mental activity may be incessant. We may be able to carry on many processes of thought at one and the same time. By immediate intuition we may see into the most abstract truth. A perfect language may

give us means of exact, infallible utterance. We shall have unbroken communion with God. We shall be tainted with no thought of sin. Pain and sorrow shall have taken their flight. The consummation of that splendid ideal, toward which, from creation's dawn, all the processes of nature, all the developments of history, all the plans of redemption have been pointing shall be realized. A spiritual race, in a spiritual body, in a transformed universe, shall fitly represent the highest creative wisdom of the all-glorious God, and be, in very truth and deed, His children, created and perfected in His image. In their glorification shall be seen His glory.

It is our Lord Jesus Christ, then, Who in a personal, visible, and glorious return to earth, when He shall raise the dead and judge the world, is to inaugurate Heaven. When God came to Israel at Sinai, there were thunders, clouds, lightnings, earthquakes, trumpets, cohorts of attending angels. It was doubtless the most awe-inspiring scene ever presented to mortal eyes. Even Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." This inauguration of Jehovah as the peculiar sovereign of the Jews, which occurred at Mt. Sinai, has been made the pattern, in some degree, after which earthly sovereigns have ordered the ceremonies of their own coronation. Arrayed in royal vestments, with a brilliant retinue of grandees, and an imposing display of troops, the new sovereign comes forth, with a herald blowing a trumpet before him, and the shouts of the multitude crying, "God save the King." And the people are impressed by the splendor of the pageant. It is natural that in portraying our Lord's return to earth, His presence, His second coming, His revelation of triumphant kingship, the sacred writers should draw upon this imagery. Much of it we know is only figure of speech, the material symbol of spiritual truth. We need not suppose a literal paling of the moon, or dimming of the sun, or falling of the stars, or rolling up of the heavens, or assemblage of angels, or blowing of trumpets, or gathering of clouds. There are numerous intimations that only spiritual vision will recognize the splendor of the signs and fact of our Lord's return. But that He is to come again as surely as He came at first; that He is to return visibly, as surely as He ascended visibly; that His second advent is to usher in a glorious Heavenly era, the consummation of all the ages past, seems so plainly revealed, that no plea

of symbol, or of figure can set it aside. "Why stand ye looking into Heaven?" said the angels to the disciples after Christ's ascension. "This Jesus, which was received up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye beheld Him going into Heaven." And Peter at Pentecost urges his hearers to repent, in order that God "may send the Christ, who hath been appointed for you, even Jesus; whom the Heavens must receive until the times of restoration of all things." And Paul tells the Philippians: "Our commonwealth is in Heaven; from whence also we wait for a Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be confirmed to the body of His glory." And our text to like effect declares: "So Christ also, having been once offered to bear the sins of many, shall appear a second time, apart from sin, to them that wait for Him unto salvation."

There are two things that we should heed, when considering our Lord's coming:

1. No man knows, or can tell, when He will come. His "comings" indeed are various, and are so represented in Scripture. He came in the fall of Jerusalem, and the outline of Matthew 24-25 was then partly filled in. But no one could fix the date of that fall. He came at Pentecost, and the prophecies of Joel, and the promises of Jesus at the Last Supper were partially fulfilled. But no one knew when the Descent of the Spirit would occur. He came at the Reformation, but while signs of European renewal, now easily discerned after the event, were evident, its exact decade no man could fix. He came in the overthrow of American slavery. He came in the revivals under Wesley, Whitefield, Edwards, Earle, Moody; but no man was wise enough to foretell their exact day. He comes in death, but when our departure is to occur not one of us does or can know. He is to come in a yet greater manifestation, of which all these other comings are but signs, prophecies, suggestions; but no man, nay, not even the angels of Heaven know or can tell the time of that coming. It is not given to us to know the times or seasons, which the Father hath set within His own authority.

When, then, somebody arises who says that he has figured out from Daniel, or Ezekiel, or John, that our blessed Lord is coming to earth again in the year 1895, or 1910, or 2210, I say—"Who art thou to assume more knowledge than thy blessed Lord, who

Himself knew not the day of His return?" When somebody asks me: "Have you read Prof. A's or Dr. B's prophetic articles?" I answer: Prof. A, or Dr. B is not the first man to say, "Lo, here is the Christ." Philastrius said Christ would come in 365 A. D.; Hippolytus, in 500 A. D.; Jurieu, in 1785; Bengel, in 1836; Stelling, in 1816; Miller, in 1843; Lander, in 1847; and Totten,—is it? in 1890 something. Have we forgotten the plain warnings of Jesus? Are we to learn nothing from the follies of previous generations? For aught I know there may be countless spiritual and providential comings of our Lord ere His last great Advent, or He may come in final glory tomorrow, today, this hour. We do not know. We cannot know. We are to be watchful and ever ready. But it is folly to seek to rise above our Christ-described limitations.

2. The expectation of our Lord's return ought to enter as a practical force into our daily lives. There are a great many things about the second coming which the wisest of us cannot settle. Some think the Lord is to return before the millennium. Others think He is to return after the millennium. Some think we are now in the millennium. Others are in a state of suspended judgment. For myself I incline to adopt the post-millenium theory, along with the notion that we are now in the millennium, as the view which seems to me best to harmonize all the facts of Scripture. I think that "the first resurrection" in Revelation 20:6, is not a material resurrection but a spiritual revival, the return of the martyr spirit or the prevalence of the confessor's power, even as today not Pilate, but Jesus; not Herod but Peter; not Nero, but Paul rules the age. I think that the Scripture teaches that the world is to grow steadily better under the preaching of the gospel, until the kingdom of Christ is so enlarged that Jews as well as Gentiles shall become possessed of its blessings, and a prolonged period is introduced in which Christianity generally prevails throughout the earth. And yet, side by side with this increase of righteousness, there is a corresponding development of evil, to culminate in perhaps a personal anti-Christ. This growth of evil will continue until a time when evil shall be for a time restrained. At the close of this period, however, evil shall again break forth in great power, in its final conflict with righteousness. Then our Lord shall return to earth to settle the strife, to raise the dead, to

judge the world, to punish the wicked and to reward the good, and to inaugurate that Heavenly era which all His disciples desire. In time, this may be very near, or it may be far away.

It will be noticed, in this suggested outline of the order of events in the last days, that it is the coming of Christ, which is to fix and establish the kingdom of righteousness so that all warfare between the two shall cease, and all enemies shall be put beneath Jesus' feet. What at last is to become of the wicked may be uncertain. Perhaps, shut up in the confines of their own wretched selves, they are to sink into an everlasting remorse of conscious woe. So the majority of evangelical scholars have held. Perhaps, disintegrated in soul by their very sin, or abandoned by God, Whose sustaining energy is requisite to their endless existence, they are to drop out of the realm of personal identity, and with their sin become at last extinct. So some evangelical scholars think, hoping that at last moral evil is to become extinct, and Christ is literally to sum up all things in Heaven and on earth in Himself for God; and God is to be all in all. Into all such realms of future things, however, we can see but dimly, and candid Bible students will express themselves with great caution. But be all this as it may, one thing appears plain: the supremacy of righteousness, the firm establishment of developed kingdom of God, the inauguration of Heaven, is conditioned on the second advent, the personal and even visible return of our Lord. Amid all the eddies of discussion on this theme, this is the vital truth on which to keep firm hold.

And so it is for this consummation that we should long and pray. Paradise is good, better far no doubt than earth; but Heaven is our commonwealth; Heaven is our Home; Heaven is the city toward which as strangers and pilgrims we are journeying. It is in Heaven we are fully to be saved. It is in Heaven we are to receive our complete glorification. It is of Heaven that the sweet descriptions of the Apocalypse are written. It is in Heaven that we are to be like Christ, seeing Him as He is. It is in Heaven, through the resurrection body, that recognition of loved ones gone is to be full and secure. It is Heaven which is to be our crown of life, righteousness and glory. It is in Heaven that we are to be satisfied.—Standard.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN

BY THE REV. RICHARD MONTAGUE, D.D.

"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; no one cometh unto the Father but by Me."—John 14:6.

There is a ring of certainty about these words that is assuring. There are many things about Heaven concerning which we have no clear or detailed revelation. To some of these things I have referred in recent discourses. But concerning the way to Heaven, as to how to get to Heaven, there is no shadow of doubt. It is as clearly defined, and as distinctly visible, as is the outline of one of our mountains on one of our fairest days.

The fourteenth chapter of John was not as intelligible to those who first heard its words of comfort as it is to us. It was so difficult for those first disciples to grasp the idea that Christ's kingdom was not to be a temporal kingdom that His predictions of going to the Father, of preparing places for them, of coming and taking them to the place where He was, were more or less perplexing to them. Where was He going? How could they journey thither? Thomas expressed his companions' uncertainty as well as his own, in the words: "We know not whither Thou goest; how know we the way?" And our Lord answers in clearest notes: "I am going to God, my Father, your Father, the Father. To be in loving and obedient companionship with Him is Heaven. For not in Heaven are we to find God; but in God are we to find Heaven. Thither is My journey; and the way ye ought to know. But once for all to make it clear, I will again point out the path to that Heavenly glory, which, all who will may share: I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; no one cometh unto the Father but by Me."

An ordinary man, however holy or wise, can but point out the way or the truth, or the life. Jesus is no ordinary man, He is at once the Son of Man and the Son of God. He is the Way and the Truth and the Life; by Him is access to God and Heaven.

That the highway between earth and Heaven, man and God, has been either obstructed or destroyed, the consciousness of the race attests. The Lord God called out to fallen Adam, "Where

art thou?" and the voice came to a guilty, conscience-stricken pair, hiding in their shame amongst the trees of the garden. What a picture is that of us all! We know we are sinful, conscience tells us we have done wrong and are in disfavor, and we are trying to hide from God. O for some way out of our sin and guilt; O for some peace of conscience and some spirit of confidence; O for access once more to God; O that this chasm between us and our Maker, between earth and Heaven might be bridged; O for a way to the Father!

It is precisely Jesus Christ that bridges that chasm. Stricken consciences slay and burn great hecatombs, "the which," however, "can never take away sins." Heavy hearts invent penances, pilgrimages, religious ceremonies, no one nor all of which, however, "can make perfect them that draw nigh."

The simple fact is man cannot bridge the chasm. He is like a general who has burned his bridges behind him, knowing that on the other side of the rushing river are the timber and stone wherewith to build a causeway. Some one else must construct bridges, if ever with his armies he is to return. Man by sin has cut the cord that unites him to God. The only way of return would be by undoing all his evil past, and never doing evil henceforth. To neither of these achievements is he equal. He cannot pull God down to himself. The process must be the reverse of this. God must lift man up to Himself.

Now Jesus Christ is Heaven's approach to wayward, sinful, guilty man. He is God's declaration of continued love. He is God's evidence of unchanging holiness. He is God's manifestation of unyielding justice. He is God's magnifying of unimpeachable, Heavenly law. He is God's Word to inquiring man. In the person and ministry of Jesus Christ God Himself takes the initiative in human recovery. He says to His guilty and condemned children: "You need query no longer as to whether I will again receive you. Behold My Son! You need doubt no longer whether there is any adequate sacrifice for sin. He is the propitiation for your sins. You need ask no longer, if I can pardon a penitent sinner without violating the obligations I sustain to perfect, righteous law. He is set forth, the just for the unjust, to show forth My righteousness! You need doubt no longer if there is access to God, and peace with the Father. Through the Lord Christ is peace

with God; through Him also there is access by faith into the favor of Heaven. In Christ you may rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

I suppose no one listening to my words is wholly indifferent to this question of how to get to Heaven. We know we are in a far country. We are not, in a world of selfishness, and reproach, in our true fatherland. Heaven is our fatherland. But we are like a Swiss mountaineer, who despite the glory of his native canton, has wandered from home, and sick at heart for the sight of his dear Alps, has no way of getting back. He is on another continent than his own. Great oceans separate him from snow-capped Blanc, and there is no ship to take him back. Rivers wide and deep are between the western shore of Europe and his own chalet; their bridges have been swept away, and he cannot rebuild them. The highways are closed, the towns are walled and gated against him. He is away from home, a man without a country, and there is no way back to fatherland.

Yes, no ship that man can frame, no bridge that man can build, no causeway that man can open, no gates that man can unlock can make a highway back to the God we have left, and the Heaven we have deserted. It is necessary that God build that ship, that God construct that bridge, that God open those gates, and uplift that causeway. And this He has done in Jesus Christ. He is the Mediator between man and God. He is God's loving provision for meeting all the requirements of His just and holy law. He is the Way over which in penitence and faith we may go back to God and Heaven.

Thus He becomes to us also the Truth. Being God's provision for our salvation, an external, objective, though ethical, ground for our faith, He is necessarily also a perfect Revelation of the character and purpose of God, the nature and destiny of man, the conditions and blessings of eternal life. He alone leads to the Father. It is a significant fact that outside of Jesus' teachings you find no adequate presentation of the divine Fatherhood, the full and glad realization of which is the very essence of Heaven. A few of the ancient poets, and some of the old philosophers, exhibit traces of the doctrine; but they scarcely rise above the idea that Fatherhood consists of Creatorship. The Old Testament often gives glimpses of the truth. But in Christ's discourses

and life for the first time rose the full glory of this revelation on men. Jesus not only taught that God is our Father, and that the way back to God and Heaven is to rise to a realization of our sonship, but what is inconceivably more, Jesus exhibited the truth in His own character. When you hear what Jesus says, you hear what God would say under like circumstances. When you note what Jesus feels in the face of suffering, or death, or disease, or infirmity, or cruelty, or crime, or hypocrisy, you note precisely what God, the Father, feels, as He sees these evils. When you mark what Jesus does for the removal of sickness, sin, sorrow, and tyranny, you see in Him the exact mind, purpose, will and operation of God Himself. Thus we know the Father not by mere abstract teachings about the Father. We know the Father by specific and countless exhibitions of what the Father is, wills and does, as afforded in the ministry of God's Son. Therefore Jesus said: "I am the Truth." "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

But to get back to God, it is not only requisite to be assured that all external obstacles are removed, that the Father can and will receive me, if I but come; it is not only necessary to see the Father in the spirit and truth, to mark distinctly the Heavenly goal toward which I should journey; it is also necessary to have the inward impulse, the spiritual energy, the living purpose to start on our Heavenward journey. We need the way, we need the truth; but even more we need the life. And it is herein that the supreme evidence of our Lord's Divine Sonship appears. It is said that a man fell into a deep pit from which he could not unaided escape. It was all dark and helpless with him. It chanced that Confucius passed by and heard his cries. Stepping to the pit's edge he said: "Well, you are in a sorry plight. You were a careless man. Let me give you some good advice,—when you get out of this peril, be careful not to fall into this hole again!" Then Buddha chanced to pass by, who, hearing the man's groans, with tender feeling said: "Yes, you are in a poor fix. Can I get you out? The only way out is virtually to stay in. Close your eyes to the twinkling stars above. Cease reaching after some root or ledge, by which to lift yourself up. Be still. Drink a little, now and then, of the miasmatic waters that trickle by your feet. Forget, and lapse, and give up willing, and soon you will be no

more a conscious person, but reabsorbed into the impersonal will-less All." Then Moses, noble soul, chanced that way. When he saw his brother's distress, he knelt before the pit, he stretched down his stout arm, and he said: "Now, friend, take hold of my true hand, and I will lift you up." But, alas, as the poor imprisoned man lifted up his hand there was a long distance betwixt it and his helper. If he could have grasped the great Legislator's hand, and held it, he could have come to light and life; but reach it or hold it he could not. And, last of all, blessed hour! the Lord Christ came that way. He had heard the cry of distress, and was making straight for its source. With tearful eye He saw all and planned the rescue. He slowly lowered a strong ladder into the gloomy pit, and then descended on it to the pit's very depths. He spoke a word of cheer, He gave a portion of celestial elixir. He took the pitfallen, exhausted man upon His own strong shoulders, and mounting the golden rounds, brought His helpless brother to light, life and hope. That is Jesus Christ always. He does not merely advise. He does not point out a course and give partial, yet because partial, unavailing help. He comes down into the very heart of our sin and sorrow. He bears our sins. He carries our sorrows. He is tempted in all points as are we. And then giving us of His own divine life He brings us up to God. He actually starts us toward Heaven; He accompanies us all the way through life to Heaven. The Christ life in the soul is eternal life. He who has it will have Heaven. He is the Way, and the Truth? Yes. But more: He is the Life.

There are some lessons, growing out of our Lord's relation to the Heavenly journey, which I wish to emphasize.

Our Lord Jesus Christ is not merely a Way, He is the only Way to Heaven. He has made a sufficient sacrifice for sin. No one else ever has made, or can make that. He has perfectly revealed the Father; no one before Him, or apart from Him has done that. He awakens in the soul a holy energy, a divine love, a determined enthusiasm, which starts it in successful quest of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. No one else does that. Plato after a rapt vision of better things for man and earth says: "But we must await the advent of some divine man ere we can secure their worth." That divine man has come in the person of Jesus Christ. Augustine says that the beautiful ideals

of heathen poets and sages were beyond his reach till one from above renewed his soul. That one who changed his heart was Christ our Life. If Socrates and Plato and Aurelius are in Paradise and shall yet reach Heaven, it will be only through Christ. In view of His sacrifice it is that God can forgive and restore justly any sinful soul. If these ancient sages were lovingly loyal to the best ideals they knew, it was because they yielded to that Light "which lighteth every man, as he cometh into the world," and that Light became Way, Truth and Life in the person of Jesus Christ. If there are any godly heathen in pagan lands today, who on coming before God will be acceptable before Him as was righteous Cornelius, it will be in view of the fact that their hearts are so open that when once the Christ is offered to them, they will like that same Cornelius, accept Him as their heart's desire. If any in Christian lands, like Emerson or Mills or Montefiore, who have been unable to accept historic Christianity, are yet saved at last, it will be through Christ's atoning sacrifice, and because in their hearts, if not their heads, they were loyal to the essential Christ, and, when all mists are cleared away, will with mind as well as heart be able to receive Jesus as Savior and Lord. If little children at death pass to Jesus' arms, it is that Jesus' death is accepted for them, and because their youthful minds are renewed so as eternally to choose Him as their redeeming Master. And if one of us, to whom Christ has been preached, by whom Christ is admitted to be what He professes to be, and with whom Christ's Spirit, it may be again and again, has striven, is permitted to enter the Heavenly glory, it will be for the reason that such a one accepted Christ, not in any dogmatic, theologic sense, but in a profound, practical, spiritual sense, as his personal, peculiar Lord and Savior. There are but two ways to Heaven,—by a perfect character, or by a perfect Savior. No mortal man has a perfect character. Hence there is none other name than Jesus Christ, given among men whereby we must be saved. Our Lord in our text lays grave emphasis upon the pronouns. "I—and I only—am the Way, and the Truth and the Life; no one cometh unto the Father but by Me." My friend, if you are relying on any hope whatsoever, be it of culture, or of character, or of knowledge, or of good intentions; if you are relying upon any hope save the mercy of God as revealed in Jesus Christ, for a dwelling place in Heaven, then is your re-

liance and your hope a delusive hope, and your future a dark, cheerless and God-less future. You are building on sand and not on rock, save as you are rearing a character on the foundation of obedience to Jesus Christ.

"Thou art my Savior! there is none
But Thee on whom I dare rely:
For Thee, O Christ, 'tis mine to live,
In Thee my joy shall be to die."

I am impressed in bringing to a close this series of discourses on Heaven that it is not enough to desire Heaven. For six mornings we have been noting together some of the aspects of the Heavenly life. I cannot believe that any of us have been wholly unmoved in view of the truths and attractions that we have been led to examine. Down in our hearts, at any rate, in our better moments, we would like to be in harmony with God. Not one of us wishes to be forever the companion of evil spirits, or even for unnamed ages to be shut out from God's presence, or to be so total a failure before man and God as to sink into corruption so great as to involve at last the extinction of our conscious being. We would all like to succeed; we would all like to realize the end of our creation; we would all like to associate again with the saintly spirits whom we have known and loved on earth. Ah yes, we would like! But that may have very little to do with the matter. The question is, are we resolved to journey Heavenward? How long have some of you been saying: "I would like to be a Christian, I would like to have a Heavenly hope?" Some of you may have been saying that for twenty or thirty years, and yet today may be farther from the realization of your desire,—at any rate no nearer to it,—than you were those years ago. It is less a question of desiring than it is of starting. To reach Heaven, start for Heaven!

For what if, after all the teaching and exhortation we may have heard, we should be shut out of Heaven at last? Spurgeon tells the story of an old minister near whom he lived when a boy, who used to go from his own preaching service every month to the immediately following communion service of a neighboring church. During this observance of the Supper it was customary to shut the gates of the chapel to prevent any disturbance through persons

going out or coming in. On one occasion the burden of the Lord pressed upon the venerable preacher with more than ordinary severity, his discourse was lengthened, and he had to hurry to the chapel. As he drew near he noticed the doorkeeper retire from the outer gate, after having shut it. He called to him, but was not heard. He quickened his pace to another entrance; but it was too late. The minister came up "just in time" to see the door put to, and be himself shut out! He heard the singing within and longed to join in it. He called up in imagination the sweet communion of saints there in progress—but he could not then share in it. And the lad Spurgeon as he saw it all said: "And how shall it be with me? Shall I come up to the gate of Heaven only in time to be too late, to find the door forever shut?" And the man Spurgeon with power unsurpassed used often to turn to his hearers as I would turn to each of you and say: "Will you stop with merely wishing to go to Heaven? Or will you not now receive Jesus Christ as your Way, your Truth, and your Life; your Sacrifice, your Prophet, and your King, and make an actual start for Heaven."

Some of you, I believe, have of late been pricked in conscience, or touched in heart, or stirred with apprehension, and have felt Jesus' spirit struggling with you. To some of you Jesus of Nazareth is consciously this hour "passing by."

Ho! all ye heavy laden come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh.
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for entrance spurn,—
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth HAS PASSED BY."

—Standard.

“THERE WILL BE ROOM IN HEAVEN”

She was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen so much careful ware, and her bonnet was very old fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the broad aisle of the grand church evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man preached on that day and the house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, his learning, his intellect and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman. She must have been in her dotage, for she went into the pew of the richest member of the church and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing and smiled a little withered smile, as she said gently:

“Oh, I’m quite comfortable here—quite comfortable.”

“But you are not wanted here,” said the sexton, pompously; “there is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I’ll see that you have a seat.”

“Not room,” said the old woman, looking at her withered proportions, and then at the fine ladies. “Why, I’m not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon today, because—”

But here the sexton took her by the arm and shook her roughly, in a polite, underhand way, and then she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered, but she arose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the space she left vacant, she said, gently:

“I hope, dears, there’ll be room in Heaven for us all.”

Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

“She must be crazy,” said one of the ladies in the pew which she had at first occupied. “What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. ——— preach for? She would not be able to understand a word of what he said.”

“These people are so persistent. The idea of forcing herself into our pew. Isn’t that voluntary lovely? There’s Dr. ——— coming out of the vestry. Is he not grand?”

“Splendid! What a stately man. You know he promised to dine with us while he is here.”

He was a commanding looking man, and as the organ voluntarily stopped, and he looked over the great crowd of worshipers gathered in the vast church he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible, when suddenly he leaned over the reading desk and beckoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message. The three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him take his way the whole length of the church to return with the old woman, whom he placed in the front pew of all, its other occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition, and then the service proceeded, and he preached a sermon that struck fire from every heart.

“Who was she?” asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

“The preacher’s mother,” answered that functionary, in an injured tone.

How few remember that man looketh on the outward appearance, the Lord looketh on the heart.—Argo.

A little Swedish girl was walking with her father one night under the starry sky, intently meditating on the glories of Heaven. At last, looking up to the sky, she said, “Father, I have been thinking that if the wrong side of Heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be?”—Selected.

THE JEWELLED CROWN

Sarah A—— was a young disciple of Jesus. For several years she had professed His name, and lived an irreproachable Christian life. Her health began to fail, causing her much suffering, but not depriving her of the means of usefulness. Habitually distrustful of herself, however, she would often say she hardly dared engage in labor for Jesus, her hands were so unfit for a work so glorious.

One day she said to me: "I have had a dream. I thought I was in Heaven; and I saw there two crowns, one plain and the other jeweled. I thought, 'O, if I may but wear the plainest crown I shall be satisfied, and ask or wish for nothing more.' But as I spoke my thoughts to myself, one of the bright-winged company came to me and said, 'It is your duty to wear a jeweled crown.' And when I thought of my advantages, my Christian friends, my means of religious improvement and usefulness, I saw it was not right that I should be content with a bare entrance into Heaven, but mine must indeed be a jeweled crown."

No one who knew her during the remaining years of her life doubted that that crown would be hers. Do we not often place the shield of a false humility between ourselves and the work God means that we should do? Unfit for it, unworthy of it, no doubt we are—and unfit and unworthy of any part in the blessings purchased by the atonement; but having accepted these, dare we refuse the work He gives us? It is no more matter of choice whether you and I shall go to Heaven alone, or shall be of those who "turn many to righteousness"—whether we shall have stars in our crown of rejoicing or not. It is our duty to wear a jeweled crown.

THE CONTRASTED THREE

There was a gentleman in a rail car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully guarded by his attendants; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum, to waste away, perhaps, through

years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars jolted, the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as she sealed his word with a father's kiss.

Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned. Oh, may it be with us that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with Him forever. That will be a marriage banquet! Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's kiss! Heaven! Heaven!

A CINCINNATI GIRL'S NOTIONS OF HEAVEN

Sunday desecration has come to be so much a matter of course in Cincinnati that the following story does not seem improbable. The same thing might occur in other cities:

Cincinnati Mother—"Well, my daughter, you were very good in church. Now, you shall have lots of nice Christmas presents if you can tell me what the sermon was about."

Little Cincinnati Maiden—"Oh, yes, of tourse. It was about Heaven. Won't it be nice. Nothing but music gardens and races and base ball games and theaters all the time."

"Mercy on us, child! Where did you get that idea?"

"From the preacher, of tourse, mamma."

"The preacher! Why, what did he say?"

"He said that up there it would be Sunday all the time."—
Philadelphia Evening Call.

MR. MOODY ON HEAVEN

If we were going to emigrate we should desire to know all about the land where we were to settle. In the case before us we can find out all about it if we will go to the Bible. I knew a man in Dublin that was found studying his Bible every night. He said he wanted to find out where his little Johnnie had gone to. Don't we want to know where our loved ones have gone ? If they have gone to Heaven we must follow their footsteps if we wish to meet them there. Look at 1 Corinthians 2:9, 10. In this last verse we are told what things God hath prepared for us.

Heaven is a prepared place for God's people. God the Father is there. Deuteronomy 26:15. See also Isaiah 57:15 which is the only place where the word "Eternity" is found. This is God's home."

How far away is Heaven? It is not so far as some imagine. It wasn't very far from Daniel. It was not so far off that Elijah's prayer, and those of others could not be heard there. Christ said when ye pray say, "Our Father, Who art in Heaven." Men full of the Spirit can look right into Heaven.

Every man can pen his own biography, whether he lives in Heaven or on earth (Revelation 21:27). Some one asked a Scotchman if he was on his way to Heaven. He replied, "No; I have got there."

If Christians, our names are there, (Daniel 12:1). And our treasures are there. If we are not Christians, our treasures are down here. Talk about bonds and stocks, they are of no value in comparison to what we have. They are all to be left here, but ours continue forever. Christians talk about Heaven because their treasures are there. Friends, see to it that your treasures are there. (Matthew 6:19, 20).

A lady told me about a little bird that built a nest opposite her window on the lower branch of a tree. "Foolish bird," she said, "why didn't you build it higher up?" She laid her eggs, and soon the little birds were seen, but one morning they were all gone.

Her nest was built too low. So of those whose treasures are on earth. God is going to shake this whole world some day; but we have nothing to fear, for our treasures are over yonder.

When rich men die, they can carry nothing away with them. They have to leave all they have had behind them. A rich man in Illinois was one day showing a friend what he owned—houses, lands, etc. “This is all mine,” he said. His friend asked him how much he had laid up in Heaven, but he did not even know what he meant by it.

Our guardian angels are in Heaven, (Matthew 18:10; Luke 1:19): Angels protect us. We need to have our eyes open to see them, (2 Kings 6:17). Our names are there and this should give us joy, (Luke 10:20).

In China they keep two books—one of life and the other of death. The guilty have their names in the book of death, the innocent in the book of life. Where is my name and yours? In which book?

In Edinburg some parties were told that they could not remain in the hotel, because all the rooms were full. But they said they could. How so? “Because we telegraphed on ahead, and secured our rooms.” If you want a room in Heaven, send on your name. I pity a man who has no interest in these things.

Paul speaks of his helpers, and says their “names were in the Book of life,” (Philippians 4:3). Let us look and see if our names are there, (Revelation 13:8; 20:12).

Dying saints have looked into Heaven. A little boy, when dying, looked out of the window and asked, “What mountains are those?” His mother said there were none to be seen. Soon he asked, “Don’t you hear the angels singing over the mountains?” His mother said, no. In a few moments he exclaimed, “Good-bye, mother; Jesus has come to carry me over the mountains.” God lifted the curtain and gave a glimpse of what is there. Stephen saw Christ there. His presence there, is what makes it such a glorious place. It is not the tree of life, and the pearly gates, etc. What makes home so sweet? Because our loved ones are there. A little girl’s mother was sick, and they took her away. The mother died, and was buried, and then they took the little one home. She ran from room to room to find her mother, and when she found she

wasn't there, she said, "Take me away; I don't want to stay here." Mother being there is what makes home attractive.

We want to see Christ. "That will be Heaven for me." What have you got in Heaven? Nothing? What we have there will yield us more than ten or twenty per cent, (Colossians 3:14). In Chicago a man got into the whirlpool of business. His old father, who was a minister, came to see him. One day the son went out and left the office in the father's care. A man came in to buy some property, and asked the father if it was worth the price the son asked for it. He said he didn't know, but he would give more for just a standing place in the New Jerusalem than for all his son had.

Our "reward is great in Heaven," (Matthew 5:12). We talk about great men, great generals, etc., but when God calls anything great, it must be something grand. The nearer we get to Heaven the smaller do things on earth appear to us. As we rise up from earth the things on it begin to grow smaller. Some men are holding on to this world with a death grip.

Luke 16:15 shows that God doesn't value earthly things as men do.

Our friends are in Heaven, (John 12:26; 17:24). Christ didn't speak about death, but about going to His Father, (Luke 13:28). Why put on black when loved ones go to such a delightful place? Will we know them when we meet? Moses and Elijah were known on the Mount of Transfiguration. We shall know the saints when we see them, without an introduction.

We talk about the best men on earth. The best men are up there. "I shall be satisfied when I get there." We shall then have anything we want, because we are to be satisfied. Some one asks, "Will we have a piano in Heaven?" Yes, if you want it, for you are to be satisfied.

The best of all is, it is going to last. What will cause joy in Heaven? To have that tramp up there in the balcony, that came in to get out of the storm, feeling that no one cares for him, say, "I will lay hold on Christ." Victoria or President Harrison might take no notice of such a thing, but Christ will.

Two little children were once lost in the woods. One thousand men went in search of them. The whole town was excited about

it. The two men that found them persisted in carrying them in their own arms to their mothers. Wasn't that a grand occasion for those two men? Go and pick up a poor sinner and carry him home to Jesus.

A STRANGER HERE

If an Italian now in England passes through France on his way to the Eternal City, he stays at Paris, or Lyons, or Marseilles, on his journey; but all the while he is not a Frenchman, he is an Italian. Wherever he stays upon the road, he says to himself, "This is not Rome. This is not the place of my nativity. I have no citizen rights here; I am going onward to my own dear city, and I must hasten as best I may until I reach it." That is the condition of the Christian; his face is steadfastly set to go to the New Jerusalem, and nothing must detain him.

A pilgrim in the old crusading times started out to reach Jerusalem. You know how many were attacked with that insanity in those times; I commend them not, but I use that illustration in all soberness. The crusader journeyed on foot across Europe. Whenever he came in sight of a goodly city, whether it was Vienna, or Constantinople, he stood and gazed upon the towers, the spires, the minarets; and when he had done so, he turned to his companion and said: "A fair sight, my friend; but it is not the Holy City to which you and I are journeying." So, whenever God brings us to any place, however pleasant or delightful it may be, it is for us to say, "A fair sight, and God be thanked for it; but it is not the Golden City yet."—Spurgeon.

GLORIES OF HEAVEN

BY THE REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

“Eye hath not seen nor ear heard.”—1 Corinthians 2:9.

“I am going to Heaven! I am going to Heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!” These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended to be with God forever, and is it not natural as well as Christianly appropriate that our thoughts be much directed toward the glorious residence of which St. Paul speaks in the text I have chosen?

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor the world holds no such wonder today. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side.

The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmaian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticoes and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statute and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the “Corinthiarii,” paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the

city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples—1,000 slaves awaiting at one shrine—and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh, it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that St. Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world, they had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves, they had passed their whole lives away among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped, until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned.

Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmony of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Yon citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You, Corinthians, think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'"

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of Heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide Heaven is, and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth, how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to this estimate—that after all the nations had been gathered to Heaven, there will be a room for each soul, a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetic calculated.

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of Heaven. When you were a child, you went out in the

morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness! Perhaps later—perhaps in these very summer days—you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord.

You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations come down to us. The airs that float now on the earth are unlike those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a lifelong invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now. Catch if you can one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses! Health of vision; health of spirits; immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem. That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—forever young again! That night when the needlewoman fainted away in the garret a wave of the Heavenly air resuscitated her forever—for everlasting years to have neither ache nor pain nor weakness nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it."

I remark further that we can in this world get no just idea of the splendor of Heaven. St. John tries to describe it. He says, "The twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John we see a blaze of amethyst and pearl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire—a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the sun.

John bids us look again, and we see thrones of the prophets, thrones of the monarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the

apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus, throne of God. And we turn round to see the glory, and it is—thrones! thrones! thrones!

St. John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing. Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of salvation following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa and North and South America pressing into lines. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves His sword in signal of victory all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns flung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high," and some, "Hosanna to the Son of David," and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of Heaven are exhausted, and there come up surge after surge of "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture, and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it."

I remark further we can get no idea on earth of the reunions of Heaven. If you have ever been across the sea and met a friend or even an acquaintance in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What, then, will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated!

After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But, oh, when you stand before the

throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed land methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is goodby, goodby, farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail car window, and at the steamboat wharf—goodby. Children lisp it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way—"goodby"—and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Goodby! Ah! that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Goodby! goodby! But not so in Heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but no goodby. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem, little hands to take hold of it in the great home circle, little feet to dance in the eternal glee, little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups—a group this side of the river and a group on the other side of the river. Now there goes one from this to that, and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place! If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely we cannot hear the joy on the other side where their group is augmented. It is graves here and coffins and hearses there.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to Heaven. Don't cry." And the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground, and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and looking down at the body of her mother said, "Is this Heaven?" Oh, we have no idea what Heaven is! It is the grave here, it is darkness here, but there is merry-making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont. These were torn to pieces at the Inquisition. This is the throne of the great Jehovah. This is Jesus!" "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying negro boy. "I am going to see Jesus."

And the missionary said, "You are sure you will see Him?" "Oh, yes; that's what I want to go to Heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose that Jesus should go away from Heaven—what then?" "I should follow Him," said the dying negro boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment and then he said, "Massa, where Jesus is there can be no hell!" Oh, to stand in His presence! That will be Heaven! Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross, to go around amid all the groups of the redeemed and shake hands with prophets and apostles and martyrs and with our own dear, beloved ones—that will be the great reunion. We cannot imagine it now, our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us.

We go on the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say, "Is it well with the child, is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the waters. None! None! Unbelief says, "They are dead and extinct forever," but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it and find that they are neither dead nor extinct; that they never were so much alive as now; that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion! we cannot grasp it now. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

I remark again, we can in this world get no idea of the song of Heaven. You know there is nothing more inspiring than music. In the battle of Waterloo the highlanders were giving way, and Wellington found out that the bands of music had ceased playing. He sent a quick dispatch, telling them to play with utmost spirit a battle march. The music started, the highlanders were rallied, and they dashed on till the day was won. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted up on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes, they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand

Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now, by voices that were aged and broken in the music—voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hear these old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meeting houses joined in the chorus, and Scotch kirk and sailors' bethel and western cabins, until the whole continent lifts the doxology, and the scepters of eternity beat time to the music. Away, then, with your starveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is coming to hosanna.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in Heaven? They all know the tune there. Methinks the tune of Heaven will be made up partly from the songs of earth, the best parts of all our hymns and tunes going to add to the song of Moses and the Lamb. All the best singers of all the ages will join it—choirs of white robed children, choirs of patriarchs, choirs of apostles, morning stars clapping their cymbals, harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God roll on, roll on, other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are full of it and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and Heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices.

I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in the closing hymns of the churches today we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the Heavenly door opens today to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from Heaven it might meet half way a song coming up from earth!

NEVER SORRY

Not long ago the writer asked a class of small boys in Sunday school what was their idea of Heaven. It was curious to note how their replies were influenced by their own circumstances in this life. A ragged little urchin, who had been born and brought up in a squalid city street, said it was "all grass and green trees." One from the richer quarter of Boston said it was like a big, broad avenue, with tall houses each side. A sweet-voiced choir-boy was of the opinion that people would sing a good deal in Heaven. The last member of the class, a quiet, thoughtful boy, though one of the smallest in the class, answered, just as the bell was ringing for the close of school hours, "A place where—where—you're never sorry."—Our Sunday Afternoon.

THE CITY OF CITIES

For all women and men who trust their bodies and souls in the hand of Christ the shining gates will soon swing open. Don't you see the sickly pallor on the sky? That is the pallor on the cold cheek of the dying night. Don't you see the brightening of the clouds? That is the flush on the warm forehead of the morning. Cheer up, you are coming within sight of the Celestial City.

Cairo, capital of Egypt, was called "City of Victory;" Athens, capital of Greece, was called "City of the Violet Crown;" Baalbeck was called "City of the Sun;" London was called "The City of Masts;" Lucian's imaginary metropolis beyond the Zodiac was called "The City of Lanterns;" but the city to which you journey hath all these in one; the victory, the crowns, the masts of those that have been harbored after the storm. Aye, all but the lanterns and the sun, because they have no need of any other light, since "the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

ST. JOHN'S EVE

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

"The veil is thin between the seen and the unseen—
Thinner tonight than the transparent air.
All Heaven and earth are still, save when from some far hill
Floateth the nightbird's unavailing prayer.

"On this midsummer night the men of old
Believed the dead drew near, believed that they could hear
Voices long silent * * *
Believed whoever slept unearthly vigil kept.

"Ah! What if it were true? Then would I call ye who
Have one by one beyond my vision flown;
I would set wide the door ye enter now no more,
Crying, 'Come in from out the void unknown!
Come as ye came of old, laden with love untold'—
Hark! was that nothing but the night wind's moan?"

As long as human nature endures there will almost certainly remain a vein of superstition coursing with the blood through and through the sensitive, imaginative heart. Common sense, intelligence and religion combine to dispel the network of apprehension that would often become peace-destroying were the fancy given free rein, but we cannot help thinking that even as with sin came death, so with death was born an innate sense of dread that is at the foundation of all superstition.

St. John's Eve or Midsummer Day was originally a great church festival dating back to ancient times. In the fifth century St. Augustine we find wrote of it: "This day of nativity is handed down to us, and is this day celebrated. We have received this by tradition from our forefathers, and we transmit it to our descendants to be celebrated with like devotion." There were connected with this date certain mystical ideas, arising from the fact that in June and December occur the solstices, the longest day coming in June, the shortest of the year in December. In certain portions of the Old World St. John is considered as a patron saint, keeping the people exempt from convulsions and epilepsy.

John Hay has said that in Spain St. John's Eve is a noisy festival. A kind of fritter called *bunuelas* is cooked and eaten by the hundreds of thousands in Madrid alone, and what with the eager crowd, the cries of the venders, and the loud songs of a portion of the people, it is a time, it would seem, of riotous mirth. Celebrations did not cease in Paris on the eve of La Saint Jean until the time of the Revolution, and Louis XIV. once participated in the annual festival.

Illuminations from large fires accompanied these celebrations in the different countries where they were observed. In Brittany (Finistere, Cotes-du-Nord, etc., of France) it would appear that the revels of the eve of La Saint Jean still go on. Arrayed in their holiday clothes the peasants dance all night long, and a spice of pleasant superstition lends glamour for the young to the gay sports. The maiden who dances nine times around a St. John's fire before midnight is thought sure to marry within the year. These fires are almost invariably kindled on a hill or some conspicuous elevation.

But always and forever with marked anniversaries in the world's annals creeps in the dim, mysterious influence of the supernatural. We read from "Hamlet" that at Christmas time

"No spirit dares stir abroad * * *
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

And the verse quoted at the beginning shows that apart from festive fires and midnight dance, "the men of old believed the dead drew near," and tried to fancy that did they but listen with due intentness, "voices long silent" would greet the eager ear on St. John's Eve, the time of the midsummer birthnight. The pathos of such surmising or longing is something that abides from generation to generation, and sends the monotone reverberating and repeating itself adown the hurrying years. No nation or people of whom we have ever yet heard is free from it. The barbarian shrinks with barbaric terror from the omens his untaught fancy has created. The educated man or woman, as well as the ignorant and the unrefined, know of some dread "sign" they had far rather did not manifest itself. It causes a smile, a covert one, perhaps, when men as well as women not unfrequently remark, "I have no

belief in signs or omens whatever, yet—there is one thing I never like to have happen,” and then, all unmindful of the extent to which they have committed themselves, these exempt ones from common superstitions will go on to tell of the dream they never like to have, or the little occurrence they would always rather have avoided.

We are all so much alike way down at the base of our nature, that it is a very venturesome and unsafe thing to declare ourselves free from the faults, follies or weaknesses that characterize others. And superstition is a very subtle thing. Many a person has been honest enough in declaring himself or herself free from its power and influence until a sudden threat of a sad “maybe” flung to the surface some half forgotten omen, and made the heart bound with swift apprehension as the recollections became more vivid. Do not repeat an ominous sign, no knowing how it may strike on a nervous ear or recut at a trying time.

The plain, unfaltering promises of the Bible are the surest antidote for the unrestful, heart smiting influence of foolish, man devised signs. Yet we end as we began: human nature is human nature, and will retain some of its weaknesses to the end. The anguish of the bereaved will at times overcome the brightness of one’s faith. Listening at mystic times and in the sad wakefulness of silent hours, it is not strange that even with a well balanced mind but strained nerves one will exclaim,

“Hark! was that nothing but the night wind’s moan?”

But never a moan or a tear is known to the dear dweller on Life’s Fairer Shore, and after all, not with superstitious longings, but with sensible, heart-approving earnestness and longing, we ask, Are they not near us ? Another verse replies :

“Eyes watch us that we cannot see,
Lips warn us that we may not kiss;
They wait for us, and starrily
Lean toward us, from Heaven’s lattices.

“We feel upon our fevered brows
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm;
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.”

—Christian Work.

THE WELCOME HOME

BY O. G. HOLT

At the close of the late war the telegraph announced that a regiment, which had won national renown by standing like a wall of granite in the face of awful carnage and death when attacked by a superior force, was on its way home with decimated ranks. The news spread through the town as if by magic. Soon it was announced that the regiment was near. To get a better view, some of the people rushed to the house tops; boys climbed into the trees, and the main avenue by which the regiment was to enter the town was lined on either side by a great throng of expectant people. In that waiting multitude were wives long separated from husbands, mothers from sons, children from fathers. Oh, how like ages the passing moments seemed! At last, far down the road a cloud of dust was seen, then the glitter of bayonets. Soon the distant tread of the marching host could be heard like the muffled roar of an incoming tide. Nearer they come. Now the swaying columns can be seen. How every eye is strained to catch a glimpse of some familiar face! The battle flags are in shreds, the uniforms ragged and covered with dust. The faces of the heroes are weather-beaten, and many are terribly scarred. Here and there were empty sleeves, but these dreadful disfigurements were their real diadems. What a mighty shout went up from that rejoicing host! Bells were rung and flags waved as those weary veterans stacked their arms, and broke ranks to enjoy the peaceful rest and blessed fellowships of the longed-for home!

But who can picture in imagination even the welcome accorded in the Heavenly home to that veteran host whose earthly campaign has been one continuous hand to hand conflict with foes without and fears within, but who triumphantly exclaim with Paul: "In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

"And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white."

GOING HOME

BY THE REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON

"Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me; for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world."—John 17:24.

The prayer of the Savior rises as it proceeds. He asked for His people that they might be preserved from the world, then that they might be sanctified, and then that they might be made manifestly one; and now He reaches His crowning point—that they may be with Him where He is, and behold His glory. It is well when in prayer the spirit takes to itself wings. The prayer that swings to and fro like a door upon its hinges may admit to fellowship; but that prayer is more after the divine pattern which, like a ladder, rises round by round, until it loses itself in Heaven. This last step of our Lord's prayer is not only above all the rest, but it is a longer step than any of the others. He here ascends, not from one blessing which may be enjoyed on earth, to another of higher degree; but He mounts right away from all that is of this present state into that which is reserved for the eternal future. He quits the highest peaks of grace, and at a single stride His prayer sets its foot in glory: "That they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am."

My brethren, my comrades, my delights, are leaving me for the better land. We have enjoyed holy and happy fellowship in days of peace, and we have stood shoulder to shoulder in the battle of the Lord; but we are melting away. One has gone; another has gone; before we look round another will have departed. We see them for a moment, and they vanish from our gaze.

Who among us will go next? We stand like men amazed. Some of us stood next in the rank with those who have been taken. Why this constant thinning of our ranks while the warfare is so stern? Why this removal of the very best when we so much need the noblest examples? I am bowed down, and could best express myself in a flood of tears as I survey the line of graves so newly digged; but I restrain myself from so carnal a mode of regarding

the matter, and look upon it in a clearer light. The Master is gathering the ripest of His fruit, and well doth He deserve them. His own dear hand is putting His apples of gold into His baskets of silver; and as we see that it is the Lord, we are bewildered no longer. His word, as it comes before us in the text, calms and quiets our spirits. It dries our tears, and calls us to rejoicing as we hear our Heavenly Bridegroom praying, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am." We understand why the dearest and best are going. We see in Whose hand is held the magnet which attracts them to the skies. One by one they must depart from this lowland country to dwell above, in the palace of the King, for Jesus is drawing them to Himself. Our dear babes go home because "He gathereth the lambs with His arm and carrieth them in His bosom;" and our ripe saints go home because the Beloved is come into His garden to gather lilies.

Observe, our Lord has said, "Holy Father," and toward the close of the prayer He said, "O righteous Father;" but in commencing this particular petition He uses the word "Father" by itself alone: this relationship is in itself so dear that it agrees best with the loftiest petition. I like to think of that name "Father," as used in this connection. Is it not the center of living unity? If there is to be a family gathering and reunion, where should it be but in the Father's house? Who is at the head of the table but the Father? All the interests of the children unite in the parent, and He feels for them all.

What can be more right than that children should go home to their Father? From Him they came, to Him they owe their life; should they not always tend toward Him, and should not this be the goal of their being, that they should at last dwell in His presence? To go away from the Father and to live apart from Him is the sorrow of our fallen nature, as it plays the prodigal; but the coming back to the Father is restoration to life, to peace, to happiness. Yes, all our hopeful steps are toward the Father. Shall any one of us lament the process? No; we dare not complain that our choicest brethren are taken up to gladden the great Father's house. Our brother is gone; but we ask: "Where is he gone?" and when the answer comes, "He is gone to the Father," all notion of complaint is over. To whom else should he go? When

the great First-born went away from us, He told His sorrowing followers that He was going to their Father and His Father; and that answer was enough. So, when our friend, or our child, or our wife, or our brother, is gone, it is enough that he is with the Father. To call them back does not occur to us; but rather we each one desire to follow after them.

“Father, I long, I faint to see
The place of Thine abode;
I’d leave Thine earthly courts and flee
Up to Thy seat, my God.”

A child may be happy at school, but he longs for the holidays. Is it merely to escape his lessons? Ah, no! Ask him, and he will tell you, “I want to go home to see my father.” The same is equally true, and possibly more so, if we include the feminine form of parentage. What a home-cry is that of “mother!” The sight of that dear face has been longed and hungered for by many a child when far away. Mother or father, which you will; they are blended in the great Fatherhood of God. Let it but be said that any one has gone to his father, and no further question is asked as to the right of his going thither. To the father belongs the first possession of the child; should he not have his own child at home? The Savior wipes our tears away with a handkerchief which is marked in the corner with this word—“Father.”

The force which draws us home lies in the word, “I will.” Jesus Christ, our most true God, veiled in human form, bows His knee and prays, and throws His divine energy into the prayer for the bringing home of His redeemed. This one irresistible, everlastingly almighty prayer carries everything before it. “Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am,” is the centripetal energy which is drawing all the family of God toward its one home. How shall the chosen get home to the Father? Chariots are provided. Here are the chariots of fire and horses of fire in this prayer. “I will,” saith Jesus, “that they be with Me;” and with Him they must be. There are difficulties in the way—long nights and darkness lie between, and hills of guilt, and forests of trouble, and bands of fierce temptations; yet the pilgrims shall surely reach their journey’s end, for the Lord’s “I will” shall be a wall of fire round about them. In this petition

I see both sword and shield for the church militant. Here I see the eagles' wings on which they shall be upborne till they enter within the golden gates. Jesus saith, "I will;" and who is he that shall hinder the homecoming of the chosen? As well hope to arrest the marches of the stars of Heaven. You cannot hold your dying babe: for Jesus asks for it to be with Him. Will you come into competition with your Lord? Surely you will not. You cannot hold your aged father, nor detain your beloved mother, beyond the time appointed; for the intercession of Christ has such a force about it that they must ascend even as sparks must seek the sun.

More than intercession is found in the expression "I will." It suggests the idea of a testamentary bequest and appointment. The Lord Jesus is making His last will and testament, and He writes, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me." How are the saints to be hindered from what the Lord wills? They must rise from their beds of dust and silent clay; they must rise to be with Jesus where He is, for Jesus wills it. By your anxious care you may seek to detain them; you may sit about their bed and nurse them both night and day, but they must quit these dark abodes when Jesus gives the signal. You may clutch them with affectionate eagerness, and even cry in despair, "They shall not go, we cannot bear to part with them:" but go they must when Jesus calls. Take back your naughty hands, which would detain them; for naughty they are if you would rob your Savior. Would you cross His will? Would you set at naught His testament? You could not if you would: you would not if you could. Rather be inclined to go with them than think to resist the Heavenly attraction which upraises them. If Jesus saith, "I will," then it is yours to say, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt. They were never so much mine as they are Thine. I never had so much right to them as Thou hast Who hast brought them. They never so truly could be at home with me as they will be at home with Thee in Thine own bosom; so my will dissolves itself into Thy will, and I say with steadfast resignation, 'Let them go.'"

Brothers and sisters, you perceive the forces which are bearing away our beloved ones. I see tender hands reaching after us; they are invisible to sense, but palpable to faith. Cords of love are being cast about the chosen, and they are being drawn out se-

cretly from their fellows. Would you break those bands asunder, and cast those cords from us? I beseech you, think not so; but let that pierced hand which bought the beloved ones seek out its own purchase and bring them home. Should not Jesus have His own? Do we not bow our knee and pray for Jesus, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven?"

The description is, "They also, whom Thou hast given Me." I feel right glad that there is no sort of personal character mentioned here, but only—"those whom Thou hast given Me." It seems as if the Lord in His last moments was not so much looking at the fruit of grace as at grace itself; He did not so much note either the perfections or the imperfections of His people, but only the fact that they were His by the eternal gift of the Father.

They belonged to the Father—"Thine they were." The Father gave them to Jesus—"Thou gavest them Me." The Father gave them as a love token and a means of His Son's glorification—"Thine they were and Thou gavest them Me;" and now our Lord pleads that because they were the Father's gift to Him He should have them with Him. Does anybody raise a cavil as to Christ's right to have those with Him who were His Father's, whom His Father gave Him, and whom He Himself actually took into His own possession? No, they ought to be with Him, since they are His in so divine a manner. If I possess a love-token that some dear one has given me I may rightly desire to have it with me. Nobody can have such a right to your wedding ring, good sister, as you have yourself, and are not Christ's saints, as it were, a signet upon His finger, a token which His Father gave Him of His good pleasure in Him? Should they not be with Jesus where He is, since they are His crown jewels and His glory? We in our creature love lift up our hands, and cry, "My Lord, my Master, let me have this dear one with me a little longer. I need the companionship of one so sweet, or life will be misery to me." But if Jesus looks us in the face, and says, "Is thy right better than Mine?" we draw back at once. He has a greater part in His saints than we can have. O Jesus, Thy Father gave them to Thee of old; they are His reward for the travail of Thy soul; and far be it from us to deny Thee. Though blinded by our tears, we can yet see the rights of Jesus, and we loyally admit them.

Christ reveals to us something concerning the home companionship in the glory land. Those who are taken away, where are they gone? The text saith, "I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory." By this language we are impressed with the nearness of the saints to Christ in glory—"that they may be with Me." Think for a moment: when our Lord used these words, and John took them down, the disciples were with Him. They had left the supper-table where they had feasted together. The Master had said, "Arise, let us go hence;" and it was in the very midst of them that the Lord Jesus offered this choice prayer. Learn, then, that in Heaven the saints will be nearer to Christ than the apostles were when they sat at the table with Him, or heard Him pray.

Our bodies will rise from the dust, and they must occupy a place: that place will be where Jesus is. Even spirits must be somewhere; and that somewhere with us is to be where Jesus is. We are to be, not metaphorically and financially, but really, truly, literally with Jesus. We shall enjoy an intense nearness to Him in that blessed place which the Father has prepared for Him, and which He is preparing for us. There is a place where Jesus is revealed in all the splendor of His majesty, amid angels and glorified spirits; and those whom our Lord's will has taken away from us have not gone into banishment in a mysterious land, neither are they shut up in a house of detention till there is a general jail delivery, but they are with Christ in Paradise.

Who would be so cruel as to keep a saint from such a fair country? I would desire all good for my children, my relatives, my friends; and what good is better than to be where Jesus is? Are you not glad to hear of the promotion of those you love? Will you quarrel with God because some of your dearest ones are promoted to the skies? The thought of their amazing bliss greatly moderates our natural grief. We weep for ourselves, but as we remember their companionship with the Altogether Lovely One a smile blends with our tears.

Observe the fellowship which exists in the glory land. Read the verse: "That they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me." What a blending of persons! Where did our Lord's glory come from? "Thou gavest it Me," says Jesus. Hence it

is the Father's glory passed over to the Son. Yet Jesus calls it "My glory," for it is truly His own. The saints are to behold this, and it will be their glory to see it. Here we have the Father, and the Elder Brother, and the many brethren, and a wonderful communism of interests and possessions. It is ever so in a loving family. There we draw no hard and fast lines of *meum* and *tuum*. "All thine are mine, and mine are thine." We ask not whose is this? or whose is that? when we are home. If you were to go into a stranger's house, you would not think of taking this or that; but as your father's own son you make yourself at home, and no one inquires, "What doest thou?"

None of us can wish our departed friends back from their thrones. Since they have gone to be where Jesus is, and to enter so fully into the most blissful fellowship with Him and the Father, we would not have them return even for an instant to this poor country. We only wish that our turn for migration may come soon. We would not be too long divided from our fellows. If some of the birds have gone to the sunny land, let us plume our wings to follow them. There will be only a little interval between our parting and our everlasting meeting.

Jesus tells us that the atmosphere of His home is love: "Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world." Brethren, can you follow me in a great flight? Can you stretch broader wings than the candor ever knew, and fly back into the unbeginning eternity? There was a day before all days, when there was no day but the Ancient of Days. There was a time before all time, when God only was: the uncreated, the only-existent One. The Divine Three, Father, Son and Spirit, lived in blessed consort with each other, delighting in each other. Oh! the intensity of the divine love of the Father to the Son! There was no world, no sun, no moon, no stars, no universe, but God alone; and the whole of God's omnipotence flowed forth in a stream of love to the Son, while the Son's whole being remained eternally one with the Father by a mysterious essential union. How came all this which we now see and hear? Why this creation? this fall of Adam? this redemption? this church? this Heaven? How came it all about? It needed not to have been, but the Father's love made Him resolve to show forth the glory of His Son. The mysterious volume which has been gradually unfolded before us has only this one design—the Father would

make known His love to the Son, and make the Son's glories to appear before the eyes of those whom the Father gave Him. This Fall and this Redemption, and the story as a whole, so far as the divine purpose is concerned, are the fruit of the Father's love to the Son, and His delight in glorifying the Son. Those myriads, those white-robed myriads, harping to music infinitely deep, what mean they all? They are the Father's delight in the Son. That He might be glorified forever, He permitted that He should bear a human body, and should suffer, bleed, and die, so that there might come out of Him, as a harvest cometh from a dying and buried corn of wheat all the countless hosts of elect souls, ordained for ever to a felicity exceeding bounds. These are the bride of the Lamb, the body of Christ, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all. Their destiny is so high that no language can fully describe it. God only knows the love of God, and all that it has prepared for those who are the objects of it.

Love wraps up the whole in its cloth of gold. Love is both the source and the channel and the end of the divine acting. Because the Father loved the Son He gave us to Him, and ordained that we should be with Him. His love to us is love to the Son. "Not for your sakes do I this, O House of Israel; be ashamed and be confounded." Because of the boundless, ineffable, infinite love of the great Father toward His Son, therefore hath He ordained this whole system of salvation and redemption, that Jesus in the church of His redeemed might everlastingly be glorified. Let our saintly ones go home, beloved, if that is the design of their going. Since all comes of divine love, and all sets forth divine love, let them go to Him Who loves them—let divine love fulfill its purpose of bringing many sons unto glory. Since the Father once made our Lord perfect by His sufferings, let Him now be made perfectly glorious by the coming up of His redeemed from the purifying bath of His atonement. I see them rise like sheep from the washing, all of them gathering with delight at the feet of that great Shepherd of the sheep. Hold your friends lovingly, but be ready to yield them to Jesus. Detain them not from Him to Whom they belong. When they are sick, fast and pray; but when they are departed, do much as David did, who washed his face, and ate, and drank. You cannot bring them back again; you will go to them, they cannot return to you. Comfort yourselves with the double

thought of their joy in Christ and Christ's joy in them: add the triple thought of the Father's joy in Christ and in them. Let us watch the Master's call. Let us not dread the question—who next and who next? Let none of us start back as though we hoped to linger longer than others. Let us even desire to see our names in the celestial conscription. Let us be willing to be dealt with just as our Lord pleases. Let no doubt intervene; let no gloom encompass us. Dying is but going home.

THE CONSUMMATION OF EARTH.

BY THE REV. CHARLES L. THOMPSON, D.D.

So eternal life is not the mystical thing we sometimes think. The sun is a far-off mystery. The astronomer cannot explain it. But this morning it came to our door, and has made plain for us all the road of this day. So life is at our door. It will not be essentially different in Heaven. How important we begin to live this life now. If it were going through a door we might wait till death is in sight. But if it is getting into harmony with God and developing a new set of faculties that will make us feel at home in Heaven, then the sooner we begin, the better. We cannot get all the benefits of Heaven by just dying. There will be some awfully stupid living in Heaven. A sinner who just slips in at the eleventh hour is not going to be very comfortable talking with Paul. He will be like an errand boy in a company of sages. The only really sure way to have a good time with the saints in Heaven is to be getting saint-like here. It will be worth a good deal to have some acquaintance with Heaven before going there. Going to Heaven will be good only as it is going home. Not a stupid novice to be flung into its splendors, but like a concert player, who has tuned his instrument, and steps before the great audience with comfort and hope, thus to find eternal life, not a novelty, but the crown and consummation of life on earth, this is the grandest conception of it, this is the Biblical idea.

WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW

The rooms are hushed, the lights are low,
I sit and listen to the wind
That comes from out the distant hill.
It comes and croons in an undertone
Of alien regions vast and lone,
Of pleasures lost in a land unknown;
Then steals away, and all is still.
'Tis good to listen to the wind
When rooms are hushed and lights are low.

When those we love have come and gone,
'Tis weary to be left behind;
To miss sweet eyes where late they shone,
To look for what we may not find,
Long-cherished forms that haunt the mind,
Soft voices that were once too kind;
To live and miss them one by one
Is weary work. Who'd stay behind
When those we love have come and gone?

SET YOUR AFFECTIONS ON THINGS ABOVE

BY THE REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Colossians 3:2.

Set not your affections on anything that you can build, for it is perishable. Do not worship your fine reputation, or your wealth store, or your large house, or your swift ship, but build up in your soul a temple of Christian character. Disasters cannot crush it, nor fire consume it, nor iconoclast deface its altars, nor time chisel down its walls. Yet politicians have worshiped their office, and merchants their business, and painters their pictures, and musicians their attainments, and architects their building, and historians their books; and how often have they seen their works perish! Audubon, after fifteen years of working in making sketches of birds, leaves the sketches in a trunk, goes off, comes

back and finds that the rats have devoured them. Isaac Newton's dog "Spot" tore to pieces a manuscript that represented the work of a quarter of a lifetime. A worm has sunk the ship that was the pride of its builder. A child's hand has spoiled a painting intended to be immortal. A horse's hoof dashed out the brains of a most accomplished philosopher. The marble statue that came out, under the stroke of an ingenious sculptor, drops to the sidewalk and is broken by a careless drayman. Time will break down the grandest arch, and staunchest pyramid, and mightiest city. The day will come when reconstructed Chicago, and New York, and Brooklyn, and Boston, and Savannah, and Charleston, and New Orleans, and Cincinnati, and St. Louis, and San Francisco, and London, and Paris, and Vienna, and Rome, and Constantinople, and St. Petersburg, and Madras, and Canton, and Peking, will be wrapped in flames of awful conflagration. Yet, the earth itself shall perish! What a poor place to put one's treasure in! A painter, busy in making the fresco of a building, standing high up on the scaffolding, was entranced with his own work and stepped back to admire it, and in his excitement forgot that he stood upon a high scaffolding, stepped back too far, and fell—his life dashed out, far beneath, on the marble. So men admire their worldly achievements, and in their enchantment step back to look, and step back too far, and fall—ruined for life and for eternity.

THE PROMISED REST

· Hebrews 4:9.

There is a pass in Scotland, called Glencroe, which supplies a beautiful illustration of what Heaven will be to the man who comes to Christ. The road through Glencroe carries the traveler up a long and steep ascent with many a winding and many a little turning in its course. But when the top of the pass is reached, a stone is seen by the wayside, with these simple words engraved on it, "Rest, and be thankful." Reader, these words describe the feeling with which every one who comes to Christ will at length shall cease from our wearying journey, and sit down in the kingdom of God.—Rev. J. C. Ryle.

RECOMPENSE

BY GEORGE KRINGLE

We are quite sure
 That He will give them back—bright, pure and beautiful,
 We know He will but keep
 Our own and His until we fall asleep,
 We know He does not mean
 To break the strands reaching between
 The here and there.

He does not mean—though Heaven be fair—
 To change the spirits entering there, that they forget
 The eyes upraised and wet,
 The lips too still for prayer
 The mute despair,
 He will not take
 The spirits which He gave, and make
 The glorified so new
 That they are lost to me and you.
 I do believe
 They will receive
 Us—you and me—and be so glad
 To meet us that when most I would grow sad,
 I just begin to think about that gladness and the day
 When they shall tell us all about the way
 That they have learned to go—
 Heaven's pathways show.
 My lost, my own, and I
 Shall have so much to see together by and by.

I do believe that just the same sweet face,
 But glorified, is waiting in the place
 Where we shall meet, if only I
 Am counted worthy in that by and by.
 I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise
 To tear-stained saddened eyes,
 And that His Heaven will be
 Most glad, most tided with joy for you and me,
 As we have suffered most. God never made
 Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade,
 And placed them side by side,—
 So wrought in one, though separate, mystified—
 And meant to break
 The quivering threads between. When we shall wake
 I am quite sure, we shall be very glad,
 Though for a little while we may be sad.

THE POWER OF THE UNSEEN WORLD

BY IAN MACLAREN

Is there one of us who has not, and increasingly with growing years, the humiliating experience of being coarsened and deadened by the present world? Our ideas are filched from us; our great efforts are frustrated; we are not merely fighting against a hindrance; we are not merely wrestling with an enemy; we are imbibing an atmosphere—an atmosphere that relaxes and enervates the soul. There come times to men when they are still young, and more frequently and sadly to men of middle age when it seems almost useless to struggle against the present age and we are inclined to allow the current to carry us whithersoever it will, retaining many pious ideals, but conforming unto present ways. It is only as the grandness of the spiritual comes into a man's imagination and rushes like a great sea up the mighty waterways of his heart, that he shall be completely satisfied and this world shall have no further hold, because it has no further attraction. There is no play that they dare give in the open air except the Passion play.

Other-worldliness gives extension to a man's life. I spoke of the humiliation this world puts upon us, but there is another sorrow that comes to men as they grow older and that is the weariness of life. There may be some few people to whom life holds in the future great hopes and bright colors. Most of us know exactly what is going to happen and the sameness of it all grates upon our nerves. We shall live in the same kind of house till we die, shall rise at the same hour in the morning and go down the same streets and do the same kind of ordinary work and come home again by the same streets and spend the evening the same way and go to bed, to begin it all over again next day.

No romance, no change; on to fifty, or sixty, or seventy; then the inscription on the tomb. Life is so gray for many people. I fancy as a man looks out after thirty or forty that it is grave for most of us. What are we to do? I say reinforce this world with the world which is to come. What do they do in an inland state that is surrounded by other countries and cramped in on every

side? They fight to get down to the sea and every state is determined, as it values its own existence, to get a seaboard. Give a country only a few miles and it will be satisfied. Why? Because it will build a harbor there and it will make ships there; and the clever and enterprising spirits of the nation will man the ships; and the ships will go anywhere, that is the point, to the ends of the earth, carrying out such poor things as they have to send, but bringing home untold treasures. That single harbor holds the whole earth in its grasp. It is so in our present life, when we are beginning to ally spiritual motives to the things which we do, till there be nothing, no, not the cleaning of a kitchen, not the writing up of a ledger, for all things are now full of meaning, of faithfulness, of diligence and of sacrifice.

No cottage in all the earth could be compared with that place where Jesus once lived and where Martha and Mary waited upon Him. He came in bringing eternity with Him inside the door, and the palace of the Cæsars is not like unto that place. As Herbert says: "God has often great treasures in a small house." What do you mean by a small house? When I go into a young man's room and see on the wall a shelf with books, when I take down Shakspeare or Dante or Tennyson or Carlyle, I do not know the size of that room. The walls are nothing, for that man holds the ends of the earth. For every taste like literature or art or science or philosophy is a window in the smallest room, and through the windows a man can see anything, on to the throne of God. But religion lifts the roof off—the low-lying roof, grimy with the smoke of worldly thought and motive, and there is nothing between it, the inhabitants and the stars.

The other world affords us the great compensation—a fact that comes in conflict with certain popular and much-preached modern ideas. One notices with infinite regret that the modern politics, and sometimes modern religious thought, especially modern sociology, has not widened the horizon of human ambition and hope. We are being told nowadays to leave that world alone, unseen and mysterious, and we confine ourselves to our thoughts and our energies, to the world that a man can grip in his hand and value in the market place. We are even having the kingdom of God itself made into little better than a material paradise, a somewhat refined—not very much refined—Mohammedan paradise!

But we shall not be able, some of us, to do without the world to come, except by the breaking of our hearts. Consider it. Suppose now, you take a man and combine in his life the most favorable circumstances. We shall suppose that he works only a limited number of hours in the day, for everybody now seems to wish to work as little as possible. We shall suppose he is paid good wages for what he does. We shall suppose he has a well-built and well-drained house—for the modern home is great on drainage—and we will suppose his health is good and there is provision for his old age. We will make him live till ninety, strong and well. We will suppose—but these are great suppositions—that his family is strong and well, too, and that sickness and death have not entered his house. We suppose all these things together, and what has he to do with the world to come? What does he need with a world to come? Even he has a curious thing that is called the soul, and though you cannot prove to him when he is in a mighty way that he has a soul, the soul will prove herself when he is alone. This curious thing is not satisfied with meat and drink; has thoughts, feelings, hopes, desires, that are not concerned with things seen and temporal. You tell him to be satisfied with his little garden patch in the valley and not trouble himself with what of the great world outside; but this soul of his is always wearying to go over the crest of the hill and see what is on the other side. You give a bird food and drink and a well-built cage and wonder what more it would want. You say it is satisfied. It happens to have wings. That is the embarrassment. Just open a door that the bird can get through and you will discover whether it is satisfied when it disappears in the light. You well know all this present world cannot satisfy the soul.

But that was a very well-treated man—a remarkably favored and special personage. I am concerned about other people. What are you going to do with men that have in them today the seeds of deadly disease and know it is just going to be a hard fight for a few years of life? What are you going to do with poor people that you will never get made comfortable till the millennium? What are you going to do with women—the women whose husbands have been taken away into the other world? You have very little to say to them. What are you going to do with people who have secret trials? You know nothing about them, but they have these trials,

and all your bread-and-butter promises do not touch them. What are you going to do with a loveless marriage? You say, what will this author do? He will give to them faith in the eternal, that sooner or later God will right it all, and seeing we do not have it righted here, it shall be hereafter. Oh, the cruelest thing I know, is to take away the hope of the other world from the struggling multitudes that have no hope in the present. We are told, too, it is selfish to think of personal immortality, and they say it is unspiritual to think of a future Heaven. Do you remember, you whose heads are turned gray, do you remember that the ministers of our early youth made much of Heaven and hell in their preaching? They did so in some cases, I admit, after a coarse and unfortunate fashion, and that has created a reaction, a reaction from the idea of physical fire, a reaction from a kind of material Heaven. But some of them appeal to the imaginations that lie behind the words "hell" and "Heaven" with immense power, for by hell they meant the vengeance that follows upon sin and must follow it and ought to follow it and we pray God shall follow it, till sin is destroyed. Men saw the glare of that moral fire and started back. There are men we cannot make start back except by that flash. And these old men allured also, not with the streets of gold merely, not merely with white robes for your fingers to touch, but with the hope of victory, with a hope of holiness, with a hope of unending service, and with that hope they made men strong. They were not unspiritual men, and if they say it is unspiritual to allow the power of this world to work in a man's life, I remember St. Paul. He had some little spirituality, and he yet looked for the crown that fadeth not away. And I remember our most dear Lord Himself, Who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

I should also like to say that in this other-worldliness is an infinite comfort. What family is there that has not been broken? And I wish to ask you, what do you think about your departed? I will not insult you by asking whether you believe they are alive, or whether you are sure they are conscious. I will dare to hope that you believe in your heart that they are not only conscious but that they follow us in this worldly life and that we are encompassed with a cloud of witnesses. But this is my point, what effect have these people—fathers, mothers, wives, husbands, children, who have

passed within the veil—what effect have they now upon us from day to day, from week to week? Less than they had? I tell you they ought to have more. Of all the influences that work in a man's or woman's life I know none purer or stronger than the hand laid upon us from the unseen, the hand that we know. It is only when a mother dies that her children begin to understand what their mother was, and only after years when we look back on our father, that we see his excellence, his integrity, his manliness and his wisdom. It was some time before the disciples got a glimpse of Jesus—only after He had gone to Heaven; and it has taken eighteen centuries to imagine the full height of Jesus, and He is still growing in human thought. So it is with our dead. They are living—the only members of our family that are fully alive and know the meaning of things and the will of God most perfectly. How near they bring the unseen to us! There is nothing brings the unseen close save Christ and those that have gone in to join Him.

It is marvelous how a strange sphere that absolutely overwhelms the imagination and in which we must not allow our fancy to run riot, how familiar it gets when you have inhabitants there whom you know. You go to some plain woman and ask her about South Africa. She hardly knows where it is; she cannot tell you the size of the country. But her son goes out to South Africa, and the first thing she does is to get an atlas to find out where he has gone and the name of the place where he is stationed. She can pronounce the name of that place as if she had been born there. The whole land has grown familiar and kindly to her, and if a man comes from that country, though from a place a hundred miles from where her son is, in the innocence and simplicity of her heart she wishes to see him in case he has met her son, or at least, because he comes from Africa. In practicing the imagination upon the other world—I mean not its material but its spiritual aspect—I tell you the coast comes out from the mist till you see the peaks and the headlands and some day the mist shall lift and we shall be in our own country.

There was a prayer they used to pray in Scottish homes and I do not know whether it has fallen out of use, but I have seen a gray head bowed and seem to hear the accent of the prayer: "Lord, help us to live every day as we will wish we had done when we come to die." It is not a poor prayer and it is not a cowardly

prayer. You may have seen people near to death—and I tell you when a man is near to death he has a different view of the present life. There are things he regrets, but they are not the sacrifices he made for the kingdom of God; they are not the efforts he made to follow Christ. There are things he does not regret and these are always the spiritual desires and feelings of his life. It is not cowardice when a man is filled with an infinite repentance for his past; not cowardice, I tell you, it is a man's inner vision brightened and the greatness of the eternal and spiritual at last breaking upon his soul.—**Christian Work.**

THE NEW SONG

There was a Wesleyan preacher in England, Peter Mackenzie, full of native humor, a most godly man. He was once preaching from the text, "And they sang a new song," and he said:

Yes, there will be singing in Heaven, and when I get there I will want to have David with his harp, and Paul and Peter, and other saints gather around for a sing. And I will announce a hymn from the Wesleyan Hymnal, "Let us sing hymn No. 749—"

My God, My Father, while I stray—

But some one will say, "That won't do. You are in Heaven, Peter; there's no straying here." And I will say, "Yes, that's so. Let us sing No. 651—"

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,

Though friends be gone and hopes be dead—

But another saint will interrupt, "Peter, you forget you are in Heaven now; there are no storms here." "Well, I will try again; No. 536—"

Into a world of ruffians sent—

"Peter! Peter!" some one will say, "we will put you out unless you stop giving out inappropriate hymns." I will ask, "What can we sing?" And they will say, "Sing the new song, the song of Moses and the Lamb!"

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

We often read and hear discussions on the question "whether we shall recognize our friends hereafter." How can we ever doubt it? If love abides, are we not to know those whom we love? What would immortality be if we were to go there alone, separated from all the loved ones, the knowledge of whom has made the very essence and sweetness of our human life? Would that be immortality if we left behind us the richest part of our souls? Am I to go into the other world poor, lonely, homesick, alone? Am I to console myself by being an unembodied spirit, wandering solitary among the stars or filling space, with no home, no society, no brotherhood? I do not so understand the lessons of experience or the facts of observation. When all other memory fades from the mind of the dying, when his other thoughts are bewildered, the other impressions of time effaced, he still shows by a faint pressure of the hand, by a feeble sign of his head, that his love remains. The last look of the dim eye seeks the faces of those he loves. The last faint whisper of the failing voice is a murmur of blessing on those dear ones. Love is stronger than death; will it not survive the grave? Yes; when I open my eyes on a new world, I expect to come once more into the company of those who have been my inspiration, my comfort, my joy in this life. I shall learn what these years have been teaching them, and they shall be again my friendly companions and helpers. I shall see again the parents and dear children whose love has sweetened my life. I shall be a little child once more myself. Yes; and I hope to come very near to my Master, Jesus, and to have my errors corrected, and be taught the alphabet of a higher language of truth. Not all at once, perhaps; for the laws of gradation and limitation will apply there as here. But, if faith and hope and love abide, then there will be always more of knowledge, more of work, and more of love in that divine beyond. With such views as these, we can be better consoled for the loss of those who leave our side. We can be more ready to go ourselves when the time comes.—Rev. James Freeman Clark, in *Christian Register*.

FOREGLEAMS OF HEAVEN

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

That valiant soldier of Christ, Dwight L. Moody, was accorded not only the privilege of leading thousands of souls Heavenward, but also a brief glimpse of the Heavenly world itself! A few hours before his death he awoke from sleep, and said to his son, "I have had a vision. God has let me look into another world." When his son suggested that he had been dreaming, he calmly replied: "I know what I am talking about; God has let me look into another world." He then mentioned the names of two dear friends whom he had seen there; his last audible words were: "Heaven's opening!" All those who knew our beloved Moody, knew that he was never given to mystical fantasies of any sort; he was especially distinguished for his sturdy, practical common sense. He uttered, that day, only the words of truth and soberness.

Hardly any scene in the religious biography of America is more familiar to Christian readers than the account of the last hours of the celebrated Dr. Edward Payson, of Portland. "The Celestial City is full in view," was one of his many ecstatic exclamations; "its glories beam upon me, its music strikes upon my ear, and its spirit breathes into my heart." Very similar to these utterances were the dying words of the devoted missionary Adams, in West Africa. He was by temperament a most unimaginative man, and his brain was not disturbed by fever. After a period of silent prayer, he exclaimed, "I see glorious sights! I see Heaven! Let me go; I want no more of earth; let me go!" In this same strain he continued to pour forth his rapturous expressions until his breath departed. There is not the slightest evidence that either of these cases were devout illusions, or the wanderings of a fevered brain.

It may be said that such beatific visions of the celestial world are very rare. That is very true. Among the myriads of Christ's earthly followers, very few have ever caught a veritable view, or even a glimpse, of the abode of glorified spirits. And yet there is

a profoundly true and indubitable sense in which every faithful, devoted and spiritually minded Christian may have foregleams of Heaven. While his Bible tells him more about Heaven to sharpen his appetite and kindle his expectation than it does to satisfy his curiosity, yet it presents Heaven as the most solid of realities. He accepts that divine revelation, and builds his eternal all upon it. The eye of his faith sees what to the eye of sense is invisible. Like the great apostle, he looks straight at the things which are not visible to the outward senses, and he knows that these "unseen things are eternal."

For example, he takes the Word of God as his spiritual spy-glass, and through it he gets wonderful visions of his future home. He discovers that the word "Heaven" is not employed to describe a condition of God's people, but a positive locality; it is a city which hath foundations, and whose builder is Jehovah. There are "many mansions" into which the redeemed shall enter from all the regions of the globe and from every denomination of true believers. All shall come in through Christ Jesus, yet by many gateways. Having no gross bodies to be fed, we shall hunger and thirst no more; having no bodies to suffer, no one shall say, "I am sick;" neither shall there be any more pain. Identity will be preserved, and we shall recognize each other there, even when the "natural body" shall have become a "spiritual body." Heaven will be a blessed home; its occupants one vast, loving household. The aspirations of every soul will be for increasing knowledge and likeness to our Lord—forever "reaching forth unto the things that are before." The distinct declaration that His "servants shall serve Him" there, proves that there will be active employment; but all our powers and faculties shall work in such perfect harmony that this ceaseless and holy activity is described as a perfect "rest!"

That there are sublime mysteries overhanging that celestial world none will deny; we see now as through a glass dimly; it doth not yet appear fully what we shall be. But nevertheless there are glorious foregleams breaking through the clouds of mystery that are enough to thrill every Christian who opens the eye of faith to gaze at them. Even a glimpse of them is an

ecstasy. John Bunyan tells us that his Pilgrim had certain golden hours in which his annoyances were vanquished and his troubles were forgotten.

One of these times of joyous uplift was "when his thoughts waxed warm about the place whither he was going." In like manner grand old Richard Baxter exclaimed: "When, O my soul, hast thou been warmest? When hast thou most forgot thy wintry sorrows? Is it not when thou hast got above, closest to Jesus Christ, and viewed the mansions of glory, and filled thyself with sweet foretastes, and talked with the inhabitants of the higher world?"

Baxter was no visionary mystic. When he came to Kidderminster it was overrun with profanity, drunkenness and Sabbath desecration. His thorough, untiring, practical labors revolutionized the town, until it became one of the godliest places in England. Our own beloved Moody was no dreamer. He seldom delivered any series of sermons in which he did not have at least one on "Heaven." The foregleam of that celestial glory so fired his heart that he ceased not day or night to warn his fellowmen from hell, and to win them to that city of God which was as real to him as his own native Northfield. I have no faith in the pretended "Heavenly-mindedness" of any man or woman who never carries a loaf to a starving family, and never lifts a finger to relieve an overloaded sufferer, or to lead a perishing soul to Jesus. Whoever takes a road toward Heaven that is only wide enough for one, is not likely, when he gets there, to find any one whom he helped to bring there.

It is not to be wondered at that some professed Christians do not catch more distinct foregleams of the Celestial City. Their spiritual vision is obscured. As a small object when held close to the eye would hide the view of Niagara or Mt. Blanc, so a Christian may hold a dollar so close to the eye of his soul as to shut out the view of Heaven. The seen things hide the "unseen and eternal things." Fishes down in the Mammoth Cave become eyeless at last; and so will any of us lose even the faculty of spiritual sight if we lock ourselves down in a cavern of worldliness or unbelief. To any of my readers who complains that he can never get any cheering foregleam of the "Father's House," I would say—probably you are in the wrong place to see it. You

are down in the marshy grounds and the quagmires where the fogs are too thick to see a rod before you. When a Christian leaves the King's highway of holiness, and cares more for his ledger than for his Bible, he has strayed into the enemy's country. Heaven is not visible to backsliders. Never until your feet are treading again the straight path of obedience to your Savior, and your eyes have been washed with the tears of penitence, will you catch any gladdening glimpse of that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

Happy is that servant of Jesus who often mounts to the top of the "Hill Clear," and through the spyglass of faith catches bright foregleams of Heaven! Happy is he who amid the busiest service of his Lord and of his fellow creatures is always ready for the invitation to "come up hither!" The only life worth living down here in our earthly tent is that which fits us for that life in the eternal mansions. Brethren and fellow pilgrims! the miles to Heaven are few and short; they are growing fewer every day. Let us take for our marching song the sweet lines that brave old Baxter left to us:

Lord, it belongs not to our care
 Whether we die or live;
To love and serve Thee is our share,
 And this Thy grace must give.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made us meet
 Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will Thy glory be?

—Christian Work.

HEAVENLY HOME

BY THE REV. MYRON W. HAYNES, D.D.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."—2 Corinthians 5:1.

No person can accurately define a soul; but most men believe in a soul. None know just where Heaven lies; but the vast majority of mankind believe in Heaven. For all ages and among all nations, men have believed in an existence beyond the present. Does the grave end all? has been answered in the negative, from the days of Moses to the present; from the rudest specimen to the most enlightened savant in the literary circles of the nineteenth century. I do not need to prove my assertion, when I say there is an existence beyond this. Nineteen-twentieths of the people believe it. The burden of proof rests with the other side. Let them prove that there is no life beyond the grave, if they wish and can. The Druids saw in their strangely weird lights, the spirits from another world; and believed, when their fires should go out on the sacred hilltops, they should be rekindled in Paradise. The Incas and Aztecs believed that the soul should live through eternal ages. The Hindoos believed their souls should pass into other bodies, and migrate from ox to ass, from ass to elephant, elephant to horse; and perhaps follow an almost endless round, till it finally became a Buddha, and ended its earthly perigrinations. A hard discipline, but it seemed to preserve the moral balance between predestination and moral agency, better than some of our orthodox schools. The Christian approaches the grave, with rays of hope streaming into its dark caverns. He regards it as imprisoning only the body; the soul is immortal. Jesus Christ came to bring "Life and immortality to light through the gospel." Christians are not agreed as to the location of Heaven. Some believe it has a definite location; some believe it can be nothing more than a condition.

Writers have advanced almost every theory, and designated almost every place as the original Eden; they have found it at the North Pole and the Ural Mountains, in Mexico and Egypt, in China and the Islands of the Sea. They differ almost as much in

regard to the location of Heaven. There is a goodly number of devout souls who believe this earth shall be our last resting place. I am sure no place could be more Heavenly, if our mountains were viewed through an atmosphere unstained by sin; if our streams flowed through valleys where no sinful foot had ever trod; if our flowers bloomed on hillsides whereon wandered only the pure and undefiled, and every sound and song were unbroken by the discordant notes of man's complaints and profanity. One material objection to this view is that the earth would not be large enough for the habitation of so many millions. Counting from Adam's day to this, the departed myriads would fill every valley and cover every hilltop; but it does not require very much room for man, when the conditions necessary for temporal support are removed. Some mathematical genius has figured out that the State of Texas has sufficient soil to furnish a burial place for all the dead that have gone since creation's morning. He makes a large estimate for the entire population of the globe, and then declares Texas could bury them all and have abundant room for us who remain. If that be true, there must be sufficient room on earth for all the redeemed. If God should see fit to make the earth a Paradise, and so change the climate that every part would be inhabitable, I am sure that the space objection would be removed. I have not the slightest interest myself, to know where Heaven is. We have become accustomed to think of Heaven as above us for two reasons:

First. The physical heavens are above us.

Second. Heaven is a state above and beyond our present condition and it is natural to consider any advanced moral state as above us. I believe in Heaven as a locality, but the moral and spiritual condition is the main thing to be considered in the character of Heaven.

Christ once said, "The kingdom of God is within you." The old question whether man makes his environments or environments make the man, is reopened. Christ seems to take the side of man making his environments. The kingdom of God is not external, but internal. In man's own heart lie, at least the germanal elements for building up of that kingdom. God has created within man material for both Heaven and hell. A marvelous being is man—with possibilities reaching out into the eternity of pleasure and knowledge, and possibilities for the suppression and destruction of

the noble. The condition then is the all important question. Some of our friends believe that all will turn to Jesus for salvation in another world where the influences are all leading them in that direction; but Christ once said, "If men would not hear Moses and the Prophets, they would not listen to one who should rise from the dead, and it is fair to presume that if men will not make a Heaven for themselves in this bright world, they would hardly do it though the Son of God stood above them holding a crown of glory in His hands.

Some are disposed to blame God because it is possible for a human creature to sink into hell. They feel that He is under moral obligations to keep them out of perdition. They forget that as soon as God takes away a man's power to decline, He also removes his power to advance. You may take a tree and sink it ten fathoms deep in the sea and you have preserved it from decay, but at the same time you have taken away its power to grow. We carbonize wood and preserve it. The Irish peat bogs preserve the texture of their oaks for ages and we obtain the famous bog oak, but in every instance the antiseptic qualities are combined with an absence of life. Just as truly would man be an inane, irresponsible being if he should ever be placed where he could not help going to Heaven. We ought to be grateful to God that there is a possibility of reaching Heaven, and that the realities of Heaven are so clear. "I know nothing of the beyond." "It is all a blank." "No one knows any about what is beyond the grave." Such are the expressions of the skeptic and these expressions are voiced after the whole wide world, literary and unlearned, infidel and Christian, past and present, have declared emphatically that life was not worth living if the grave ends all. It seems a stupendous failure of God to create men and nothing beyond this life. Life is a fearful tragedy, with its disappointments, its sorrows, its ruined prospects, its blighted hopes, its innocent pain, if there is no life beyond this.

Addison in his translation of Cato thus speaks:

"It must be so—Plato thou reasonest well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread add inward horror

Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us:
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out the hereafter
 And intimates Eternity to man."

Wordsworth in his ode on immortality writes:

"Though inland far we be
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither."

The Heavenly home will be broader and higher than this. As soon as men become civilized, they leave their huts of mud and straw and build of wood and stone. You can tell something of the character and degree of civilization in any country by studying the character of the houses. Man's soul will likewise expand as it approaches God. We bury the body of dust and mourn; we forget for the moment that the soul has left its earthly tenement to enter a grander structure. Listen to the chambered nautilus:

"Thanks for the message brought by thee
 Child of the wandering sea.
 Cast from her lap forlorn.
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn.
 While on mine ear it rings
 Throughout deep caves of thought
 I hear a voice that sings;—

Build thee more stately mansions, Oh my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll,
 Leave thy low vaulted past,
 Let each new temple nobler than the last
 Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

I like to think of man's soul as free from this cumbrous body. I like to think of surroundings more congenial to man's spiritual nature; to feel that the soul is unchanged and permitted to enter on its flight toward the illimitable. Mourn not beside the cold dead form; it means eternal expansion for the soul. Walk along the fields in early spring, you will find numbers of thin, chellate bulbs, with a membraneous lining inside. They are bursted and empty.

Something has gone out from them. Ah, what a story those empty shells relate. They do not mean vacuity, though they look it. They mean that a grander and more beautiful life has gone forth borne on the wing of the lovely insect, which burst the confines of its gross and earthly covering. An empty tomb meant a risen Savior it brought joy to the watchers and hope to the world. So today as the light of the cross streams into the open grave, it means not death, but life. It means not limited but limitless powers. It means a soul not enshrouded by earth's darkness, but out under the full orb'd light of God. It means a prisoner free. It means the end of vales and mists and mysteries and the beginning of revelation. It means the solution of hard problems; the disentanglement of twisted threads in life's warp and woof which have made the present so uncertain. It means death swallowed up in victory. Mortality has put on immortality and we know what it means to be "sons of God." Many a man in this world has stood before a great problem and felt that it was nearly solved. Just one look, one principle was lacking and it evaded the searching genius of the inventor; but at last the mind grasped the situation, like the old Greek philosopher who rushed from his bath-tub shouting "Eureka." Pallisey confronted such a problem; Edison confronted it. Awkright confronted it; hundreds have confronted it and with aching brains and heavy hearts have waited for more light. Light finally came and the world was blessed with useful inventions. So men stand before great spiritual problems. Huxley thought he had solved the problem of life, but it eluded him. Darwin thought he had solved the order and processes of creation, but a link was lacking. Theologians have thought that they harmonized the whole religion of natural and spiritual law, but there was always something lacking. Old school orthodoxy once thought it had complemented foreordination and free will but the bottom fell out of the plan. There seems to be something not quite clear about all the great questions which pertain to the immortal destiny of the race. We strain, as the inventor strains his brain, to see what is lacking, but unlike him, we do not succeed. We need to come into a higher condition. With him it is mental power undeveloped; with us it is power lacking. Heaven furnishes that power and we shall with our keener sight be able to see clearly where now we see as through a glass darkly.

I think the ultimate goal before most men's minds is independency. Independency means rest. A man may work just as hard after accumulating a fortune as before, but there is a great satisfaction and rest in the thought that he is not compelled to work. The perfect idea of rest is perfect freedom to do what you please and to please to do that which will afford highest pleasure. Rest in mechanics is inaction. Rest to a savage is idleness. Rest to a well ordered mind is the power to act its pleasure. The rest of the soul is its perfect freedom. Here it is fettered. These earthly homes have boundaries and limitations. There is friction in the happiest homes of earth. Every soul that longs for God finds itself hampered here. It chafes beneath its restraint. Paul felt it keenly when he cried out, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Nothing can be more trying to one who desires to be saintly than the encroachment of the flesh. "Oh, when shall I fly away and be at rest," cries David. He was seeking to flee from an unearthly trial which he ought to have borne. Montgomery when he sang:

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground."

Was expressing a cowardly and heathenish sentiment. We are not rebelling at earthly sorrows and vexations, but we are tried because of our sins. Nothing can so fully express rest of soul as the opportunity for all which is best in man to have supremacy. That is what we gain by our struggles here. We live sometimes with our baser nature victor, sometimes our better. It is an awful struggle with many, but they heroically fight on. They fight a good fight and henceforth the crown of righteousness is laid up. After years of conflict they gain an eternity of rest.

If there is one thing above another, which torments us in a great city, it is the omnipresent dust. It is ubiquitous on our streets. It fills the air like a swarm of locusts. It blinds the eyes and smuts the ears and grinds the teeth as we pursue our daily rounds in the grimy streets. Almost every city but Chicago is doing something to remedy it. We talk of the smoke nuisance; we read splendid newspaper articles on the best way to clean our streets, a few women constitute a broom brigade and swoop down on

the filthy highways for a day or two; the men blush,—under the dust cry Hurrah for the women, and that is all it amounts to. We still wade in the mud and dirt, but it annoys us and when we can get a run out for a week and can lie on the clean sand by the sea-shore, and can breathe an atmosphere where the dust and cinders are a minus quantity, we somehow feel not only cleaner in body but cleaner in soul. The same thing troubles our souls in this world as troubles our faces in the dirty city. There is so much that is impure—so much that defiles. So many mad passions run riot in our hearts. So many carnal desires tramp like an army of Titans over our spiritual longings. Oftentimes at the most solemn moment, in the most sacred places, will rush a host of evil thoughts like a troupe of imps mounting the tombs of the saints. Holy men of God have been burdened because evil suggestions would arise even while on their knees in prayer. Luther declared that the devil repeatedly tempted him in his studies and devotions and once he threw an inkstand at the malicious intruder. Paul declared that “When he would do good, evil was present with him.” Evil is omnipresent. As the dust in the air falls on the spotless linen and soils it, so the evil about us falls on our souls and spots them with its impurity. How man longs daily for something absolutely pure. He seeks it and finds it not. The spotless snow which falls in the evening is dust covered in the morning. The crystal ice has gathered weeds and floating animalcules in its bosom. The creamy lilies and snowy immortelles have been eaten and ravished by insects. The very air is filled with miasma. Oh, that we could hie to some mountain top where the everlasting snows are everlastingly pure and where the flowers that blossom at the verge of eternal frost are untouched by insect marauders. Thank God there are heights to which we can ascend and be pure. Not the Alps, not the Andes, not the Himalayas, but by ascending Mount Calvary, taking the cross and climbing the heights of earth. We read of that city where from beneath the throne flows a stream whose waters are as clear as crystal. When John stood on the mountain and looked on the city, he said it had the glory of God and her light was like unto a stone most precious. When the diamond sends its liquid light around we think there is nothing more pure; when the chimney soot falls upon our hand, we think there is nothing more vile. The chimney soot and the diamond are one. Beloved, we are chim-

ney soot now—the native carbon unmetamorphosed. We shall be the diamond by and by—our vile bodies changed and fashioned like unto His own glorious body. Oh, I like to read of the crystal streams, the pearly gates, those streets of gold, the jasper and chalcedony and sapphire and chrysoprasus, but better than all these beautiful things shall be the pure spirit—your pure spirit—my pure spirit, redeemed from sin and made like unto our Lord and Savior, pure, clean, immaculate, stainless, spotless, sinless. “Oh, that will be Heaven for me.” “For there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie.”

The Scriptures plainly teach eternal happiness and eternal punishment. No one seeks to deny the former. Many seek to prove that the latter statement is untrue, but we find a logical difficulty here as we did above. If it is possible for the soul to rise from its condition of woe to a condition of joy, then it must be possible for the soul to lapse into a state of torment. I am inclined to think that while Heaven is eternal, it is not changeless. I am theorizing now, I have not a bit of Scripture to prove it. I question whether the change at the grave is the last change. We are ushered into a state of joy and enlarged vision then, but we continue to pass through these transformatory stages. It may be a continual upward growth. As we study the rocks of earth, we find the lowest forms of animal life gradually developing toward the highest. They did not take one leap from lowest to highest, but passed through successive changes. Again others passed through successive stages of degeneration till they became extinct. It may be that our souls shall pass through such changes and finally be merged in the creative essence of the universe; and it may be that the lost shall continually sink into deeper hell till they are merged into the central evil spirit of the universe. Be that as it may, we shall certainly dwell with our Savior forever and it will be bliss.

“I know not the form of my mansion fair
I know not the name I then shall bear,
But I know that my Savior will welcome me there,
And that will be Heaven for me.”

The joys that charm us most here are not eternal. Does not the bride of just one day tell you they are fleeting? Does not that

mother who bore in pain a beautiful child only to see its love-light go out in a few short weeks tell you that our joys here are not eternal? Sometimes when a peculiar calm and sweet pleasure steals over us, we say: "Would that they could last forever." It cannot, my child, but something better may last forever. For when this earthly tabernacle is dissolved we have a home built with hands eternal in the Heavens. Oh, how grand the word Eternal. As you stand on the cliffs there is a wonderful security in the solid rock at your feet. It cannot fail—Oh, yes, it will crumble, but God is an eternal rock and His throne is forever and ever.

I now close the home series. We began at the childhood home where all must begin. We end at the Heavenly home where all may end. It is a long and wearisome journey with some, but it is a journey full of hope when Heaven completes it.

HER IDEA OF HEAVEN

Two rather pretty girls were snuggled into a corner of the car that I happened to take, and, as the only vacant strap dangled just above their heads, I had to hold on to it, and overheard a conversation not intended for a third person. However, I shan't give the girl any uneasiness by repeating what was not intended for publication, but one remark made by the prettier of the two struck me with particular force, it was so deliciously frivolous. "Well, tomorrow's Sunday," observed No. 1, in a tone of regret. "Yes," assented No. 2, "shall you go to church?" "No-o," hesitating. "I think ——— has such horrid ideas about Heaven. Now, I like to think you have everything you want in Heaven. To my mind, it ought to be a place of unlimited long kid gloves!"

A BETTER COUNTRY

Why are emigrants coming to our shores at the rate of over a thousand a day? They make great sacrifices. They leave old associates and associations and go to a strange land. The motive that draws them hither is stated in Hebrews 11:16: "They seek a better country." They believe that in America they will find a freer government, cheaper homes, higher wages, the necessities of life in greater abundance, and exemption from many of the burdens that oppress them in their native land. We do not wonder that all who know of this Canaan of the nineteenth century long to come to it. Few will realize all their glowing anticipations, but the great majority will be repaid a thousand fold for the sacrifices they make.

But God tells us that there is a country still better than this—a country to which bands of pilgrims have been pressing their way, through many trials and temptations, for more than 5,000 years. He calls it a "Heavenly" country, and finally, a city which He hath prepared for these pilgrims. And in order to further stimulate and encourage them He gives a description of the city in the 21st and 22d chapters of Revelation. Let us turn to those chapters and learn some of the attractions of the better country.

1. Its government will be the best possible. "The throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it." God, Who is Love, Jesus of Nazareth, Who died to save sinners, will personally direct all the affairs and watch over all the interests of that city. The law administered will be the law of love. The administration will not only be pure and impartial, but gentle and paternal. There will be no conflict of authority, no clash of jarring interests, no favoritism and no oppression. If any citizen is tempted to think that he has not all his rights and privileges he can appeal directly to the gentle Jesus on His throne. His loving Lord, infinite in wisdom and in power, will not fail to hear and help him. We do not need to know in detail the charter and the ordinances of the New Jerusalem. "The throne of God and the Lamb means the presence of truth, purity, justice, and love, that are omniscient and omnipotent.

2. Its police and sanitary arrangements will be perfect. There will be "no night there," tempting vice and crime to revel while the virtuous and industrious sleep. "And there shall be no more curse." No allurements to evil, such as abound in this world. And the streets will be of pure gold, and, lest even that might possibly be defiled, there will flow all along it a pure river of water of life proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb. Perpetual light shining on a stream which rolls in a golden channel! What a system of guardianship and of sewage is symbolized here! And added to this we have the positive statement that there shall enter into that city nothing that defileth. All material and moral garbage will be excluded by the watchfulness and power of Him Who sits upon the throne. And, as the result of this perfect supervision, we are told that there shall be "no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." No need of hospitals or asylums or cemeteries. The citizens will enjoy perfect health and live forever.

3. Its supply of food will be the best possible. All along the street on both sides, trees of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, or yielding fruit each month. Here are symbolized freshness, abundance and variety. With trees of life and the water of life before every mansion, truly "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." The city will be a garden like that which God planted eastward in Eden, filled with whatever is pleasant to the sight and good for food (Genesis 2:9). All the wants of its inhabitants will be supplied without any toil or care.

4. But the great superiority of this city will be in its society. Its inhabitants will not be divided in castes and classes, as in our earthly cities. There will be no shuns within the jasper walls. All will be equal, and will be pure and holy. All will be children of one common Father, and dwell together as brethren of Christ. "The kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it." This does not mean the puppets and tyrants who have worn crowns here, but the men of royal character—the great and the good of earth. We will meet them all up there. We will see Moses, with his wonder-working rod; David, with his harp; Elisha, with Elijah's mantle; John the Baptist, in his raiment of camel's hair, and Paul, with his thorn in the flesh. We shall not only see afar off such kingly men, but we shall talk with them about their lives on earth.

and what they have learned in Heaven. O to meet, as we go up and down that golden street, or stand before the throne, the noblest intellects of all the ages; to listen to the conversation of the saints, from Adam and Enoch down to the last of the missionaries and the martyrs; to feel that we are not intruders in the celestial circles in which they move; but are "all one in Christ!" Will not this be the perfection of social life? How poor and mean the noblest reunions of earth compared with that of the glorified! Do we ever find unalloyed happiness in the best society here? Is there not always a shadow over the brightest circle? Do not the people whom we have most longed to meet disappoint us when we meet them? It will not be so up there. The imperfections of this life will be put off with our mortal bodies. We will all be radiant in the light of God, and the wisest will be as meek and as gracious to the lowliest as Christ was when on the earth. Think of the choicest spirits of the ages made perfect in holiness and then brought together to blend their light in the presence of God and the Lamb, and you will begin to get some conception of the companionship of the saints in glory.

"A better country;" yea, verily, the best of all countries. And to it we all may go. Who would stay forever, if he could, in this world of sin and sorrow? Who would not deny himself—forsake, if need be, his kindred and his dearest earthly friends—in order to secure a home in this celestial city? Who would not join the great company that has been sojourning by faith since the days of Abraham, dwelling here as in tents, not fixing their affections on earthly things, but looking "for a city which has foundations, whose maker and builder is God?"

In a little while the voyage that we call life will be over. Soon we will be landed or stranded on an unknown shore. Shall we find it such a country as we dreamed about and longed for while sailing over stormy seas? All depends upon the ship we embark in, the captain and pilot in whom we trust.—Interior.

PLENTY MORE LIKE HIM

[Scene. Bank of Heaven, New Jerusalem. Angels as cashier, tellers, clerks, etc. A messenger calls at paying teller's window and presents a check.]

Messenger—A gentleman, compelled suddenly to leave his own land on account of his health, wants to draw some gold, so that he can travel or take up his residence in this country.

Teller (looking carefully at check)—Don't remember the name somehow. Has Mr. Van der Bilt a deposit here?

Messenger—Oh, undoubtedly! He is worth two hundred million dollars or more, and his check is good anywhere.

Teller (very agreeably)—Ah, indeed! We shall be very happy to do business with the gentleman. Here, Jerry (to deposit clerk), see if this is all right on your books.

Clerk Jerry McAuley (glancing at check)—Pshaw, no! Why, I've known him a long time, before I left New York, and he never laid up anything in this bank. Put it all into government bonds and safe railroad stocks, and let us poor fellows get along and save the lost ones as best we could. Can't find his name here at all, you see.

Teller (to messenger, regretfully)—Very sorry, sir, but the gentleman seems to have made no remittances to this bank. Very unfortunate indeed, that he should have left all his money in New York. Good day, sir!

What soothes suffering, what sanctifies labor, what makes a man good, strong, wise, patient, benevolent, just, and at the same time humble and great, worthy of liberty, is to have before him the perpetual vision of a better world casting its rays through the darkness of this life.

OVER THE RIVER

DEDICATED TO MRS. A. C. BLACKMAN

Over the river with the great I Am,
Whose love for his creatures no mortal can span,
With harps all attuned, in the Heavenly choir,
Are thy dear ones, at rest, on the evergreen shore,
Singing praises to God for His wonderful love
In redeeming lost souls for His bright home above.

Over the river, could we list to the strain,
Their glad song, methinks, with its cheering refrain,
Would echo the sounds from the isles of the blest,
"Weep not, dearest mother, we are resting sweet rest
In the beautiful city of jasper and gold,
We had heard of its splendors, but the half was not told."

The pleasures of earth and its cares, like a dream,
Passed away ere ever we entered the stream,
And faith, like a star full of Heaven's own light,
Shone in to dispel the darkness of night,
And through the dim vista, was a solace so sweet,
That death lost its terrors, in the victory complete.

Over the river to the dazzling throne,
Thine earth-born treasures soared one by one,
'Till naught remains of thy cherished three,
Save memories more sacred than life to thee.
But Christ this blessed assurance has given,
All the ransomed are safe in the kingdom of Heaven.

Over the river, we are hastening on,
And soon 'twill be said, they are gone, all gone.
They are beckoning us over, the bright angel band,
"Calling us away to the better land."
From the ocean of time, to the endless sea,
We are passing away to Eternity.

Then weep not, bereaved one, though night precedes noon,
There's a light in the window of Heaven's high dome.
"The gate stands ajar," weary souls may pass through,
There's a pardon for all, and a bright home for you.
That stars in thy crown of rejoicing may shine,
Be faithful 'till death, and the victory is thine.

—L. M. T. C.

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN

BY THE REV. E. W. CASWELL

"And I say unto you, many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of Heaven."—Matthew 8:11.

What a blessed boon is life. How much more blessed to know we shall live forever! And that we shall love and commune with loved ones and the holy of all ages in the life beyond. The desire to live and the longings of love are the strongest proofs of both immortality and Heavenly recognition. Man is unconscious of mortality and the animal of immortality. Instinct leads each to their God-given destiny. Klondikers would not load a ship with gold to sink it in mid-ocean. Surely God is as wise as His children. He will bring the treasure ship Zion into the desired haven and land its precious freight on the eternal shore. An infidel once said: "If I could be sure of a hereafter and know that I should meet the loved ones gone before, I would crawl on my hands and knees from New York to San Francisco, just to gain that certainty." On his knees before God, every infidel can attain that blessed consciousness of immortality and loving fellowship with the Holy as light divine flashes through his being.

The followers of Jesus do not go to Heaven by the way of the grave; they do not die! they are not buried! They only lay aside the garments of the flesh when they hear the Crucified One exclaim: "This day shalt thou be one with me in Paradise," and rise to be forever with the Lord. Blessed be God! The multitude of the holy are not unclothed, but clothed upon "that mortality might be swallowed up of life, absent from the body and present with the Lord."

Christ has conquered death; it hath no dominion over Him. Samson-like, He hath borne away the gates of death and victorious thousands are marching every day through the open passageway, joining the armies of saints and angels on the plains of immortal glory. We look forward to the time when He shall come with ten thousand of His saints, not angels, and when we shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, and the whole family in Heaven and on earth be united forever.

Let us note another objection, namely, that if we know our loved ones in glory there will be some prodigal ones we shall miss and thus our happiness will be impaired. But if we do not know each other we would be eternally ignorant as to whether any of our loved ones were saved. Would not such suspense be far greater agony than to know one of the dear ones was lost?

We will now notice some of the voices which speak in proof of future recognition. The voice of Reason speaks of the fact of personal identity in the present and therefore in the future world. Future rewards and punishment demand that your individuality remain unchanged by death. Blot out your individuality and you blot out virtue and truth. Memory is also a part which must survive or there is no Judgment Day. Identity and memory prove future recognition. Reason, as well as the Word of God, tells us that "It is not good for man to be alone." Heaven is represented as a family, a society; and hell a solitude.

Sin disintegrates, holiness unites. Love implies companionship, fellowship, friendship. The hermit life is like a prison cell—a hell on earth, unworthy the name of life. God Himself is not alone. The Son and Holy Spirit unite with the Father with infinite fellowships in the home circle of the God-head. Think of a solitary archangel worshiping before the eternal throne with no other creature on the same plane of being to love him and worship with him! He would be a being worthy of universal pity. The text anticipates the gathering of the whole family of God around the Heavenly table when Jesus comes again. That when He is there they may be also that they may behold His glory and join "the general assembly of the church of the first born written in Heaven," and come "to the spirits of just men made perfect."

The multitudes around the banqueting table in glory today love us still and wait our coming. Heaven will not be complete until we get home. Blessed be God! Heaven is home! It is our "Father's house," where we shall know even as we are known. What is home without loved ones? Golden streets and jasper walls, crowns of glory and palms of victory, do not make our Heavenly home, any more than an empty palace on earth, is worthy the name of home.

The larger part of the world's sorrow comes from bereavement. Earthly homes break up and fly away to Heaven. The

beloved companion goes and the home is in desolation; a young man is carried out, the only son of his mother and she a widow. Then the little cherubs sometimes tarry only a little while, and, watching them on their upward flight, Heaven seems nearer than ever before.

Turn now to the voice of revelation, where we shall find floods of light upon this glorious theme. Behold the transfiguration scene! What a picture of the life beyond! The vail of humanity is lifted, to behold the glorious divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. He is unveiled—transfigured! Moses and Elijah, representing embodied and disembodied spirits, appear as ministers from the court of Heaven to attest the divine mission of our Lord. Peter, James and John, representatives from on earth, gaze upon the celestial visitors with wonder and delight. They knew them by introduction or spiritual intuition. They hold converse together about Christ's decease at Jerusalem, and no doubt about the glorious life in the world of spirits until the joyous Peter was determined to build tabernacles that he might retain those Heavenly visitants and perpetuate the blessed fellowship. Those disciples never again doubted the truth of Heavenly recognition.

No doubt, the most joyous thought that filled the minds of Peter, James and John as they descended that holy mount was, though we cannot build tabernacles to keep these Heavenly heroes in here, they are building homes for us over there and we shall go to them though they may never again return to us.

In Paul's letter to the Thessalonians he gives a vivid view of the blessed reunions awaiting the children of God. Paul, who was caught up into the third Heaven, who saw and heard things impossible to describe and who ever afterward had a desire to depart and be with Christ, says: "For the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Yes, we shall be caught up together with those long since passed from our sight—loved ones together with departed ones

from our own fireside, together with converts whom we were instrumental in leading to the Savior; together with all the holy who have lived from the beginning of the world, that we may dwell in a perfected society in glorious fellowship and be forever with the Lord.

Jesus seemed to be standing in the presence of the spirit world. Angels attended Him at His birth, strengthened Him in the wilderness and in Gethsemane. They watched by His sepulchre and conveyed Him home to glory. Let us not think it strange when the dying saints see the Heavens open as Stephen did, and behold with immortal vision blessed loved ones accompanying the angels commissioned to bear them to glory.

Lastly, let us notice some of the practical benefits arising from belief in future recognition. Paul says: "Comfort one another with these words," and who needs comfort more than earth's bereaved millions?

The idea that the loved and blest with the holy angels watch us, guard us, and wait for us in the Heavenly world, is an inspiration to greater activity, holiness and devotion on our part. What a thrill of new power Elisha felt when he saw the multitudes of Heavenly beings attending him and sustaining him against the whole Syrian army. Well might he shout, "They that be with us are more than they that be with them." What fearless soldiers of the cross all Christians might become if they could but realize that they are only the advance guard of the myriad hosts of the armies of the skies.

Paul realized a wonderful thrill of holy zeal and power, when, after painting the portraits of many ancient worthies in that wonderful eleventh chapter of Hebrews and realizing that they were then gazing down upon him from the upper galleries watching and attending him while he was running the race for the prize; overwhelmed with this wonderful vision the great apostle in the twelfth chapter burst forth with one of his most eloquent passages: "Wherefore seeing we are also compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us looking unto Jesus."

Would you live a life of entire holiness freed from every weight and sin? Would you look only unto Jesus? Then look often toward the unseen and realize that the arms of loved ones are around you, pulling you to the skies; that you are not only a pilgrim of earth, but an inhabitant of glory, and, as you gaze, you will exclaim: "Let me be holy, for yonder company are robed in spotless white." We gaze too much upon things near us, and the near view is often dark, dusty and doleful; but, oh, the beyond! How it lifts our drooping spirits up and makes of our earth a Heaven! Lift up your eyes unto the Heavenly hills whence cometh your help.

Every sinner's repentant cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," reverberates throughout the courts of the Heavenly temple till the parent beholds the child, or the child the parent, bowing at the cross and rising numbered with the redeemed. "For I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." The mighty tides of Protestantism and Methodism as they sweep over the earth excite higher emotions of joy in the hearts of Luther and the Wesleys. Heaven and earth are nearer than continents united by electric cable. God's children are one family; His republic one government.

We are truly a race of travelers, having no continuing city. Strangers and sojourners as were all our fathers. Our days here are a shadow, a handbreadth; yonder shines one eternal day. "Death does not end all," it is only the beginning! Afflictions are but for a moment compared to the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Separations only mean that your beloved has gone home to gaze upon the "King in His beauty" and await your coming to the Heavenly mansion. Death signifies that you have gone to the "building of God, the house not made with hands eternal in the Heavens." Life has been appropriately pictured as a voyage as well as a journey. Some reach the haven at sunrise, others in the early morning, many at noon, but all land by evening time. More than three thousand every hour step upon the shores of eternity.

Yonder upon the throne of His glory is the One altogether lovely, chief among ten thousand. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." There are the glorious company of martyrs! the noble army of apostles! the goodly fellowship of prophets and beyond an in-

numerable company and I a poor sinner escaped from sin and death, from sorrow and pain, am to know and dwell with the blood washed out of the universe forever and forever! What a moment in the history of an immortal!

“O, change! Oh, wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars:
This moment there, so low, so agonized;
The next beyond the stars.

“O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God’s elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!”

Shall any one dread to land upon that golden shore? Any one who will draw back at the sight of Jesus and loved ones? Crying for a hiding place from the presence of His glory? O! today listen to the voice of mercy. Come to the family of God and be numbered with the redeemed. Christian believer, art thou weary with sorrow, heavy laden with separation, cast down with loneliness; gaze toward the faces that look back upon you. See, they beckon you homeward. Soon the white winged messengers will come for your spirit and will whisper to your soul, “Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. In my Father’s house are many mansions.” “Come, ye blessed of my Father, come up higher. That where I am there ye may be also.”—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

It is said that when Napoleon took his bride from Austria to France he caused every article in the rooms she had dwelt in, in her childhood’s home, to be transferred to her new abode, so that on her arrival everything should be familiar and, thus, the transition to another land be made more easy. So, while mere earthly objects are not transferred to Heaven, yet, by God’s calling one and another of prized associates and kindred from earth we, ourselves, shall find Heaven more attractive and home-like.

GOD'S HOUSE

BY THE REV. DR. H. M. KING

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2.

The hearts of Christ's disciples were greatly troubled. The fact of His speedy departure, and their consequent loneliness and exposure to persecution were matters of sober and most oppressive thought. Christ was soon to leave them in some tragic way, to be torn from them by the hand of violence, in circumstances in which they could not follow Him, if they would, aye, rather, in which the foremost among them would be guilty of a cowardly denial of his Master. Instead of His counsel and protection they would have simply a rite which He had just instituted for their observance, which would commemorate His death to the end of time. Instead of His presence there would be an inexpressible sense of loss. Instead of the inspiration and comfort of His life, there would be the constant memorial of His death. Instead of living with Him in daily and helpful fellowship, their eyes would see Him no more; He would be gone from their sight, they knew not where. Would His love be buried in the sleep of the grave, where His sympathies could never reach them, and His thought for them never come back? Would the dearest friend they had ever had, on whom they had hung their all of hope and joy for two worlds, be lost to them forever? Were ever men's hearts so cast down and overwhelmed with trouble as theirs in view of Christ's departure?

Then Christ spoke to them those wonderfully consolatory words, covering their present need of comfort and wisdom and strength, and the far-reaching world beyond this, the coming Spirit to guide them in their service and to convict the world of sin, and His own continued and unceasing interest and activity in their behalf. He would be out of sight, but not out of life, out of this world, but not out of God's world, beyond the earthly home, but busy preparing the Heavenly home for their welcome. He lifted their tear-dimmed vision up to God's universal sovereignty and ownership, and to His own undying interest and service in their behalf. He would have them know that all worlds were

within the compass of God's kingdom, that this life was but the preface to the immortal life, and earth but the vestibule to Heaven.

"Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, the ever living God; believe also in Me, the ever living Christ." There are other worlds than this, habitable and numerous, and they are all in God's house. "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

Christ's words refer primarily, of course, to the mansions of immortality; but they imply that all places are God's dwelling place, that where He is, that where His creatures are, there is God's house; that in this world and in all worlds, in this life and the next, God's ownership is supreme and unquestionable.

Let us look at some of the many mansions of God.

1. This material universe is God's world. The declarations of the Word of God as to the creation of the world by an intelligent and omnipotent Being are numerous and convincing. They are in harmony with the teachings of the clearest reason and the profoundest science. "In the beginning God created the Heavens and the earth." "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." "Before the mountains were brought forth, or even Thou hadst formed the earth and the world." "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." "Every house is builded by some man, but He that built all things is God." No house plans itself. No house builds itself. Behind the house is the architect. In the erection of the house are the hand and the activity of the builder. The absurdest phenomenon conceivable would be a house which built itself, which no man planned and no man constructed. An atheistic evolution which seeks to account for all things without God, by the operation of unintelligent and undirected forces, is the most absurd and unscientific notion that ever found place in human thinking. Men may discuss about methods and processes, but the only truth that can long find hospitality in sane minds is that God is the Author and Creator of all visible things. This world is a creation. This world is God's house. Everywhere may be seen carved upon it in conspicuous and ineffaceable letters—"Deus fecit." Its laws, its forces, its smallest atoms, its largest spheres; its life, its inhabitant, no matter how many other globes besides our earth may be inhabited, are all

God's. This earth He has made for the habitation of man, its rocky foundations, its carpet of vegetation and flowers, its abundance of nourishing fruits and grains, which fill every autumn with a prolonged glad harvest-song, its life-giving atmosphere, its refreshing springs, its musical streams, its granite pillars, its roof filled with starry worlds with the sun to rule by day and the moon by night, all these for the habitation of man. And yet it is only leased to him for a limited period and on certain conditions, and is not his habitation to the exclusion of God. The Builder and owner still occupies the house. His invisible spirit dwells in every chamber. He sustains it, He controls it, He governs it, He fills it.

Earth's crammed with Heaven,
And every bush aflame with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

The immanence of God is one of the most impressive truths of revelation, and is receiving fresh emphasis in modern thought. We are all living in God's house. It is a double tenement house. We occupy it jointly with God. For He is not a God afar off, but near at hand. God has never vacated the house which He has made. It is man's duty to acknowledge the Owner of the tenement which he occupies, and His claims upon him. The title is still with God. We are tenants at His will. God is the permanent occupant.

2. And this leads to the suggestion of another important thought and another use of the phrase, "God's house." Lest men should forget the supreme ownership of God, and that the universe is His palatial residence, He has ordained that men everywhere should erect houses, which should be especially consecrated to Him, the symbols of His presence and places for His intelligent and voluntary worship. "Let them build Me a sanctuary that I may dwell among them." This has been not only the distinct command of God, but the prompting of the religious nature of man. And in all human history, men led by this prompting, sometimes in the dark and sometimes in the light, sometimes in the shadow of a blind superstition, and sometimes in the clear light of an intelligent faith, have erected altars, shrines, mosques, pagodas, temples, cathedrals, meeting houses, in recognition of a Supreme Being, who has to do with this world and its inhabitants, with their joys and

sorrows, their present condition and their future prospects, with their life, their death, and their eternal destiny. These houses, more or less elaborate and costly, as simple as a pile of stones, as beautiful as a carved miracle, have been the expression of the people's faith that God is in His world, and have kindled their reverence, and aroused their fears, and confirmed their faith in the spiritual and the eternal, and won their sacred affections, and made God an ever present help, and reality to the soul. It was the Jewish Psalmist who said, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." And it was the expression of his sublimest faith and his loftiest desire when he exclaimed, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Men strangely and wickedly pervert the purpose of this visible house of God, when they treat it as if it enclosed God, shut Him in within narrow walls, and shut Him out of the great world which He has made, and of that great tract of life which they are pleased to call "secular." These little visible sanctuaries, scattered in city and country, are but the many mansions in the one great house of God. Here the thought of God's presence should be so intensified in the soul, that men should go forth to find Him everywhere, in the field and in the highway, in the sunshine and in the storm, in the blushing flower and in the burning star, in the home and in the place of business, in every spot and in every relation and experience in life. This house of God has been erected that under its shadow all homes should become houses of prayer. This atmosphere is filled with the stillness and the notes of worship, that the din of business and the hum of industry should be converted into acceptable praise unto God. This service of prayer and preaching has been instituted that the whole round of daily toil and business should be as sacred as the service of the sanctuary. This little acre of ground has been consecrated to God and religion that men might recognize God's empire throughout the city, and the nation, and the world. He who truly finds God here, will find Him everywhere. He who truly worships God here, will seek to make all his life one continued act, of devotion.

3. But we may come a little nearer home. God has other houses than that which the material creation furnishes, and other mansions than those which are constructed of wood and stone.

“Know ye not that ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?” So says the inspired apostle. And again he says, “For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be My people.” Men stumble at the mystery of the incarnation, how God could join Himself to human nature in the person of Jesus Christ, could tabernacle in the flesh and dwell among men, subjecting Himself to certain human limitations, and all the while be seen to be living the life of God in a world of sin. This fact of revelation has consecrated this body of ours forever. It was once the dwelling place of the Son of God, and for that very reason should be forever set apart to holy uses, free from all the defilement of sin, a fit instrument for the service of Him who used it, and occupied it, and transfigured it, and redeemed it, and glorified it in Heaven forever. But we have more than a past fact, glorious as it was, to excite our wonder and impel us to holiness, and fill us with gratitude to God. We have a present, living reality. In every devout heart God dwells by His Spirit. Christ said, “If a man love Me, he will keep My words; and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him and make Our abode with him.” Not only is it true that God has been our dwelling place in all generations; but it is equally true that man has been God’s dwelling place in all generations. “Ye are the temple of the living God.” Oh, sacred and blessed mystery, second only to the incarnation itself, too little realized by any of us, yet upon which all spiritual life and strength and hope depend! This body is God’s temple, to be kept pure and sacred, and to be consecrated only to holy uses. All sin, all impurity, all uncleanness of habit and life, all unchastity, all intemperance is sacrilege and a defilement of God’s house, and subjects the perpetrators to the direst penalty. “If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.”

“What secret place, what distant star,
Is like, dread Lord, to thine abode?
Why dwellest thou from us so far?
We yearn for Thee, Thou hidden God.

To us, vain searchers after God,
To us the Holy Ghost doth come;
From us Thou hidest Thine abode;
But Thou wilt make our souls Thy home."

God in the human soul! The Holy Spirit enshrined in this body of flesh! Man a partaker of the divine nature! This frail body, subject to weakness and temptation, to disease and death, a temple of the living God! Let it be kept undefiled, filled with the atmosphere of holy love, from whose altar shall ascend each day the incense of devout and acceptable worship. "Wouldst thou worship God in a temple? Be thyself a temple."

4. But we must pass now from the visible to the invisible mansions in God's house, the many mansions of immortality. Christ's thought reached out into the future and the unseen. Immortality is no conjecture. Heaven is no unsubstantial dream, to delude weary souls, to inspire them with beautiful and golden sunset visions, which shall prove to be only thin as vapor and light as air. There is a future existence, a life beyond this, as real as this and more enduring, where we shall still be under the roof of our Father's house, and the many mansions shall shine not as distant windows in the light of the setting sun, but in the fadeless brightness and glory of immortality. "If it were not so," said Christ, if any such awful calamity awaited you as non-existence, annihilation, eternal sleep, I would not have left you in ignorance, "I would have told you." The faith of Christendom in a future life rests today and evermore, immovably on the unimpeachable testimony of the Son of God. This life is the dream-life, where everything in its very nature is transient and fleeting. That life is the real and the true life, whose realities shall be indestructible, and unshaken forever. "The world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." The dead are still in God's house, and in that house are the real, the permanent mansions of the soul.

There will be the new body which will be more truly the temple of God than this body is, for in it no unholy incense will ever be offered. It is difficult for us to conceive of disembodied spirits, of spirits floating in space, formless, imponderable, ethereal, unrecognizable. Nor are we left to this incomprehensible and unsatisfying notion of the life to come. "House" and "mansions"

convey to us definite ideas. Whatever views you may take of the nature and process of the resurrection, we are told that Christ will change the body of our humiliation, and make it like unto His own glorious body. Here we have a body of flesh and blood, weak, subject to pain and disease, decay and death, yet suited to the world of sense in which we live. There we shall have a body like unto the resurrection body of Jesus Christ, free from pain and shame, just suited to the uses of the redeemed and sinless spirit, our beautiful and everlasting home, and the temple still of Him who filleth all and is in all. We may not photograph it, but we know that this which is sown in corruption is raised in incorruption, which is sown in dishonor is raised in glory, which is sown in weakness is raised in power, which is sown a natural body is raised a spiritual body. Great and marvelous will be the change, and though our conceptions must in the nature of things be indefinite until it comes, we know that "when He appeareth we shall be like Him" and that "We shall be satisfied when we awake with His likeness." Our faith may be as positive and precious and comforting as was the faith of the apostle Paul, when he declared, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from Heaven; if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." As the magnificent temple was to the tabernacle which preceded it, so shall be the new building of God which awaits us, to the earthly house which we leave behind. As men sometimes remove the narrow, humble home of their early life into the splendid mansion of their affluent years, supplied with every comfort, and adorned with all that art can give, so, and infinitely more, shall be the removal of the soul from the earthly tenement of clay to its permanent mansion in the sky. The glory of this latter house shall indeed be greater than of the former.

While, therefore, we may not try to describe all that Christ's words mean when He said, "In My Father's house are many mansions," we know that, first, the life beyond this will be in the home of God. Heaven is God's house. Our precious dead are still in

God's house and under His care. And although this world, too, is God's house, we are, in a sadly true sense, pilgrims and strangers here; but there it will be like the gathering of the children who have been scattered abroad, under the ancestral roof on some great Thanksgiving Day, to receive the Father's welcome and blessing.

The words of Christ, also, reveal to us the reality of the life beyond this. To many persons Heaven is but a dream, the unreal figment of the imagination, and the life beyond this but the vapory realm of bodiless spirits dwelling in castles of air. But mansions are real things. They give to us the idea of solidity. They have substance in them, and weight, and visibility and reality. And this is in perfect harmony with other descriptions of the future home of the redeemed. It is represented as a city with massive walls, and gates of pearl, and streets of gold, as a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God. Figurative language indeed, but it sets before us the substantial nature of the life beyond this. There are some deluded people, who now deny the existence of matter, and profess to believe that the things that strike them, and hurt them, and crush them, have no substance and no reality, but only seem to be, and are but mental impressions; indeed, that they are not hurt and crushed by them, but only think they are. To such people of course Heaven, earth, cities, mansions, they themselves, are only nonentities, and are not worth thinking about. But to sane people earth is real, and Heaven is real, and the picture which Christ paints of the next world, lifts it out of the region of illusion and hallucination into the realm of fact and reality and actual existence.

And Christ's word "mansions" signifies also permanence as well as reality. Our present homes are little more than tents, in which we tarry but a night. Few of us spend our brief life in the home, where we first saw the light of day. Most of us have already had many places which we have called homes, and have sought to make worthy of that sacred name. But here we have no continuing city. We look for one to come. "Those abodes will be abiding places, places where they will remain homes," mansions of hallowed joy, of undisturbed rest, of permanent occupancy and possession. Heaven is the only home of the soul.

And those mansions will be "many." God's family will be a large one, which no man can number, and there will be no lack of

accommodation. There will be ample room in the Father's house for all who love Him. While the work of penitence and faith is going on here, the work of construction is going on there. He who made this world, with its continents and seas, for man's temporary abode, is making that world, with its many mansions, for his eternal dwelling place. "I go to prepare a place for you."

Make these present homes God's homes. Recognize His presence in them, and fill them with the atmosphere of Heaven. Live as those who belong to two worlds. Remember that you are immortals. Fail not to find welcome at last in the many mansions of the Father's house.

HEREAFTER

BY JAMES S. GREENE

O land beyond the setting sun!
O realm more fair than poet's dream!
How clear thy silvery streamlets run,
How bright thy golden glories gleam!

Earth holds no counterpart of thine,
The dark-browed Orient, jewel-crowned,
Pales as she bows before thy shrine,
Shaded in mystery so profound.

The dazzling north, the stately west,
Whose rivers flow from mount to sea;
The south, flower-wreathed in languid rest,
What are they all compared with thee?

All lands, all realms beneath yon dome,
Where God's own hand hath hung the stars,
To thee with humblest homage come,
O world beyond the crystal bars!

Thou blest Hereafter! Mortal tongue
Hath striven in vain thy speech to learn,
And fancy wanders, lost among
The flowery paths for which we yearn.

But well we know that fair and bright,
Far beyond human ken or dream,
Too glorious for our feeble sight,
The skies of cloudless azure beam.

We know thy happy valleys lie
In green repose supremely blest;
We know against thy sapphire sky
Thy mountain peaks sublimely rest.

And sometimes even now we catch
Faint gleamings from the far-off shore,
And still with eager eyes we watch
For one sweet sign or token more.

For oh, the deeply loved are there!
The brave, the fair, the good, the wise,
Who pined for that serener air,
Nor shunned thy solemn mysteries.

There are the hopes that one by one
Died even as we gave them birth:
The dreams that passed ere well begun,
Too dear, too beautiful for earth.

The aspirations strong of wing,
Aiming at heights we could not reach;
The songs we tried in vain to sing;
The thoughts too vast for human speech;

Thou hast them all, Hereafter! Thou
Shalt keep them safely till that hour
When with God's seal on heart and brow,
We claim them in immortal power.

—Inter-Ocean.

INSINCERE TWADDLE

Dr. Gordon, the retired prophet of Dr. W. J. Dawson's "A Prophet in Babylon," says: "I have no patience with the common talk of good people about wanting to go to Heaven. It is the insincere kind of twaddle. No healthy-minded man dies except with infinite reluctance. The world is much too interesting for any man to wish to leave it who can be of any use to it. Do you remember Goethe's scornful question, 'Why should a man who has work to do want to ramble off into Eternity?'"

THE HOPE OF HEAVEN AS A MOTIVE

BY THE REV. F. A. NOBLE, D.D.

We are living in strange times. Not in times wholly bad. Not in times without promise of improvement in the near future. But just now things are a good deal out of gear. There is an ominous rattle in the machinery. Agitation, unrest, misgiving, discussion, revivals of old and exploded theories, suggestions of new and untried schemes, mark the hour. In industrial, political and religious spheres alike there is running to and fro; and no man is sharp sighted enough to foresee exactly what may be the next wild guess advanced, or remedy proposed, or rampant fanaticism illustrated. In the end good will come of it all. Meantime, however, there will be not a few rude notions to be corrected, and not a few mutilated truths to be restored to their integrity.

One of the perils associated with the hot and passionate thinking and snapshot conclusions of these exciting days, lies in the tendency to underestimate the value of the hope of Heaven as a motive to right action. In the application of Christianity to society, under what its exponents are pleased to call the new views of the kingdom, remarks are made and positions are taken, which, even though not so intended, seem to imply little less than utter contempt for those incentives to righteousness which have their source in the world to come. As though it were not possible for these men to carry two ideas in their heads at once, they practically insist on placing all the emphasis on this life and leaving the life which is to be lived out beyond these earthly horizons to shift for itself.

But this is to ignore a patent fact of the New Testament. In the gospels and in the epistles both worlds are kept in view, and stress is laid on the future as well as on the present. In any true conception of the Christian character the man who is best fitted to meet the responsibilities and duties of existence here and now is best fitted for the experiences of existence in the open presence of our Lord in the great hereafter. So, too, in any true conception of the Christian character, the man who is best fitted for trans-

lation into the joy and glory of the invisible realm is best fitted for witnessing for Christ and helping humanity under our bodily limitations. The two ideas go together. The Scriptures, moreover, never commit the folly of attempting to separate them, or to lay stress on one at the expense of the other.

In the Sermon on the Mount in which Jesus told men in what temper they must walk if they would fulfil the law and be the true children of the Father. He did not hesitate to direct their attention to the Heavenly recompense they would be sure to receive for their fidelity. In certain circumstances men are to endure persecution, and even be exceeding glad in it; but in return for it, or as the result of it, they are to have a great reward in Heaven. Paul was filled with gratitude to God in behalf of the Colossian disciples because of the hope which was laid up for them in the Heavens. They had a motive in their Christian life which he located beyond the grave. This same apostle had an intense longing to depart and be with Christ,—to be with Christ, that is, in some closer and more intimate sense than is possible to one who is still in the flesh, which he thought was far better, and his soul seemed to be always in a glow of enthusiastic anticipation in view of the disclosures to be made to him and the happiness to be realized when he should see no longer in a mirror darkly, but face to face; and know no longer in part, but even as also he had been known. Peter speaks of an inheritance, to which men have a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, which is incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, preserved in Heaven, for those who by the power of God are guarded through faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. It is not difficult to conceive the greeting one would have met had he ventured to suggest to the Great Teacher and the inspired apostles that they make no reference to the life beyond in their efforts to get human souls into right relations to God. A man who has faith in the Son of God may be never so honest and whole-souled and glad in his Christian service here in the world, yet it will be impossible for him not to think, and to think at times with intense longing, of the crown of righteousness which is laid up for him, and which he is to receive when the good fight has been fought out, and his earthly course has been finished. It is not well to try to be finer and loftier than the Scriptures.

Besides, man was created for an immortal destiny. Within him there throbs the pulse of an endless being. We are on this side of the valley of the shadow only for a moment; we are on the other side forever and ever. While here the main business of every Christian man and woman is evident. Each disciple is bound by obligations the most sacred to win just as many souls to the faith as he can, and to build up just as many souls as he can in righteous character, and to do his best to make the world about him beautiful with the beauty of holiness and alive with the life of God. But it does not follow from this that the eye is never to be lifted to the shining walls of the Heavenly Jerusalem. There is something wrong in our perspective if man does not grow larger to the view as we lift him up and look at him in the light of the gateway of eternity. In aiming to better man on the side of his material conditions and relations we must be careful not to dwarf him on the side of his immortality. In using Christianity to improve society, by making individual life sweeter and homes sweeter and laws and customs better, we are to be on our guard lest we persuade a great many people that Christianity, after all, is only a system of social ethics. The soul of man has a wider outlook than the earth affords and a sublimer mission. The redeeming love of Him who died for a guilty humanity contemplates a salvation whose richest harvests are gathered only in the Heavenly field. We are in danger of belittling the destiny of redeemed men; we misapprehend the vast sweep of the saving grace of God in Christ; we fall away from both the method and the spirit of the New Testament teaching, when we drop the thought of Heaven out of the motive forces to pure and patient and exalted living. It is a right thing for the worn and weary to find comfort in the assurance that a rest remaineth unto the people of God. It is a right thing for the afflicted to remember that in a certain sense even the severest affliction is light, and is only for a moment, and that it works for them more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory. It is a right thing to urge souls to seek the things that are above, where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God; and to set their minds on the things that are above, and not on the things that are upon the earth. Heaven has been defined to be "a prepared place for prepared souls." One of the influences which enter into the preparation of souls for their "prepared place" is

to think much on its requirements and possibilities. To me it seems very perilous, both to truth and to the interest of souls, for any man to disparage the motives to a right life which have their source in the hope of Heaven.

WHAT IS HEAVEN LIKE?

Ten thousand times ten thousand have been the conjectures as to what Heaven is like. It has been pictured out by the human imagination in ten thousands of views. Every one that is on the road to that blessed abode has painted a picture in his own fancy of Heaven. Very many of these views of Heaven have been false, for all could not be true. Many have relied more on their imagination in the matter than upon sure and reliable facts that God has made very plain, and which have entered scarcely at all into their thought of Heaven. A heart free from sin is Heaven-like. This is the atmosphere of Heaven. A heart free from sin has Heaven within already. For there God dwells. The heart is His favorite dwelling place, although He inhabits eternity. God rules in Heaven with nothing antagonistic to His nature or in opposition to His will, and wherever He finds a heart that consents, He makes it a little Heaven by removing all that is hostile to His will, and dwelling there in His fulness. We say, a little Heaven, but it is all a little heart can contain. It is great and infinite to that heart. In eternity we cannot enjoy more of God only as He enlarges our soul capacity. A soul filled with the Holy Spirit knows what Heaven is like. And when he is removed from the mixture with sinners in this world and is freed from a crumbling body, he has come to know what Heaven is. Therefore when we want to know what Heaven is like, we know it means full salvation with all external hindrances removed. Are you now in Heaven?—Christian Witness.

THE HEREAFTERS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS

BY DR. FELIX L. OSWALD

Some two thousand years ago the Delphic oracle informed an anxious inquirer that the best of all religions is that of a man's own country. Paradise traditions, at least, seem certainly to owe much of their local popularity to a peculiar local fitness. In a swamp village of the upper Congo the brothers Ragozinski last summer interviewed a woolly presbyter, who informed them that in the far west, beyond the grave, there was a valley of peace, where good spirits flit about, engaged in catching mosquitoes, and protecting the sleep of the just. The paradise of the Botocudes is a land of cool streams, shaded by forests so free from underbrush that the blest departed can ramble for miles without stratching their sensitive skins. All desert-dwellers believe in a thickly-wooded hereafter. The Yakoots, of eastern Siberia, hope to find a land of ready-lighted fires, hung around with bubbling kettles of fish oil. The natives of the lower Carolines dream of an isle of souls so large that a tipsy man can stumble about all night without fear of breaking his neck in the shore-cliffs.

. Our Saxon forefathers hoped to line their transfigured tripes with beer and pork steaks, a diet which would make a Turk prefer the other place. The spirits of the Scandinavian braves slaughter each other in the hall of Thor; and that the Greeks were at heart less truculent is proved by the sentimental pastimes of their elysium. Chinese paupers, pinched by hunger and Buddhism, hope at least for the advent of a golden age, when every man's paunch shall be as convex as a prize pumpkin. Few Moslems would accept a pass to a paradise without houris, and a poor Esquimau whom Rev. Claas Hansen hoped to charm with the prospect of a Heaven without ice and sea-monsters declined the offer on the ground that Greenlanders can not subsist without walrus blubber.

THE HOME OVER THERE

BY THE REV. CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE, D.D.

"Man goeth to his long home."—Ecclesiastes 12:5.

The belief in a home in Heaven is founded upon the doctrine of immortality. Confidence in the future life has steadily increased with the progress of civilization, until it is now well nigh universal. Even Pagans and savages have definite beliefs. The ancient Egyptians embalmed their dead, believing that if the body did not disintegrate it would be the permanent home of the spirit. A disciple of Plato became so enamored of the doctrine that he committed suicide to hasten his entrance into the life beyond. In the Old Testament the truth was emphasized in the translation of Enoch and Elijah, while the New Testament is ablaze with the announcement that Jesus Christ came to bring "life and immortality to light through the gospel." The martyr Stephen saw "the Heaven open," and Paul wrote of "a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens," and John, in his vision, saw that "There was no night there."

First, then, there is a strong probability of a future life, because in the natural world annihilation is a myth. Your house burns down, but no force is destroyed. By a slow process of growth the soil and rain and sunlight and atmosphere are transformed into the tree which furnishes the building material. Combustion simply releases these forces, and they go to their original condition. There are transformations of energy, but the physical law of the persistency of force prevents destruction. Death is combustion. The body in death returns to the earth from which it came, and the soul released flies to the region of its nativity. No diminution! No annihilation!

Again, chaos and confusion precede order and symmetry. In the physical universe, from disorder and gloom, by methods of development, have been marshaled the mighty hosts of suns, planets, satellites, animal and vegetable life, until all is capable of perfect classification. Also in the universe of thought. In their earlier periods principles were followed like phantoms in the breaking

dawn. Today, astrology with its sages and magi, has given way to astronomy, which, with, inebriating fascination, handles the telescope and the spectrum. Alchemy, with its witches and wizards and boiling caldron, has given up its homely chrysalis for the gay plumage of an indisputable science. So we look for order in the moral government of the universe. Order must come, but another world will be required. Tears enough are wrung from broken hearts by evil influences to run the water-wheel of immortality forever. Another life will be required to correct the irregularities of the rewards and punishments of this life. Creation is a colossal failure if there is no immortality.

The superb consummation of all development and evolution is man. Is there not a strong probability that the Creator, after spending an eternity of time and an omnipotence of power on the preparation of the world for man's coming and the creation of man in the likeness of his God, has more in store for man, this masterpiece of infinite genius, than a transitory career for a few suffering years, and then oblivion?

There is a strong probability of future life because of a universal and instinctive longing for immortality. To live again is the hunger of the soul. As the babe instinctively takes nourishment at the mother's bosom, so men, without instruction, have reached out for a future life. Go back along the years and put your question, "If a man die shall he live again?" There is but one response. Man's soul is in exile. Like the homing pigeon, when he is released, man flies back to God. The race is home sick. Man is not forever satisfied with humanity; divinity is planted within him. The soul intuitively reaches for life, and the God Who gave him this reach will see to it that it comes to his grasp.

Peering anxiously through the mists of time, the sad heart sometimes pleadingly asks, "But where is Heaven?" Surely, it is a place, somewhere, for Christ said, "I go to prepare a place for you." It cannot be far away, for under the bidding of the Master Lazarus could instantaneously "come forth" from its mysterious chambers, and the repentant thief was promised "Today thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

Shall we know each other there? It seems strange that there should ever have been any serious doubt upon the subject of recognition in Heaven. If it is a place of knowledge, as all confidently

believe, by what sort of argument could any one arrive at the conclusion that we would know truths, and things, and places, and not persons. Jesus comforted His disciples with the words, "Where I am there ye shall be also;" if they recognized Christ they would surely know each other.

Here we know that we know nothing, there we shall know as we are known. Here we strive to learn the alphabet, and in short words of one syllable endeavor to learn of mystery, there we shall as the sons of God be admitted into all the profound secrets of the Infinite.

Love, the purest and most immortal possession of the soul, intuitively claims the reunion of broken family circles and the meeting with those whom we have "loved long since and lost awhile." The heart has longings which only Heaven can satisfy.

Oh, if the soul immortal be,
Is not its love immortal, too?

It would not be a "home"—a "long home," if love were not there! It is a home! Thank God, we shall know each other there!

Over Plato's doorway were the words, "Let none enter here who is unacquainted with geometry." There are conditions written over the portal of life whose terminus is the gate of Heaven. If we live for self we miss the path of life, and must lose the joys of Heaven. If we live for self only here we shall for self exist there, but if we live for Christ and our fellows here, we shall in increasing blessedness spend a blissful eternity with Christ and kindred spirits hereafter.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

“IS THIS THE WAY?”

A poor child, straying into a Sunday school one day, asked simply: “Is this the way to Heaven?” The superintendent was for a moment startled. Was the school indeed the way to Heaven? Was he trying to make it so? Were his teachers intent on the same object? The artless question struck home. From desk to class the question went round with a thrill. What were they all doing? Whither were they all tending? The question was like an angel suddenly come into their midst to make a record of all that transpired in that school.

“Is this the way?” The question might profitably be asked in many a religious circle; not only in the Sunday school, but in the prayer meeting, in the place of public worship, in the sociable, the bazaar, the *soiree*, and all the different places where Christian people are assembled, the question is most appropriate—“Is this the way?” Is it the way of blessing, the way of life, the way of peace, the way of salvation? Is it the way to win the favor of God, and to secure the confidence of men? Is it the way to make men believe that religion is a reality and the world an empty show, or are men sometimes convinced by the conduct of those who profess godliness, that religion is the form, and worldliness the reality? —Christian.

THE GATES OF PEARL

BY THE REV. C. H. SPALDING

The mind and the heart never tire of such beautiful imagery as this. Who does not love to read about Heaven in the glowing description of the holy seer on Patmos? Our thought flows on in sweet delight, until suddenly it is arrested at these strong and striking words, "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls," and swiftly comes the reflection,—that the very investiture of Heaven, to such as are without, is preciousness and purity. Bunyan could not take his Pilgrim into the celestial city, but he could point him to the celestial gate. That was a famous saying of Dr. Chalmers, "Though we should not try to be wise above what is written, we ought to take pains to be wise up to what is written." We may not step within the gates, but we can behold the gates, and be impressed by the teaching that "every gate is one pearl."

This of itself is to make its appeals to men. It would matter little to us to be told that Heaven's walls were of jasper, if those walls had no gates. It would be a tantalizing picture,—that about the streets of gold, and the pavements of precious stones, and the rivers of life, if the jasper wall was sealed against our entrance. In one of our eastern cities I used to pass daily the gardens of a wealthy aristocrat. Those gardens were surrounded by a wall, so high no one could look over, and what were they to the passers-by? Heaven is not a close corporation. It is made up of no privileged classes. There is not one gate for the king and another for the peasant, not one for the master and another for the slave. No such distinctions enter there. This city with its wall stands four square, with three gates on each of its sides, as if God would not leave one fragment of this dark world shut away from these blessed portals of invitation and welcome to the rest and the glory.

Let our thought be arrested at another precious truth. "The gates shall not be shut at all by day." There is nothing of fickleness in the divine mercy. "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." There is no "shadow of turning" with our Heavenly Father. The gospel is not an open door today and a

closed door tomorrow. These gates speak a continued and combined welcome to tried and weary souls to enter into rest. Early in the apocalyptic vision the inspired seer "saw a door open in Heaven." This truth of a "Heaven opened" is the blessed gospel to a lost world. A dying infidel, crying in his agony, "O God, if there be a God, have mercy on my soul," was comforted when told of the "fountain opened" for him, and died in the open vision of the open gates. How quickly Jesus opened the gates of pearl to the dying thief! John Howard, the great philanthropist, when dying in a distant land, and among strangers said, "Why should I murmur? Heaven is as near to Russia as it is to England." Dr. Judson died at sea, far from every one he loved, but Heaven's gates were jubilant with a welcoming throng. Livingstone died in the heart of Africa, but the celestial portals vied with each other as to which should have the honor of receiving him. Blessed truth; these gates shall not be shut at all by day, for "there is no night there." "No night there!" How sweet the words of Mrs. Browning! I always love to quote them:

"Folded eyes see brighter colors,
Than the open ever do."

What could voice more than this the divine liberalness in all abundant provision to win men to God? God has made Heaven amply accessible to all souls. How exceedingly illiberal is that so-called liberality which would tear down the wall of Heaven entirely. There are twelve gates, and out of this truth resounds anew the call: "The Spirit and the Bride say come, and whosoever will let him come!" There are twelve gates, and he that would "climb up some other way the same is a thief and a robber." There are "twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels." These are the guards of welcome and honor. The name "Jesus" is an all-sufficient watchword at either one of these gates, and "there is none other name." Whoever can show the white stone, with the new name on it, can pass through the gates into the city without challenge. This is unbounded liberality. Yes, Heaven has gates, and these gates are always open; and they are twelve, and twelve angels are at the gates. But, ah! it must be spoken: "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, nor whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the

Lamb's book of life." Is this illiberality? Dr. Channing once said: "A human being who has lived without God, and without self-improvement, can no more enjoy Heaven than a mouldering body, lifted from the tomb and placed amidst beautiful prospects, can enjoy the light through its decayed eyes, or feel the balmy air which blows away its dust." A good woman, when dying, said that "the whitest thing in God's universe is a blood-washed soul." "Who are these before the throne of God?" "These are they who have come up through great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Here then we have the secret of access within the twelve gates—a robe washed in the blood of the Lamb and a name written in the Lamb's book of life. Let us go by the Book.

Every gate is a pearl." Surely, preciousness and purity are the investiture of Heaven. In a humble attic of poverty in London, close by the elegant Crystal Palace, lay a little girl dying. A benevolent and pious lady was by her bedside. The little girl was one of Christ's lambs. Her eyes beamed with delight as she talked of the city of God in the skies and its glorious temple. In her poverty the Crystal Palace was nothing to her. But she was a gem in the crown of her Savior. She wore in her heart the pearl of great price, and the gates of pearl were opening wide for her. Ah! here is the hint of the truth which floods with holy light the chastened imagery of the vision of the Apocalypse, pearl having an affinity for pearl, sanctified character coming into its glorified element. The gate of pearl reflects the glory that is within. Through these gates of pearl shines the dazzling glory of the throne. What a royal admission to glory the child of God has who has been growing into the likeness of God on the earth! The symbol of faith is the pearl of great price; the symbol of victory is the gate of pearl. So then when the Christian can sing, "I am sweeping through the gates," it is pearl flashing in the light of pearl. Richard Baxter's "Contemplations of Heaven" gave him sweet familiarity with the spirit of Heaven, so that when dying he could say: "Almost well and nearly at home." Oh, those gates of pearl! How they are associated with the lives of us all! Sweet, indeed, is it to think of them as pearls. They are more than pearls to hundreds of us whose hearts have more than once gone through them in loved ones gone before. The distin-

guished Robert Hall said on the death of his son: "It is a very solemn consideration that a part of myself is in eternity, in the presence, I trust, of the Savior. How awful will it be, should the branch be saved and the stock perish."

How finely this figure of Heaven blends with our faith in its loftier experience. It seems to fit. When Jacob had his vision at Bethel he could not help exclaiming, "This is the gate of Heaven." It was one of those hours of rapture of soul when man seems swallowed up in God. Precious hours of foretaste of Heaven. Oh, blessed life at the gate of Heaven!

This gate of pearl is found only in the path of the Heavenly pilgrimage. Jesus says, "I am the Way." If we never get into this "Way" we never find the gate. A little negro boy said, "I am going to Heaven and be with Jesus." Some one asked him, "Suppose Jesus should leave Heaven?" "I would follow him." "Suppose Jesus should go down to hell?" "There is no hell where Jesus is," was the boy's big answer. Heaven has gates; twelve gates, never shut; twelve angels guarding them, so that nothing which defileth, or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, shall in any wise enter therein, only they who are written in the Lamb's book of life. Dear friend, is your name written there?

"Yet there is room!" Still open stands the gate,

The gate of love; it is not yet too late:

Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now.

"Ere night that gate may close and seal thy doom:

Then the lost, low, long cry:—'No room, no room!'

No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, 'No room!'

—Examiner.

"THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY"

BY THE REV. ROLLIN A. SAWYER, D.D.

Long ago there dwelt in the souls of men a dread question of the unseen that was yet an impending reality. Lately there has been opened to the public the so-called haunted gallery at Hampton Court. If all the weird chambers of the human spirit were brought to view, this cheery work-a-day world would be like a wizard's workshop, but fortunately men are chary of these secrets, for they know that in much of that inner life of theirs they are indeed "such stuff as dreams are made of," and these the most of men are well content at times to hide.

Still the great and earnest questionings of our human souls are not things to be put aside. We live in a visible circle which is the center of infinite mysteries, and the attractions of this unseen territory outside is the secret of the whirlpools within. The heart can never rest. We say that it has no point of pause; but that is only a shift at explanation. How could a spirit rest with the vast unseen tugging on every hand! Poets sing that this soul "flutters here like a wounded bird." They do not see that, in tremendous reality, it swings and vibrates between undiscovered lands. Nor do plain thinkers sufficiently consider that the realm of reality is not limited to those things that are seen, touched and handled, while the philosophic theologian insists on saying that the state of unrest is "simply subjective," being a relic of original and a reminder of recent sin. What a world of misery has come to us through those two mighty and monstrous mistakes! We have shut the doors of Heaven that were calling to us, because we said, being so told, that it was vain to hunt or hearken to the unreal. We have stopped our ears and closed our eyes to the signals of the undiscovered land, because we felt, being so taught, that the insistent calling to us from beyond was only the drear wailing of a worried conscience. Vainly so have we been a lifetime trying to shut out the larger life of the human spirit to still the deathless longing of the soul to find and to feel the ultimate reality.

Is it not time to believe that this repression of the spirit has resulted in foolish credulity on the one hand to all the wizards that peep and mutter humbug tales to the occult and unseen, and in a compulsory credence on the other hand, to the dreadful dogmas of man's degradation and degeneracy, to whom the sun and stars of Heaven were but sign posts to perdition? O wise man tell us why the mad pranks of "mediums"—most pitiful of nervous wreckage—are so solemnly scrutinized for some glimmers of solid fact. O sage divine, tell us why the memory of youthful wrestle with the dogma of predetermined destiny has maddened mature men into denial of all life or love or hope or joy beyond this breath. The time has fully come for frank dealing with ourselves. Let your own heart speak for itself freely; for it is only by a full and open understanding of ourselves that we interpret revelation rightly. Reverse the old process for once. Man's soul was made to be the key to God's spiritual and holy communication. Too long have we tried to tell what we are by reading the parables of the Biblical story and song and sermon. Stand up, O man, and look around you, within you, above you, with open eye and a truthful heart. In that way and at that time only can you know what and how and how far the Bible is your blessed guide to the undiscovered lands that gird this physical realm with a ring of mystery as real as it is fascinating and full of glory.

Here is the first step in a new, and as we have learned it to be, a truer study of the undiscovered world. That world responds to, is counterpart of, the world within. It is neither foreign nor hostile to the world we know so well. And we must treat with it on this friendly and even familiar footing, if we are to find its meaning in the mystery which is so helpful to our questioning spirits. A mystery is conquered, like a law of nature, by obedience. If we enter into a mystery by the door, simply stepping from our pathways of life as we do from the street to the temple stillness of a house of prayer, then there is transition surely, contrast too, and yet no contradiction, no strange awakening as from a dream, but an exchange of one real thing for another and a better, a higher and truer real thing. For this reason we must come to the unseen with a free mind, an easy step, a quiet heart, just as you step from Broadway at busy four o'clock to the delightful vesper prayers of beautiful Grace church. Once inside, you begin to know

and to feel the invisible. But standing on the outside amid the roar and rush of the world, no book, no song, no prayer, can teach you the ineffable experience of the interior. That is, my orthodox friend, we must change our method of approaching the undiscovered country, or we shall never be ready to understand its close relations to us now. We must not take the attitude of the outcast from its spiritual rites or joys, but simply cross the line as we step over the threshold of the wayside place of prayer. See the word "Welcome" on the church door, and reflect that so the undiscovered country greets your tired intellect, your weary and worried heart. If we tell you to take this step now, without going anywhere or to anyone for introduction, it is that both to the Bible and to Christ Himself you will find fitter access after you have gone inside.

That is one thing. Now for the other, which is to meet the intellectual doubt of the unseen, that "philosophical ignorance" of the undiscovered country, which agnosticism calls the proof that it does not exist. But right here two things confront you, one is the personality of God, which agnosticism puts aside as Spencer denies the absolute. Yet you know down in the deeps of your being that you only interpret the seen world in terms of a personality like your own, yet one mighty to create, preserve and govern. Here you come face to face with God, our Father, whom you know in a better measure when you interpret Him by the personality of Jesus. Try that way once and see how the mystery of the unseen God is unfolded and exemplified by the story of the life and love and teaching of Christ our Master and Savior.

Then the other thing confronts you, the fact that of all the known things, the familiar things, the friendly everyday things—of all these, the larger part, the ineffably real part, the essence and substance, is all unseen, unknown, unspeakable, mystic and remote. Take up the pebble at your feet and its ultimate atoms are more baffling than the furthest of the fixed stars. Look at the flag of prismatic color on the film of glass or shell that chance now to lie on your table and there you see a mystery just as insoluble, serenely secure from attack, as the colors of the luminary stars, or the flames so eagerly sought for in the sun's corona during eclipses. You see the undiscovered, the unexplained, because imperfectly expressed in things close to us, yea, in the man or

woman nearest yourself, yea, even more impressively manifested in the mystery of your own being. And if you may not doubt the reality of that "mystery within by which each one keeps tireless watch," so long as consciousness endures, how is it reasonable or possible to doubt the reality of any environing mystery, however perplexing or profound? Oh, there is no escape from the deep and personal conviction of ever present, persistent mystery in the things most real, most near, most vitally allied to the life that now is and which is only completed in the yet undiscovered life beyond.

As to revelation, remember that man is first revealed to Himself, so God's first revelation to you is your own soul, your conscious self. Thence His revelation widens out, defines itself, declares its authority and its authenticity also. You find God first in your own mysterious spirit, and your last and highest conception of Him is when the personal Jesus has become the manifestation of the Father. It is because this is the constitution of man that the Bible assumes everywhere the presence divine. The truth of the Scripture is not arbitrary or abstract, no religious system of doctrine that is to do us good always can be that. The truth must find its counterpart in us, or it is no more the truth. The Bible improperly used is this imperfect truth. It was made for man; nor was man made for the Bible. "These things," says Dr. Bradford in one of his grand conceptions of Scripture, "these things are not true, because they are arbitrarily spoken by the Book, but they are in the Book because they are true." Let men see that the revelation of God is a part of themselves, of their own nature, needs and destiny, and not only their doubts will fly; their faith in the undiscovered will flame up to a stupendous certainty and realization. The majesty of the written word is in the mystic person of Jesus, and all the wonder of its ministry to men is in that it lights up the earth first, afterward the Heavens; just as the sun glory touches the summits first and last in the day that fills the plain and valley with its life-giving light.

So far, then, for today. Let us linger here in our search for the undiscovered country which rims us round with mystery and yet is entirely real. Oh, you cry, but we long to know. Yes, but what is knowledge but progress toward the perfect? Our great Christian jurist, David Brewer, has told us that in his frank

judicial confession. Absolute knowledge is at the end of the way, not in this stage of our journey. Ah, the perfect is yet to come, is nearer every day, is nearer now than we think. We are in the midst of that undiscovered realm which opens out upon us every hour more and more till the day breaketh and the shadows flee away.—Christian Work.

WHO GOES TO HEAVEN

Heaven, says a thoughtful writer, is a prepared place for a prepared people.

If God's process of preparation is irksome to us, we are less and less fitted for Heaven as the years roll by. In the end, we must go to our own place; a place congenial to our guile, to our dishonesty, to our sensuality, to our sloth, to our infidelity; congenial to all the sins which we have rolled as "sweet morsels" under our tongue.

If we hate the straight and narrow way, we will be sadly out of place in the Heaven where it terminates.

The murderer, the robber, the adulterer, each, would hardly claim Heaven to be his destiny. Why, too, should the moralist who admitting Christ's entity and sublime mission refuses to confess Him before men expect to dwell with Him in eternity? Where the congeniality then, if none exists now?

And so with the backslider and other indifferent ones who profess Christ and yet hurt Him so much! These are not really seeking Heaven.

Oh, that we may learn fully that the kingdom of Heaven is within; that its peans of joy begin here; that fitness for the grand company which no man can number, must commence here and now. When this is realized, we will not sleepily trust that at death God is to take us in our foulness and deceit and crown us victors along with the pure ones who have battled for Heaven while we (too many of us) have dallied with sin.

HEAVEN AND HELL

BY THE REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.

As to Heaven, it is not difficult to convince men that there is a Heaven, though I verily believe that there is more proof outside of the Bible that there is a hell than that there is a Heaven. Sin is more in evidence than righteousness. Count the words in any large dictionary, and you will see that those defining the bad are more numerous than those defining the good. Read the daily papers, and most of the big headlines are proof that there is a hell on earth. And yet men are willing to delude themselves into the fancy that a little virtue deserves Heaven. Why, then, deny the very existence of hell? They even demand of God that because He created them He should take them to Heaven, though they carry with them a hell of iniquity. Forgetting that Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people, they would compel God to do the impossible—of making them happy in a place for which they are not prepared. They refuse life, and then demand that they shall enjoy life. They refuse holiness, and demand that they shall receive the reward of holiness. They refuse reconciliation with God, and demand that they shall live in harmony with Him. They refuse to let Heaven come into them, and demand that God shall take them into Heaven. Their demand really is that God shall make no difference between light and darkness, disease and health, death and life, anarchy and law, the cemetery and the home, the garbage heap and the garden. And yet they must acknowledge:

1. That it is right to separate the good from the bad. Every home is built on that idea. It is a garden inclosed. It is a sacred place of purity and peace, separated from the vice and turmoil of the outside world. It is a holy-of-holies, with a veil between it and even the gaze of outsiders. It is a fountain of pure water, protected from contamination by the laws of every civilized land. The English adage, "A man's home is his castle," which he has a right to defend against all intruders, is based on equity. To open the home to the inflow of evil is to destroy it. Jesus calls

Heaven "My Father's house," and He promises to take us to it by and by. Now, will our Father destroy this home by opening it to the evil of the universe? The home idea demands that Heaven shall be a place apart from contaminating evil, and all the symbols of Scripture which describe it confirm this idea. "The Lamb is the light thereof," and there is no evil in that light. The "streets of gold," the "gates of pearl," the "walls of jasper," the "foundation of precious stones," all suggest the exclusion of evil. "Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters." "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth."

2. It is right to reward faithfulness. It is not right to reward gifts, but the improvement of gifts; not capacity, but the use and development of capacity. The parable of the talents teaches that there is no reward for having talents, but only for increasing them. The man with two talents received the same reward as the man with five, because the improvement was the same; and the man with one talent would have received as great reward as the man with two if he had made the same improvement. Why should God reward a man for capacity or opportunity which He gave without asking the man's permission? But it is right that He should reward him for improvement of capacity or opportunity. Everyone is responsible, not for what God has given, but for the use he makes of the gifts. Heaven, here and hereafter, is the result of faithfulness. Bigness does not count with God. Two-fifths of a cent given by a poor widow is more than all the abundance of the rich, because behind it was a faithful self-sacrificing spirit.

Memory, reason, imagination, conscience—these immortal faculties of the soul, cleansed by the blood and mastered by the life of Christ, will carry a Heaven with them into the future, and this Heaven will continue because faithfulness will continue. If one has been faithful in a world of evil and good, it is reasonable to infer that he will remain faithful in the "Father's house," where there is only good. Everlasting faithfulness means everlasting reward. And yet we should remember that our faithfulness from first to last depends upon the faithfulness of God. "I change not, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." "Underneath are

the Everlasting Arms." Salvation is altogether of grace, while reward is altogether of works. God gives us life through Christ, but we must gain the crown of life through faithfulness.

3. It is right that there should be degrees of reward, though there are no degrees of salvation. Every man is saved completely or not saved at all. Life makes the difference between a corpse and a man, though in men there are degrees of life. We go to Heaven on the merit of Jesus Christ, but the measure of happiness in Heaven will depend upon the faithfulness here which will develop our capacity for joy. "Every cup will be full, but not of the same size." Each one will be as happy as he can be, though some will be absolutely happier than others.

RARE COMPANY IN "HEAVEN"

What a place to visit in, where your next door neighbors are kings and queens, you yourselves kingly and queenly! If they want to know more particularly about the first paradise, they have only to go over and ask Adam. If they want to know how the sun and moon halted, they have only to go over and ask Joshua. If they want to know how the storm pelted Sodom, they have only to go over and ask Lot. If they want to know more about the arrogance of Haman, they have only to go over and ask Mordecai. If they want to know how the Red Sea boiled when it was cloven, they have only to go over and ask Moses. If they want to know the particulars about the Bethlehem advent they have only to go over and ask the serenading angels who stood that Christmas night in the balconies of crystal. If they want to know more of the particulars of the Crucifixion, they have only to go over and ask those who were personal spectators while the mountains crouched and the Heavens got black in the face at the spectacle. If they want to know more about the sufferings of the Scotch Covenanters, they have only to go over and ask Andrew Melville. If they want to know more about the old time revivals, they have only to go over and ask Whitefield, and Wesley, Livingston, and Fletcher, and Nettleton, and Finney. Oh, what a place to visit in!—Talmage.

CERTAINTIES CONCERNING HEAVEN

BY H. W. WARREN, D.D., LL.D.

It is. It is the realest of realities. Our first word of revelation is, "God created the Heavens." If that seem indefinite, remember that Christ said He came down from Heaven and ascended up to it again. He was seen there by Stephen and John. Paul went there and came back as readily as we go to the isles of Araby the blest and come back. In the mouth of two or three human witnesses the divine word is established.

The necessary outcome of earth is Heaven. All this majestic world in its age-long histories is a delusion and a snare unless there is a worthy consummation in Heaven. Christ said, I go to prepare a place and will there receive you unto Myself. Preparations for this world are in myriads of cases and for aeons. Preparations for that world are greater. Those in this world are for that. No wonder Christ says, in My Father's house are many regal residences. As surely as God's world standeth sure, so surely Heaven is.

It has inhabitants, They have been seen. Their fans have winnowed our air. They come down without fall and ascend without toil. Thought is propulsive. Wish is realization. They are strong, swift, wise, ministrant. We know more about them than about some races of our planet. Jacob saw them at Bethel. Micaiah, Ezekiel, Isaiah, Daniel, have all seen Heaven opened and gazed on the inhabitants thereof.

Nor are these men of olden time the only favored ones. Every pastor has stood in the chamber where the good man meets his fate and found it close on the verge of Heaven. When eyes of flesh grew dim, eyes of the spirit saw again the forms of loved ones who have passed on before and had real communion with those whom Jesus had received into His prepared place. Men still sweep through the gates with conscious realization. There are the spirits of men who were just here and made perfect there. They know one another; they are able to talk with Christ intelligently about the consummation of the greatest plans and efforts in the universe. But, especially, is it the place of the visual manifesta-

tion of God. Here the Heavens declare His glory and the firmament showeth His handiwork. But there God, Himself, is revealed in a glory that lighteth the whole city. The glory that Moses could not look upon and live, men see with unveiled faces. In more than fifty places, the prophets and Christ speak of Heaven as God's dwelling place.

Christ not merely came out of that actual place of manifestation once; but He came thence and appeared to Saul, to Ananias and to Paul afterward.

Knowing the splendor of the place and the exalted character of its inhabitants, we could judge of their employments, but we are not left to our poor imaginations. These are exceeded by definite descriptions. Some think that mere singing of songs and twanging of harps could not fitly employ men of great business capacity and intensity.

There is business enough when one is made ruler over ten cities. There is field enough for all daring when saints to the number of "twice ten thousand times ten thousand" follow Him who goes out to war, as King of kings and Lord of lords. There is room for every teaching faculty when the ideas not possible to word and utter in the poor speech of men are to be communicated. What significance in music, flags, pictures! Flung the "Marseillaise" over a French army; the stars and stripes out ahead of American volunteers. So in Heaven there are rainbows, horses and falling worlds, Babylon's whole history in panorama, lurid with falling stars, all sorts of pictures creatable, thoughts embodied, things changeable as if alive broader than our skies shiftable as music, accentuated by severe thunders and earthquakes. Thoughts have surpassed words and feelings find expression in rhythms and cadences that are figured by the mighty voices of many waters in a storm. When our primary school here is unsearchable, we do not fear a paucity of ideas and feelings in the coming university.

To open a book means not the mere bending back of the covers, but to open its meaning to the pupils. John saw a book in Heaven written within and titled on the back. But no genius of ancient times was able to open its meaning to the waiting students. John wept much that there was no one able to tell its mighty meanings.

But the Creator of all becomes the Teacher of all. He unrolls the successive scrolls and reveals the mighty panoramas of the coming ages. John wrote down the words uttered and described the symbols displayed. But our poor understanding has ever been in a seven-fold muddle as to their meaning. But those who sang the mighty song of joy did so because they understood. Confusion, incertitude, incomprehensibility makes staring silence. But high knowledge, clearly grasped, evokes the shouts, resounds the hallelujahs.

There crowns and thrones, resonant voices and palms, books and panoramas of meanings of racial life, indicate knowledge and power and victory, fit for the strenuous purposes of men who counted not their lives dear unto themselves and who were faithful even unto death. Great as strength and value, wisdom and holiness are here, there are broader fields and far higher development there. It is a great privilege to talk with a Washington or Lincoln here about their world-wide plans for the benefit of their nation and race. Far greater privilege is it to talk with the King of the universe on some dazzling height of transfiguration about the greatest thing in the universe that he should accomplish at some Jerusalem.—Christian Work.

AS TO THE SIZE OF HEAVEN

Taking a verse from Revelation as the basis of computation, some industrious and probably uneasy fellow has again been figuring on the dimensions of Heaven. The text is in 21:15, and reads as follows: "And he measured the city with the reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal." He concludes that this represents a space of 469,783,088,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. The enterprising statistician sets aside one-half of this space for the throne and the court of Heaven, and one-half of the balance for streets, which would leave a remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. He then proceeds to divide this by 4,096, the number of cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square, and this process gives him 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms of the size indicated. He then proceeds upon the hypothesis that the world now contains, always has contained, and will always contain 990,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for thirty-three and one-third years, which gives a total number of inhabitants every century of 2,297,000,000. He assumes that the world will stand 1,000 centuries or 100,000 years, which would give a total of 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants for this period of time. He then reaches the reassuring conclusion that if 100 worlds of the same size and duration, and containing the same number of inhabitants, should redeem all the inhabitants, there would be more than 100 rooms of the size indicated for each person. Men have not thought so much about the size of Heaven. They have probably always felt that there would be ample room for those who would be able to get there. If a lack of room were possible, in the divine order of things, it would probably be at the other place, judging from the pronouncements that are made from time to time. Room has never been a matter of serious consideration with men who have paused long enough in the whirl of events to meditate on the blessings which are to follow a life of righteousness. The main question, and the one in which all men are most concerned, is the simple question of the shortest, best and safest way. Put in different language, they want to know how to get there, and if the

studious statistician will figure out some plan that will meet with general satisfaction along this line, he will probably smooth out the furrows which now mark the faces of uneasy sinners.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HEAVEN ON THE SHELF

As John Elliott was once calling on a merchant, he saw in his counting room ledgers and account books on the table, while some religious and devotional works were laid up on the shelf, and remarked to his friend:

“Sir, here is earth on the table, and Heaven on the shelf. Pray do not think so much of the table as to altogether forget the shelf.”

We are too prone to put Heaven on the shelf, and so busy ourselves with this world that we forget the next. But the things that are seen are temporal; and how soon they must all pass away. A little while and every earthly delight and possession will have passed forever beyond our reach; and there will be nothing left for us except the unseen and the eternal.

Let us then occupy ourselves most with the things that are enduring. Let us lay up our treasures where they cannot be destroyed; and let us seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, knowing all needed things will be added unto us.—The Christian.

“STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS”

We are pilgrims and strangers on the earth—all of us. The fact is there even before it is confessed. There is a world-strangeness which we all more or less feel.

Sometimes in company, in the midst of music and singing, in the pauses of conversation, suddenly those mysterious instincts awake which reveal to us, in a flash, that there is something else and something more, somewhere, sometime, infinitely beyond it all, and that we are journeying towards it.

Until the soul is assured of a home in the afterward of death, these instincts are vague and disturbing. They are mysterious reminders that we are “strangers and pilgrims on the earth.”

But again, the reminders are sent to us in more abrupt and definite shapes. Familiar and beloved faces vanish from our side, and the sound of the voices we listened for grows still. Old and deep friendships are interrupted by death, or by what is a great deal worse than death—by estrangement. There are shocks and changes in circumstance and condition; there is the uncertainty of health, and the certainty, one day, of our passing. In the world of our thought, also, there are fluctuations, or developments which, more than anything else, perhaps, give sharp meaning to the words, “strangers and pilgrims.” Those, again, who have seen the old nests emptied and filled with snow, live largely in memories that steal into the quiet hours, making the past and the future more vivid than all that is now.

They look around them, and in the midst of the younger generation they feel — sometimes how sadly! — that they are “strangers.” They look within, and in their hearts the pathetic conviction grows that they are “pilgrims” indeed; that soon, very soon, their earthly life will be

“Like a tent that is struck,
Like a camp that is gathered and gone.”

Last week, at the bottom of an old green lane, a long way from any town, I came upon a black circle of cinders and charred wood.

It was all that was left of a gipsy encampment. It is a sight that always moves me deeply. Life had been there, in that green solitude; human life and human interests—and what joy or sorrow, who can tell? and what ultimate destiny beyond the lanes and the highways of this world?

We are as they are, even when we live in the one dwelling all our days; we are nomads, “strangers and pilgrims on the earth.”

There is a profounder and more pathetic thing than the strangeness the aged feel in the presence of a younger generation, and that is the very little that any of us really know of one another; or rather, the great tracks in our life that are left undiscovered.

Where there is mutual affinity and affection much may be told, and still more may be divined. But does even that rich knowledge compare with the unuttered, unutterable life, life may be honorable and noble, or it may be dishonorable and degrading; in either case “the half has never been told.”

We are comparative strangers, even when we are friends. It is one of the thrilling anticipations of the homecoming at last, that then “we shall know even as also we are known.” We shall be strangers no more. Our eyes will not then be holden; our eyes will be opened, and we shall know Him, Who has walked with us along every road; and we shall know one another.

When a Christian has confessed that he is a stranger and pilgrim on the earth, he has learned certain great lessons deeply, and thereafter life is never quite the same again. He has learned the value of the things that pass away, and the value of the things that remain. And therein he has learned liberty. There is given to him a certain detachment and independence which is in no wise selfish or unsympathetic, by means of which he is set free from many of the cruel cares which eat up human energy and scatter all its calm.

He has peace passing all understanding, a heart at leisure from itself—that quiet distinction of grace which made men turn to Christ as a tired heart turns home.

He has joy also. It may not be of a boisterous nature; it may bear no resemblance to a cascade, but rather be like the still waters of a lake when the sun shines on it, reflecting a silver glory

that is not its own. Therefore, there will also be in the life space for service, rich and gentle and enduring; a desire to share with others, in inobtrusive manner, that wealth of spiritual experience which has been given him of God.

“Other worldliness” is a term which has no terrors for this man. It is a term which is sometimes used with scorn, but he does not feel the scorn. If he is acquainted with history, he knows that no single benevolent movement in this world has ever been originated, or carried to a successful issue, save by men who have set spiritual things first and last, and God over all. The home-call, which is ever in his heart, does not draw him into futile dreams or unbrotherly aloofness. Rather does it fill him with profound piety and compassion, and brace him for large tasks and exacting duties. The desire of a Christian man to be home, in God’s good time, is the very reason, if the home charm be wholesome and true, why he will fling himself, with uncalculating sacrifice, into the work of saving others. The bright light that beckons him beyond the night and beyond the storm of time is so alluring, and so full of Heavenly significance, that for very love he will want to win and bring others to its glory. There is a mysticism of the Christian life which, while it busies itself with the work that is to be established, bears also, in the midst of all its toil, “the beauty of the Lord our God.”

Take another example—the supreme example: When was the fascination of Christ more tearful and compelling than when—just before the sacrifice of Calvary, condemned and hated by the priests—He stood before Pilate and said, “My kingdom is not of this world?” He, too, was a “stranger and a pilgrim;” and, as such, He wins our heart. There He stood, crowned with thorns, calmly refusing the opportunity of a worldly sovereignty which, had He accepted it, would have turned a howling populace into obedient slaves. But no; the rather was He content to be spit upon, to endure every conceivable indignity and torture; to suffer the forsaking of His chosen and confidential friends; to accept the eclipse of His Father’s face; to go down into the deep darkness of death for human sin.

As these “things of Christ” come home to our soul—so far as that is possible—it seems to me that the term, “stranger and pil-

grim," lights up with diviner meanings than it ever suggested before.

In the earliest days of His ministry it was said, "There standeth One among you whom ye know not." "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." He was "a stranger and a pilgrim."

One day, affectionately solicitous for His comfort, His disciples prayed Him, saying, "Master, eat." Is it difficult to imagine the wistful look and tone as He replied, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of?" What meat was that?

The disciples were puzzled. "Hath any man brought Him aught to eat?" they asked of one another. Jesus answered their wonder—was there not a thrill in the words now that they would never forget?—"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." This explains why He was silent under base indignity; and why, when He spoke, He disclaimed all worldly ambition, choosing rather to be "a stranger and a pilgrim" with the poorest of His disciples, than to accept power which would have slain His love and sacrificed His kingdom.

Do you wonder that we worship Him today; that we have enthroned Him our Lord and our God; and that we also are constrained and content to be "strangers and pilgrims?" The face that was "so marred" is the fairest that the eyes of our heart ever looked upon. The sorrow and the loneliness He suffered smite our soul with a passionate pity that no words can ever tell. At His cross our heart is broken. And if we have gone forth unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach, it is not because we reckon that to be any meritorious thing, but because we esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of this world.

It is our love that makes it possible, and even incumbent, to say these things; otherwise we should, for very sacredness, hide them in our heart. May Christ forgive us, and may those whom we may have hindered forgive us if, by any word or bearing of ours, we have left the impression that, following Christ, we can ever be other than "strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

The clouds are round us and the snowdrifts thicken,
Oh, thou dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken

In the waste night, our tardy footsteps quicken—

At evening bring us home.

—British Baptist.

WHERE HEAVEN IS

A minister one day preached upon Heaven. Next morning he was going to town and met one of his old, wealthy members. The brother stopped the preacher and said:

"Pastor, you preached a good sermon on Heaven; but you didn't tell me where Heaven is."

"Ah," said the preacher, "I am glad of the opportunity this morning. I have just returned from the hill-top up yonder. In that cottage there is a member of our church. She is sick in bed with fever; her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she has not a bit of coal, nor a stick of wood, nor flour, nor meat, nor any bread. If you will go down and buy a sovereign's worth of things—nice provisions—and send them up to her, and then go there and say, 'My sister, I have brought these provisions in the name of our Lord and Savior,' then ask for a Bible and read the 23d Psalm, and then go down on your knees and pray—and if you don't see Heaven before you get through, I'll pay the bill."

The next morning the man said:

"Pastor, I saw Heaven and spent fifteen minutes in Heaven as certain as you are listening."

"LET GO THE ANCHOR"

A seaman on his dying bed, who was asked by a fellow-sailor, "what cheer?" said:

"Heaven heaves in sight, I see the headland."

The next day the question was repeated, "What cheer?" The reply was:

"Rounding the cape; almost in."

The third day the question was repeated, "What cheer?"

"In port," his quivering lips replied, and the next moment, "Let go the anchor!"

HOME AT LAST

Beyond the setting is the rising sun and coming day. Beyond the darkness is the light. Beyond the storm is the calm. Beyond the earthquake's fiery throb are green fields and smiling skies. The coffin and the shroud are often separated but a little way from the bridal scene with garlands and music. The road may be long and weary, but it has an end; the voyage tedious and anxious, but land is reached at last. All things change; the seal of every mystery shall be broken. All griefs will end, all tears be dried, all sighs shall cease. The weary and sad hearted shall lift up their heads and sing: their hands shall clasp the latch on the eternal door that leads into the sorrowless home. In happy crowds they shall gather, on the crystal sea,—shining and angel-led. I see them today, all over the plains of earth, the big unbidden tears are stealing down the furrowed cheek. Lo, it is the night of sorrow, and all the world is dotted with broken hearts. But the star of hope beckons even these, and they pass on their way. And now they hear the echoes of the trump of jubilee. They have climbed the last hill and are come in sight of the plain along which the King and His retinue shall pass, and lead them homeward. In sight of the everlasting doors of the city of gold, they give one loud, one long, one lingering shout, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Lo, they are shut in forever: Home at last, home at last!

MAKING THE ANGELS HAPPY

The following touching little incident was related of Bishop Phillips Brooks just after his death. Perhaps we have given it before, but it is worth repeating:

The bishop had for a long time paid some little attention to the five-year-old daughter of one of his parishioners, and the little one always expressed her delight when, in company with her mother, she met him on the street.

The day of the bishop's death the mother came into the room where the little one was playing, and, holding the bright little face between her hands, said tearfully: "Bishop Brooks has gone to Heaven!"

"Oh, mamma," was her answer, "how happy the angels will be!"

He who seldom thinks of Heaven is not likely to get there; as the way to hit a mark is to keep the eye fixed upon it.—Bishop Horne.

IMMORTALITY

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best beloved away,
And then we call them dead.

Ah! ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life! There is no death.

THE HEART OF THE GOSPEL

BY THE REV. SAMUEL PARKES CADMAN, D.D.

"God gave unto us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath the life. He that hath not the Son of God hath not the life."—John 5:11, 12.

I have ventured to term this Scripture "The Heart of the Gospel," a bold title, and one which at once arouses thought and perhaps provokes difference. I could not call it so or hope that it would have any meaning for you unless we are prepared to take the New Testament seriously. This is the fundamental issue in our present campaign for the extension of the kingdom of God. Once it is settled, a large part of the controversy is at an end. For no candid reader of the earliest documents of the Christian religion can have any doubt about their main positions. They were written by some men who had known Jesus and others who not seeing Him believed upon Him with equal faith. The writers claimed to have been regenerated, morally and spiritually re-created by their contact with the Redeemer. The blessedness and the dignity of the apostolic band have gone out to the ends of the earth. They made careful reckoning of the words of the Supreme Teacher, and based their own ideals upon those words. With reverence and with awe, with indomitable zeal and sacrificial energy, they announced to the humblest and most obscure of men that they were the sons of God, that Christ dwelt in them by faith, and they dwelt in Him; they had the mind of Christ; they had received the spirit of wisdom, revelation and a sound mind; they were confederate with Christ in His prolonged conflict with the sins and shame of mankind; dead with Him, risen with Him, glorified with Him and with Him made to sit in the Heavenly places.

This gospel fell upon ears undeadened by custom to its force and beauty, and was taken into the closest alliance by suffering hearts to which its kindlier conditions and benedictions of grace were a Heavenly boon. The outcast and the pariah heard of their

noble calling and the proud proconsuls of the Roman empire trembled before the convincing earnestness of the missionaries of the new life in Christ.

But they asked, as we ask, Is it true that every Christian man, not popes and priests and ministers alone, but every believer, whatever his social position, his condition, his culture or simplicity, is a communicant in the eternal life of God?

Christianity answers this question in the grand affirmative, of which the text is an example. It insists that eternal life is at once the privilege and the responsibility of all who accept the plain promise of the Father made over to us in His Son, and all the attributes and the prerogatives of a common vitality are their common possession. We avow the seriousness of this declaration and we believe in its infallible and inerrant character. This affirmation and belief are the catholic inheritance of the church. She has been the sponsor for certain beliefs that Christ died for men, that He redeems them from evil and unto God; that He translates them into the divine kingdom; that He imparts to them divine light and life and that the life He gives is incorruptible, indestructible and everlasting. The degrees of these excellences may vary in us, as one star differeth from another star in glory. But as all stars shine in the same sky, so all believing spirits exist in the same order and a man's rank in the Heavenly concourse is determined by his character.

Such is the heart of the gospel, not according to Calvin or to Arminius, but according to Christ. It is not meant to be reserved or concealed or lessened. Preconceived determinations to find in the gospel nothing but what can be most readily defended from modern assaults upon the gospel end in concessions of saving truth to please a passing show. And from the standpoint of Christian teaching such determinations prejudice the history and the work of our religion.

There will be little revival of genuine religion unless the pulpit and pews of our nation throb with the vital energies. And while our "little systems" have their day, this message, traceable to the heart and mouth of Jesus, is like unto the author, the same yesterday, today and forever.

Recall Christ's own words concerning His gift of eternal life. He taught this first and last to all and sundry. It was not a

Heavenly secret, imparted to the initiated few. It was revealed to Nicodemus, the godly but patronizing Pharisee, and to the woman at the well of Samaria, whose corrupted life would have seemed to forbid the message.

When the multitudes clamored for more bread to eat, He spoke to them of the Bread of God come down out of Heaven. Some misunderstood Him, others refused to accept the saying; it was too hard for them. But He persisted and comforted Martha and Mary by declaring that whosoever believed upon Him, "though he die, yet shall he live."

On the last day, the great day of the feast at Jerusalem, contrary to His wont, He came forth and stood before the people and in His urgency He cried unto them to come unto Him, accept Him and believe upon Him, that they might live forever. Retreating from the astonished concourse, He gathered His disciples alone in the Upper Room and emphasized the relation of His approaching death to the life of the world. In the prayer which followed the Supper, and which leads us farther into the spiritual mysteries of God's love than any other prayer He offered, the same truth shines forth. Nor can you read any part of the New Testament which is not shot through and through with the same teaching.

This main principle should have the prominence due to it. It cannot be displaced if fairly treated. And to be perfectly explicit, let us read again what St. John here says about it.

He tells us, first, "That God has given to men eternal life, a life we did not have and could not get apart from the divine gift. Again, this life, though given to men, is lodged in Jesus Christ, was in Him from the first and is in Him still. And the obvious inference from these two premises is that we cannot have this life unless we have Christ. "He that hath the Son hath the life;" "he that hath not the Son of God hath not the life."

This is the Christian evangel; it determines and informs all our speculations about God and His relations to man. It reveals to men the true nature and works and glory of Jesus Christ and any ideals we may have concerning the human family, its power, possibility and destiny must be shaped by this teaching.

A right understanding of the text makes for an effectual faith in the Lord of Life. For wrong or misplaced opinions can and do embarrass the truth and obscure belief. It is the most far

reaching and scientific proposition about the gospel of which we know. It is an organizing fact, to which all other facts in that gospel are subordinate and relative.

So the preaching which fails to adequately present and enforce this fact, while it may be speculative, and apologetic, and philosophical and full of literary graces and less than these, as it often is, does no sort of justice to the gospel. Of course there are elements which all religions possess, as all governments, good and bad, have certain common axioms of law. The development of character is the subject for discussion in the Socratic dialogues and the sayings of Epictetus. Islam is not only theistic, but monotheistic. Gautama honestly attempted to solve the dark issues of human wrong and woe.

The gospel of Jesus is not singular and it is not unique on these questions. It gave us the best word and, as I think, the final one, concerning God and man, the Fatherhood of the one and the sonship of the other. All beside is the shadowland whose sky is faintly flecked with the promise of the dawn. But such problems were not limited to Christianity.

Nor is the Sermon on the Mount the essence of Christ's deliverance. If it were, our religion does not rise beyond ethics and worship. Nor is the parable of the lost son, believed by millions to have been the gist of all the Savior had to say to men, the fullest answer to human cravings and needs. Had Jesus completed His gospel in the Sermon on the Mount and the parable, so rich with divine tenderness and beauty and then said no more, I avow that the deepest questionings and the highest aspirations of mortals would have been unanswered and unsatisfied.

Such teachings are of immense value; they are in vital relation to the Christian evangel. To deny them is to misunderstand and imperil it, but definitely and clearly they are not it. The Christian evangel consists in this: The eternal life of God in Jesus Christ reigning in the hearts of men who repent of their sins and trust in the plain promise of the gospel. The reasonableness of this position will appear if we reflect upon the authority life bestows in any sphere. The lover of the sea and stars, the sun and moon, the forests and rivers lies dead in his chamber. Passionately as he cared for the beauties and harmonies of the material worlds they are his no longer. Tomorrow's sun will arise in splendor, ever old

and ever new, the face of nature will be fair, the voices of her silent praise lift up their august minstrelsies once more. But for this dead man they no longer exist; he only possessed them as life possessed him and with his last breath they, too, passed away.

Within us is the cosmos of mind and memory, conscience and will. Here is the work of the ages concentrated in a single brain and imagination and reason lend their aid to wisdom's devices, while arts and letters and sciences prosper beneath their sway. But the flickering flame of the vital spark lingers and dies away, and the eloquence is silenced, the brush and the chisel and the instrument are useless and inert, our existence means their growth and when we cease to exist for us they perish. The greatest faculty in human nature is the power to love. The affections have inspired the building of the social estate. Because man loves he constructs in his love the orders of the family, the church and the nation. But he loves because he lives and love is the fruit of the tree of life. Should life be reduced to the lowest point, love would finally be lost, and when life goes out love breaks its wand across the open grave.

Robert William Dale says: "In the power of life we possess our immense and varied wealth, wealth which is the richer and more varied according to the capacities of our life. In that power we accomplish history and make trade, and write poems and paint pictures and erect palaces and secure all ascendancies in state and nation. Because of it as living and sentient beings we comfort one another and give aid and courage to the helpless and the despairing. We raise the moral and the material condition of communities. And be our circumstances what they may, the conquering of wealth and poverty, so that we may be the masters of our destiny, is in the quality and the quantity of our personal being."

So when Jesus placed His emphasis upon this illustrious gift, the completest gift that can succor and sustain all human experiences of goodness and truth, He occupied the citadel of the fortress and from thence deployed His spiritual forces to capture the world. It is a surprising thing that men and women have not magnified this truth. And yet there are many who suppose that Christianity's vital organ is in dogma, or worship, or ethics, or charity. These are wonderful expressions of Christianity, but what underlies and creates them? They are effects, not causes.

Dogma can only bear witness to a truth; it cannot make a truth. Creeds are testimonies, explanatory efforts, peccable attempts to expound the gravest concerns. Men have been defeated in their anxiety to make them an invulnerable array, have over-reached themselves and trespassed on the rights of heart and mind. Sometimes they would seem to deny the full and free flowing of divine life, in all ages the same, and they have essayed the vain task of limiting God's dispensing of His own boundless being to subordinate creation. Worship has been humiliated and materialized by what St. Paul calls "the beggarly elements of this world." The underlying spiritual meanings have been hidden by the profuse display and useless ceremonialism. Ethics have been wounded in the Christian household, and casuistries and shiftings and immoralities have flourished apace. It is well known that the historic churches have too often been the bulwarks of privilege and absolute power. When they relieved suffering they did not remove the wrongs that caused it. They taught men to be charitable, but forbade them to be just. They preached submission to the subject and autocracy to the prince. They heeded not the wail of the oppressed, and saluted the oppressor.

The generous principles and glorious hopes of Christ's democracy were repeatedly cast out, with bell, books and candle by interested prelates and a fawning clergy. No man can read history after Jesus' time, and deny the terrible indictment. But I submit that Jesus and His gospel are to be judged apart from these errors. And they are so judged. Men know that Christianity has succeeded despite the defenses of its friends as well as the attacks of its foes.

For there are two voices in Christian history. You have heard the one speak of its foul wrongs. Now hear the other declare its glistening achievements. These are summed up in two general statements: First, that Christianity has endured misrepresentation, degradation, and has at intervals been almost dehumanized by those who sat in the high places and slew the saints of God. Yet it does not die, and it always produces such characters as Christianity alone can produce. The gates of hades shall not prevail against it, and in its courts shall the righteous flourish.

And secondly, it is capable of regeneration from within, an inherent vitalizing which proceeds from the heart of Christ, its

living head, and this revival is common to all sects and branches of the Christian kingdom. These two features were notable in the apostolic age. Men of humble origin and scanty privileges received the evangel from the Master. And the wonder is, not that they were instructed by Christ, but that they were made to live in Christ, to think His thoughts and share His love and declare His will. He not only educated St. Peter and St. John; he regenerated them. He made them capable of receiving and imparting a universe of new and amazing truths which no mental effort could have propagated.

Beset by hosts of foes, heard by the vulgar curiosity of dissolute mobs, hounded to the doom by the authorities, Jesus through them came to His throne on the earth. Other men's words fall dead at their feet; we read them to admire, to criticise, to repel. They spoke of duty and of right, but they could not overcome the insuperable barrier of human nature. But the preaching of the apostles was more than a grammarian's jest or a philosopher's inquiry. It was the power of God unto the salvation to those who believed it.

Let us presume that such vitality were in all utterances for the sake of righteousness, that men no sooner heard Socrates than they obeyed him, and the pleadings of the Greek and Latin leaders for truth and justice and honor were followed by the enchanted listeners with prompt and decisive action. If all the preaching of Roman and reformer and the modern church were surcharged with this dynamic there would have been no limit to the growth of the race in virtue and well-doing. And ever and anon in the ministry of the church holy and elect men and women who have found the secret have lived the life and shared the labor of these fathers in the household of God. St. Francis of Assisi and John Bunyan and John Wesley are outstanding examples of the regenerating authority which the new life in Christ imparts.

The literature of the Christian era is a further testimony to the same end. You are a lover of music, and you hear the ravishing strains of the masters, but following your delight is your despair that you will ever be capable of such melodies. You are a devotee of art, but one glance at the Moses of Michael Angelo Buonarroti paralyzes your hopes. You venerate these productions, but you

lack the mysterious life which breathed the sublimity into Handel's soul and the divine touch into Angelo's hand.

How, suppose, you, were these great and compelling documents written, the Gospels and the Epistles? How were the Christian church and all its adjuncts of civilizing health made possible? You look upon the fossils of buried strata and you say, millions of ages past life was here. Here were the seas full of fish after their kind, and the shores covered with animals peculiar to the periods.

Look again and meditate in the broad area of these twenty centuries of human experience under the dominion of the cross. What gift, what endowment, lay behind the Lord Christ's life, the arguments of St. Paul, the meditations of St. John, the visions of the Apocalypse, and the practical teachings of St. James! How comes it that races have arisen to call Jesus blessed and are now at the apex of influence, whereas of yore they wallowed in barbarism?

There is one answer to these queries:

It explains the beautiful holiness of the saints, the apostolic zeal of the emissaries of Christianity, its growth in the world, its fecundity, its victory, its future triumph, and that answer is, God gave unto men eternal life and this life was in Jesus; from Him it was and is diffused into individual hearts and lives, and it stated epochs in the progress of the faith; it has arisen to heights of sublime and salvatory power.

We of the modern age have been chilled by the cold aspersions of science and our faith has been corroded by the acids of secularism. We have grown lukewarm toward these fundamental beliefs of the compelling ages when faith lent its realizing light. We have tried to placate non-spiritual men and tendencies and we have preached an accommodated gospel. Brethren, the aurora borealis cannot take the place of the sun; it flashes across the wastes of frozen desolation a momentary brilliance without a healing beam. We have put our trust in much that has failed us at the crisis, and we have neglected the things that make for eternal peace. A superstitious idolatry of proof texts and the letter of Holy Writ has hindered the free play of the Scriptures. The "Jehovah" of a tribe has been confused with the "Holy Father" of the spirits of all flesh. Religious fervor has been severed from sanity and ebullitions of emotion have been mistaken for the incoming of God.

Churchmen have looked with suspicion and dislike upon learning which conflicted with their preconceptions, and learned men have tried to cast out God from their thinking.

But this is only a temporary relapse and history repeats itself, while Christ, in His servants, comes to His own again. Men, women and children are today being brought into the meaning and fulfillment of the text, not by a brand of theology, not by a sacrament any more than by a syllogism, but by the Risen Lord of life immortal. They are being made to live in Christ the new life of believers rejoicing.

And whether we are conservatives or liberals matters little just now. Theology is a very fine science, but it has few competent professors, and there is not a man alive who could write an essay on the Trinity and escape charges of heresy from some quarter. Let these disputes and differences go to the rear for a space. We must prepare for the gathering tides from the eternal sea. I would call upon men of all churches who exalt Christ to proclaim this as His acceptable time and today as the day of salvation. We have been fighting in the dark—friend with friend—and not always about the primal concerns. Let those who accept the Scriptures I have taken for exposition conceive of Christianity as one sustained and splendid miracle. A miracle from first to last, the miracle itself. Then minor questions of evolution, higher criticism, comparative religions and the rest will sink to their level, and a forward movement from the center will dissipate our uncharitableness and check our incipient doubts and backslidings. Surely the day of coldness toward this doctrine is past and over. There are influences so freezing that under them, as Dr. Dewar has recently been showing London, even steel cannot retain its strength and the diamond loses its cohesion. But whatever we are or do the world is growing warmer with the presence of God, and the Spirit of Truth is ever accomplishing His mission. The Author of eternal life is writing in the human consciousness the real interpretations of the birth, life, death and resurrection of Jesus. And all who went before us, St. Francis, Luther, Wesley, Newman and Maurice, have only prepared a broader way for the Advent now upon us.

If in our folly and pride we have supposed that social influence, financial magnitude, intellectual eminence, esthetic culture

or doctrinal orthodoxy could sustain this church or any church, may the God of redemption and of the cross forgive us our wandering and restore unto us His loving kindness.

We look up for a moment to the Heavenly city, to the assembly of the church of the first born, to those who enjoy the undefiled inheritance of the saints in light. There are the heroic and the faithful of every tongue and nation; here are the devout and the godly of all creeds and types, who in Christ have received their reward. And as we ponder whence their entrance came and how they survived the visitations of sin and time and death, the response we hear is this. All in this abode live as you live, in the boundless love of Him who giveth life to all.

We look backward for a moment to the course of this miracle of grace as it runs through the centuries, visiting Abraham on the plains and Elijah in the mount. We see the widening river which blesses all it touches, and we begin to understand that the same power which created stars created souls and gave them their orbit. Saints and martyrs, bishops and confessors, revivals and reformations, periods of awakening following periods of stupor, are alike to be understood in the advent of Jesus. In Him is the human race created and recreated and judged and assigned.

We turn to the millions of our fellowmen and women whose rights in the gospel make our human family one vast democracy and in their behalf we appeal to Jesus. Has He not chained our golden era to His cross? And what are all our institutions if they are not friendly to Him but a perishing fabric. And as we hear with all our fellow believers the advance of Christ in the ages to come, surely we have every warrant to put our faith in the Life Giver.

Churches may perish, the church never perishes; outward ordinances may change, the life of God never changes; statesmen and kings may forget the people, but Jesus, who is of our flesh and blood, has carried the cause of every son of man into the central blaze of holy love and awful power. Let us forget our differences and exalt our union; let the hatreds and misunderstandings of centuries die, for Christ is coming with swift feet to greet His children in the new born time. And as we thus see Jesus let us see

and love all men in Jesus, each for himself, saying with Robert Browning:

O, Thou pale Form, so dimly seen, deep eyed! do I not
Pant when I read of Thy consummate deeds?
I burn to see Thy calm, pure truths outflash
The brightest gleams of earth's philosophy,
Take from me power's pleasures! let me die
Ages, so that I see Thee. I am knit around
As with a chain by sin and lust and pride.

Come, do with us as Thou wilt, but let us possess Thee. that, possessing Thee, we may have all things and in Thee live! This is the burning secret of all souls who hold unseen communion with Him who kept the watch on Olivet and won the fight on Calvary.—
Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

IMMORTALITY

BY THE REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

"If Christ is not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith vain."—1 Corinthians 15:14.

For the mature and the aged, and for all those who have lost their beloved dead, Easter is the joyful Sunday, of above all other days whatsoever. Childhood loves Christmas, young soldiers exalt the days dedicated to patriotism, but those whose shadows are falling westward, count Easter Sunday the brightest jewel in the circle of the year. All who have lived to any good end, want to live on and on forever. Life that is so rich ought also to be endless. Work is so rewarding, arts hold an infinite beauty. Knowledge has become so manifold and inspiring, man asks a thousand years for each rich pursuit. Even the oldest statesman or poet feels that he has had but a sip of the wine of life, and the thought that death will snatch away the overflowing beaker is a thought unendurable. No life so successful, but that with sadness, we write across the last page these words, "Too short." What if a traveler in the darkness should enter the front door of the mansion, go straight through the house, pass out of the rear door and into the darkness; so is the life of the dying child. What if a reaper

standing in front of a field white to the harvest, should mow one swathe across the field, and then go away, leaving the grain stretching to the horizon on either side. So is the death of the merchant who dies at forty. What if a pilgrim should drive through one gate of the Eternal City, move slowly down the Corso, pass out of another gate, leaving on either side hundreds of streets full of palaces and galleries and cathedrals. Such is the career of the aged man, who has wrought in one occupation or profession. Man's life is so short that he has time to gather only one golden bough; passing on, he leaves whole forests behind. That suddenly in the midst of his duties, his delights, his arts, his sciences, his friendships, man's task should be interrupted, makes a mystery, black and inscrutable. The greatest thought that has ever come to man is the thought of Immortality, and therefore man has invoked nature's greatest miracle for the adornment of that thought. Some things in nature we can explain, not the flowers. But there is nothing in a black clod and a sunbeam, that can explain a white lily. In a cleft of granite grows a bare thorn stick. Stooping nature waves her wonder-working wand, and lo, out of the dry wood, there leaps a mass of crimsons, enwrapping the dry stick with red velvet, soft as a woman's cheek; and this is the miracle of the flower. Flowers mean much in the hand of the bride; flowers are beautiful, thrown in the pathway of the conqueror and the hero; but no rose or Easter lily can ever equal in beauty man's hope of the life immortal. In the hour when God's wings brood the soul, something that has slept awakens, and then man whispers, "I thirst for life, for richer life, for deeper life, for eternal life." Then falling from the battlements comes the sweetest voice earth ever heard. "Unto him that is athirst I will give drink of the water of life that flows forever from the throne of God."

To all reflections based upon the greatness of the idea, let us now add reflections springing out of the vastness of the company that last year marched away into their perpetual exile from our earth. These exiles have not moved as occasional pilgrims; they have marched as a great army. Think of 100,000 people standing in line four abreast, and extending from Brooklyn Bridge to Prospect Park, while the street resounds to the stroke of their step. That vast multitude marched away last year, from our city, and they will not return. We cannot know why God has chosen to with-

draw them so gently as to conceal from us the magnitude of the city's loss. But in His wisdom He muffles the steps of these exiles, and accomplishes the exodus so gently that we are not disturbed even in our dreams. The divine husbandman plucks the ripe fruit from the tree of life, as the gardener in the Sunny South plucks the fruit on orange trees. In that summer land, the tree holds orange blossoms, young fruit, orbs fully grown, but green, oranges ripe and ready to fall. Then a great while before day the husbandman goes out to pick the fruit; but when the little child stands under the branches at noon, lo, he does not realize that a single orange hath gone. And not otherwise, on the tree of human life, hang all those forms of soul fruits named infancy, youth, full maturity, ripe age. Silently, the husbandman enters his Eden, and stands beneath the tree of life, to gather whatsoever fruit he will. It is not so, in our northern zone. With us, everything conspires toward a common harvest time. Slowly the summer goes toward September. Slowly the autumn loads the vines, fills fruit with ripeness to the core, plumps the nut with the ripe kernel, and suddenly God drops the robe of beauty over sheaf and shock. At the signal, the whole land is filled with the songs of the harvest, and when November comes, the fields are stripped. Now, what if all men worked the long year through until October, and then suddenly the signals were hanged out from the battlements of Heaven, and 100,000 of our citizens, the young, the aged, the good, the generous, the great, the merchants, the patriots, a group of exiles numbering 100,000, were to march down to the shores of the eternal sea, and while we waved our signals and our farewells, put out into the night and the yeasty waves. The shock of their going would strike our city dumb. The sun itself would pass under perpetual eclipse. And yet, God accomplishes the exodus of this company so gently, so secretly, that society moves on without disturbance, or disaster. Such thoughts as these are full of suggestiveness, concerning that door into Heaven that is hung about with the rich drapery of clouds and mystery. And the pathos of the thought is this—tomorrow you and I shall go the way of all men, and we shall never return.

A thousand books have been written, ten thousand arguments perfected, innumerable suggestions worked out, all helping to establish and strengthen the soul's survival of bodily death. But it is possible to condense all arguments and books whatsoever into

one sentence, Immortality is a free gift that rests upon the purpose and loving plan of God. No thoughtful mind will deny God's power to lift the soul across the river of death and to see the tired worker down midst the Elysian Fields. The strength of God is fully equally to the emergency named death. The arm of God lifts the sun into its place, the breath of God makes the stars to quiver as a child's breath shakes the dew drops on a rose. The stroke of God rends the structure of the universe as our hands rends a spider's web. In the sight of the omnipotent God physical death is a trifling little episode not to be considered when set over against omnipotence. The question, therefore, alters its shape, and we must ask, Is the All-powerful God, creator of the universe, also the All-loving Father Who will lift the beaker of life to the lips of His Son when He exclaims, "I thirst for eternal life?" Of course the question has been answered in part by the fact that man lives at all. The great thing is to make a loom; the little thing is to continue that loom. The great thing is to invent a steamship or engine; once made its continuance is a trifling task. The great task is to create a soul that comes trailing clouds of glory as it enters the scene and goes through the years laughing, singing, producing pictures, poems, laws, liberties, creating like unto a God. Once this divine soul has come, its continuance asks for the continued love and power of the God who hath sustained this soul for seventy years. Did the Heavenly Father create His child and fill the soul with treasures of genius and purity and prayer, that He might lead it toward one place—a black hole in the ground? Where it could use its intellect and memory and imagination and conscience and prayer in a deep hole with the leaf and the worm?

Who art thou, oh, man, to charge folly upon God? The whole economy of God in nature, is in one sentence, "Let nothing be lost." When the roseleaf falls from the sweet brier Nature whispers, "Let this petal lend a richer hue to tomorrow's rose, that nothing be lost." When the leaf falls, Nature's whisper goes through the forest saying, "Let this leaf fall at the root and, dying, live again in the luster of a richer leaf." When the rain falls from the sky, Nature whispers, "Let the sea send its whitest mists heavenward, that nothing be lost." And when the soul has come forth from the deep, descending to our earth, God whispers, "Let the earth shed its whitest souls back through the pathless air whence

they came, that nothing be lost." Overtaken by death, at thirty years of age, Jesus cried out, "I thirst!" He thirsted not simply for water but thirsted for life, and only the eternal springs of being could quench that desire. And when God gave Him victory over death and the grave, that Immortality was the revelation of God's love. Had the tomb held Him, that tomb would have been a witness that God was power indeed, but not love. He gives a resurrection to the seeds and roots that sleep through the winter, and how much more will He give a waking unto His own sons and daughters, made in His image, and destined to come to His likeness! Some of you have not denied to God your best. You have given your treasures and when you stand before His throne, and stretch your empty arms up to Him, death and God will not deny you your best again, but will give them back to you. That you should behold them again is less wonderful than that you should have had them in your arms at all.

But when the poet has emphasized his instinctive hope of Immortality, when the scholars have assembled all the analogies of the resurrection, and the philosophers have perfected their arguments for a life beyond, it remains for us to confess that these must be rooted in the soil of fact and history. Now we find that deeply rooting in the historic fact of the resurrection of Christ. The new school of historians has stripped away the legendary element from the beginnings of old cities and dissolved are myths like clouds. There are two forms of proof. There is the written record, and there is the record of an institution. The written record is in old books, old monuments, ancient coins and old tombs. The other witness is in the institution, that millions of people organized. Here is the Civil War. A score of historians have given us the written record through volumes in the libraries. Then here is the record of Decoration Day, and the flowers on a million graves, and that witness is worth a thousand times more than the histories of scholars. Here is the event named the Declaration of Independence. The written record is in the papers and books and histories of Philadelphia, in 1776. But the real record is in the institution called Fourth of July, in which three millions of people turn historians, and speak to us, instead of writing. Here is the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock. We have the

written records and journals of the men of 1620; the real witness is the Forefathers Day, celebrated by their children for nearly three hundred years. And here is Christ's victory over death. The written record is in the memorabilia of Jesus, and the early Te Deums, the old chorals, the solemn prayers, the ruins of the little churches of the first century; but the real witness is in the Dies Gaudii, this joyful Easter, in which the five hundred disciples who walked and talked with Jesus for forty days, burst into living speech. On the day of His crucifixion the disciples were cowards. Forty days of companionship with Jesus ended, and so all were moral heroes. And in a few brief years they changed the face of the world and accomplished a political, moral and spiritual revolution. They transformed Egypt, they died on the banks of the Euphrates, they emptied the temples of Athens, they put out the altar fires for Diana of Ephesus, they conquered the iron arm of Rome.

And what was their story? The story of Christ, who was victor over death. They had one theme, "the Risen Christ." Paul said to the gladiators, "You will have another chance." He said to the Roman soldier, conscious that he had been a murderer, "He will pity and pardon, and beyond you may retrieve your errors." He pointed the dying child and the broken-hearted mother to a realm beyond the stars. He took away the skeleton and left an angel of life; He took away the skull and the cross-bones, and left instead an Easter lily. When the broken-hearted people looked down into a grave, He looked up and said, "He is not there, He is risen." The conquest of the Grecian cities was accomplished within forty years after the resurrection of Jesus. But during all this time, most of the five hundred witnesses who had been with Jesus were still living on the earth. Just as the old soldiers of the Civil War, are now after forty years, still living, and ready to deny or affirm any statement made by the historians about the death of Lincoln! Do you tell me that these five hundred witnesses, who were with Jesus for forty days after the resurrection, agreed to keep still and united upon a lie? And that through this lie that for forty days they lived with Him, they accomplished the greatest spiritual, moral and political revolution in time? Well, you start out and try and accomplish some reform in Brooklyn or New York through a lie, and you will very soon learn the feebleness of that

kind of argument! The simple fact is that the resurrection of Jesus Christ and His survival of bodily death is the best established single fact in human history. Thus the instance of Immortality in all men, the visions of the poets, the arguments of the philosophers all become history in Jesus' victory over death. The poets hope; Jesus knows. The philosophers argue; Jesus was Immortality. The people dreamed they would survive death; Jesus whispered, God's kingdom of life includes both banks of that little stream named death. Here then is the soil of history in which the flowers of poetry and philosophy are rooted and fed, toward their full growth.

Now let the plummet go deeper. The profoundest fact in our universe is a moral fact. We summarize it by saying there is a power in the world that makes for righteousness. Our scientists know that fire and steam and digestion and nerve, and every force, works to destroy the transgressor of Nature's laws and to reward obedience thereto. Ours is a moral universe. Any man who flings himself against Nature will be ground to powder. The glutton, the drunkard, the liar, the thief, must go to the wall. The wicked may flourish for a time; then he disappears like smoke. The essence of a thousand volumes on the evolution of the moral sentiment is that Nature rewards obedience to her laws, and destroys the transgressor. Well, then, what about the reward for Pilate, and Jesus? Plainly the arena for the reward must be enlarged. Pilate is a coward and a murderer, and returns to his palace to sleep midst silken splendors. Jesus, after thirty years of pity to the poor, kindness to the broken-hearted, sympathy for the sufferer, and the uttermost of obedience to every law of Nature and God, goes toward His cross. Nero murders his teacher, his mother, his wife, and ravishes society, destroying his city, but lives in his palace midst ease and flattery. Paul journeys like an angel of mercy and healing across the land; is mobbed, stoned, cut with knives, kicked through the streets, and having brought liberty to Europe, is housed in a dungeon and dies by an executioner. John Wilkes Booth as an actor lives in the perfumed atmosphere of applause and flattery, and assassinates a hero. Abraham Lincoln bears up against a thousand blows, is criticized, even by Wendell Phillips and Horace Greeley; is caricatured and blamed, has a face

more marred than any man's face, is murdered, dies without recognition and reward, never dreaming the honors the people would heap upon his body dead that had been denied him living.

Do you say that Lincoln has never entered into the reward of his labors? That Paul has had no reward for his sufferings? Why should this universe work for righteousness on this side of the river of death, and suddenly reverse the law on the other side? The law of gravity and light is the same law on both sides of the River Hudson. Why is not the universe a moral universe, rewarding righteousness on both sides that little ribbon named death? It seems as if all nature suddenly breaks into voice here, telling us that Paul, coming out of the river, saw a great host coming out to meet and greet him with trumpets and banners. Oh, trust your deepest, sweetest instincts! Commit yourself to the Immortal hope, as the young bird leaves the nest for the first time and commits itself to the air that gently bears it up. In the silence of the night listen to the voices that in music whisper, "Come up hither." Going to God's Acre, do not look down toward the grass and the flowers, for your dead is not there. Look up toward the throne of light, for they are there, clothed now in eternal truth and beauty, having found much work to do, having taken up the dear old friendships, with their beloved who had gone on before, into what seemed an exile, but was enfranchisement and liberty. Unto God all live. God's scepter is not over skulls and graves. He rules over the sons of genius, the daughters of eternal beauty, and the spirits of the just, come into their full estate. If man lives but seventy years he has the endowments of a god and the career of an insect. We carry two eternities in our heart. Let us go singing toward the end, knowing that the soul is a sun disappearing beyond the horizon, but does not sink.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

CHRISTIAN IMMORTALITY AND SCIENTIFIC IMMORTALITY

BY PROFESSOR F. W. OSBORN

Everyone familiar with current literature must be aware of the fact that the problem of future life occupies a large place in the thoughts of men today. The large mass of literature treating this subject from every point of view is a silent testimony to the interest which this subject always has for the public mind. "If a man die, shall he live again?" is a question that has a pertinent interest today no less than it had for those who built their tombs along the hills of the Nile, or by the shores of the Euphrates, 3,000 years ago.

But, like all other subjects, the prevailing treatment of this subject, too, is adjustable to modern modes of thought; that is, scientific. Can a future existence be asserted on scientific grounds and supported by scientific evidence? Thus the biologist, the psychologist and the evolutionist are tempted to take up the problem and investigate it anew. The arguments of Plato are no longer satisfactory to our modern physiological science. To support this doctrine it seeks to discover in the brain a latent energy not impaired by disease or death. The psychologist hopes to find a basis for his belief in the fact that the mental functions, unlike the nervous organism, are not subject to the laws of time and space.

The evolutionist is confident that he finds in the progressive development of the individual and of the race an intimation that death does not end all; that the progress of mankind in science, art and religion now become so conspicuous, carries with it a strong presumption in favor of a future life, and of an environment more favorable for an unending progress. And now we have the students of occult phenomena and leaders in the Society for Psychical Research presenting indubitable evidence, as they believe, of the continued existence of the departed. Both in this country and in England men of eminent learning and ability are resting their belief in a future life upon a kind of evidence which, they believe, will banish all scepticism upon this subject. By the employment of the

most exact scientific method they claim to have provided against all sources of fraud and imposture, and to have obtained reliable evidence of the fact.

To those who regard Herbert Spencer as the representative scientific thinker of the last century, it may be interesting to know his opinion upon this momentous theme. From an article published only two years before his death, it is evident that his mind was often occupied with this subject, and that it was treated in a purely scientific way. With what personal interest he may have regarded the possibility of a future existence may, perhaps, be gathered from the following extract: "And what becomes of consciousness when it ends ? We can only infer that it is a specialized and individualized form of that infinite and eternal energy which transcends both our knowledge and our imagination, and that at death the elements lapse into the infinite and eternal energy whence they were derived." All the science of the great thinker could furnish him no assurance of a personal immortality.

So far, then, as modern science aims to make any contribution to this subject it is with a view to establishing the fact. If it can furnish rational evidence that the human spirit is able to survive the action of those forces which result in physical death it is satisfied with its achievement. But mankind are interested not merely in the fact of Immortality, but in its nature. What kind of life is the life beyond the veil to be? Will it be a continuation of the present life in some modified form? This is all that the most confident scientist can hope for or suggest. The most gifted philosophers and poets have not been able to suggest anything more definite than the "knitting up of severed friendships."

To all this vagueness and uncertainty Christianity presents a striking contrast. The fact is assured as an indisputable certainty by Jesus Christ. It runs like a silver thread through all the warp and woof of his teaching. Give up this truth and the appearance of Jesus Christ in the world loses most of its significance and is involved in imperishable mystery. The Apostle Paul can find but little reason for hope or courage for those who would limit the results of Christ's mission to this world alone.

Nor is there a less positive tone in respect to the nature of the life immortal. That life finds its deepest significance and value in its relation to the personality of Jesus Himself: "Because I live ye

shall live also." The human spirit is to find its complete development and its highest joy in full restoration to that divine fellowship which is its birthright. When Jesus Christ entered the world to make certain the redemption of men, then all the future was invested with a new interest, because related to His personality. When, in His last address to His disciples, He announced that He was going to prepare a place for them, that where He was they might be also; then it became evident that the benediction of the life beyond was to be His own immediate presence, in the enjoyment of which all His disciples were to share. To the pious Jew the attraction of the future life was that he might be gathered to his fathers and be admitted to share in the society of patriarchs and prophets. The devout Platonist might anticipate the unending contemplation of perfect justice and goodness, while the disciple of Zeno or Epictetus would find his supreme satisfaction in losing his own personality in the Infinite All. But the Christian may contemplate not the loss of personality but a personality growing evermore deeper, richer and more capacious of joy, since he will forever abide in the immediate presence of the Son of God, who will fill all the deeps of our human nature with His own abundant life.—Christian Work.

THE GIFT OF ETERNAL LIFE

BY THE REV. J. H. JOWETT, M. A.

"The free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Romans 6:23.

"The free gift of God is eternal life." And what is this eternal life? When one man has it, and another man has it not, do they just belong to different standards, but in the same school? Is human life all of a piece, of the same fundamental essence, and varying only in quality and degree? Is eternal life just life in the higher grades, and can we be schooled and cultured into it? That is certainly the basis and trend of many men's reasoning. Life to them, in all its human range, would be imaged in a column of Aberdeen granite which stands in the museum of the University of Edinburgh. The column is of one unbroken piece, but it is arranged in ascending sections to represent the different processes and stages through which the granite passes, from the quarry to the polished issues. The pedestal is rough, jagged, and primitive, just as it left the quarry, bearing all the marks of the blasting. And then follow layer upon layer, each succeeding one being subjected to a more rigid discipline than its predecessor, until every uncouthness is left behind, and all its wealthy and exquisite veins are discovered in the refined and shining issue. And that, I say, is how many people reason about eternal life. Eternal life is just common life perfected. Common life is the rough-hewn block: eternal life is the same block, chastened and refined. The two do not represent a change of substance, they represent differences affected by labor and culture. And so eternal life is just an accomplishment; it belongs to a different standard, but not to a different order.

Now, let it be said at once that this is not the teaching of Jesus. As soon as we turn to the teaching of our Lord we discover that one emphasis stands out with almost startling intensity. According to our Lord, eternal life is not a refinement, but a renaissance, not the product of discipline, but the issue of birth. It is not an upper standard but a regenerated order. Nowhere can you

find a suggestion of a gradient leading by perceptible stages from the human to the divine. There is no sloping stair, whose top-most step brings us to "the shining table land, to which our God Himself is moon and sun." The man who has eternal life, and the man who has it not, occupy two different planes, and the passage from one to the other is not by a process of gradual consummation, but of immediate recreation. We do not climb into eternal life, we are born into it. That is the teaching of our Lord. "Except a man be born from above, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Eternal life, then, is not something attained, it is something imparted; it is not the last result of pruning, it is the reception of a new seed. I do not know any thinker of my acquaintance who has put this matter more clearly and boldly than Dr. Dale, and I quote him all the more readily because the firm, steady steps of his reasoning were so undisturbed by the enervating air of sentimentalism. "When a man is regenerated," he says, "he receives a new life and receives it from God. In itself regeneration is not a change in his old life, but the beginning of a new life, which is conferred by the immediate and supernatural act of the Holy Spirit." The man is really "born again." A higher nature has come to him than that which he inherited from his human parents: "he is begotten of God:" "born of the Spirit." That clear and definite teaching I commend to you as the very word and mind of God. We do not enter into eternal life through a process, but in a crisis: we enter it by recreation.

Now, I am not disposed to try to compress the secret of eternal life within the shrine of a definition. The power of definition soon wanes; there are atmospheres in which it speedily grows faint. But the indefinable is not the unreal: we are surrounded by a million facts which cannot be lured into the snares of definition. Who can define thought? I rose from my desk and took down the very last and ablest of our dictionaries, that I might see how far the learned editor had succeeded in expressing the secret of thought. And here it is: "Thought, a series of phenomena in consciousness!" Is the secret there? Has the definition trapped it? Or is the ethereal thing escaped and away? I said to myself, I will see what this learned definer has to say about love! So I took down the fourth volume to see what he had got in his net; and here it

is: "Love, a feeling of predilection or solicitude for certain individuals, classes, principles, qualities or things." Has he got it? Will any lover be willing to admit that the fair and sunny genius has been caught and her ultimate secret disclosed? No, definition speedily fails, but the reality abides. We must not dismiss what we cannot define, or we shall have to empty both the heart and its world. And so it is with eternal life; it is the mysterious issue of a mysterious birth, and its essential secret cannot be defined. Nicodemus saith unto Him, "How can a man be born again?" "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof"—there can be no doubt about its reality—"but thou canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth"—it is reality enshrouded with mystery—so is every one that is born of the Spirit." But, even though these things cannot be defined, it may be that they can be characterized. How, then, can we characterize this eternal life, up to which we can never climb, but into which we may be born? Well, it is life that is characterized by knowledge of God. "This is life eternal, to know Thee, and Jesus Christ!" Wherever there is eternal life there is some apprehension of God; perhaps I should have expressed it better had I said there is some appreciation of God, some "awareness" of His all-encompassing Presence. When our Savior says: "This is life eternal, to know Thee!"—I do not think the primary content of the word is mental illumination, although that will most assuredly be in the shining train; but it fundamentally refers to the intelligence of sympathy, the correspondence of kinship, if you will, the telepathic communion of spirits attuned to the same key. Shall I illustrate it in this way? There was one who said to me a little while ago, concerning a loved one who had been brought back to him after a long and troubled absence: "Even when I am at my desk, and immersed in my labor, there's a singing consciousness at the back of it all that she is in the home again!" May I take that word to help in the exposition of my text? That singing apprehension of a presence, in absorbing labors and in relaxing hours, is symbolic of the apprehension which is theirs who know the Lord. "This is life eternal, to know Thee," to appreciate Thee, to have a singing consciousness that everywhere, in spheres of labor and rest, the Lord is in the house! "Because He is at my right hand!" That is the apprehension of God. "When I walk through the valley of the

shadow of death I will fear no ill, for Thou art with me!" That is the apprehension of God. "Nothing shall separate us from the love of God." That is the apprehension of God; the singing basal consciousness that the Lover is in the house! It is "deep calling unto deep;" it is the sympathetic vibration of those who partake of the same nature, and that nature is divine. Of course, as I have said, this blessed appreciation will be the minister of light: the inspiration of the heart will help the illumination of the mind: sympathy will befriend reason: the "life" will become the "light" of men.

How is this "eternal life" obtained? It is "the free gift of God." Will you mark an earlier clause in this verse, a clause with which I am not now directly concerned. I will only quote it in order to throw our more immediate text into startling contrast. "The wages of sin is death:" we can earn death; the majority of us labor hard for it; and the "wages" will be paid. "The wages of sin is death!" "But the free gift of God is eternal life;" that can never be earned! "Free gift," that is the largess, the unearned bounty, scattered by the Emperor on high and festive days. "Eternal life" is a largess, not a payment; not "wages," but a "free gift." It is not an attainment, but a boon; not a fortune won, but a fortune inherited. It is a legacy made to paupers; the Lord our Savior is the legator, and you and I are the legatees. And in this we are all alike. "Life's poor distinctions vanish here." We may bring our wealth, but our wealth cannot bribe the porter at the gate. We must come empty-handed! "Nothing in my hands I bring!" "Blessed are the poor!" We may bring our learning, but learning does not possess the "open sesame" into the land of life and light. "God hath chosen the foolish!" Not in the pride of knowledge must we come, and with brusque and presumptuous step; rather must we come as "pilgrims of the night," waiting humbly and reverently for the opening of the fountains of the day. "Blessed are the poor!" "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." Eternal life is a "free gift;" it is given to meritless paupers, whose conscious poverty is their profoundest plea.

Where, then, can we get the legacy? Here is the answer: "The free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord." That is where we are to seek and find the inheritance, "in Jesus

Christ our Lord." And this is the reasoning of the sacred Word. "That eternal life is in the Son." The life that was in Jesus was of the eternal order, and of that sort of life the risen Lord is the reservoir and fountain. Get the music of these three great passages as I proclaim them from the Book. "In Him was life:" "I am the life:" "He that hath the Son hath life!" So you see what we have got to do in order to get our legacy is to get the legator Himself. "He that hath the Son hath life." The "free gift" is "in Christ Jesus our Lord." We need trouble about nothing else except to become one with the Lord. "Having Him we possess all things." Become one with Him, and His life becomes ours.

How, then, may we become one with the Lord of Life? The Lord Himself proclaims two ways, belief and obedience. By these two ministers our Lord and we become one. First, by belief! And what is belief? It is not the suppression of reason. Belief is the exaltation of the noblest hypotheses to the throne of the life. To believe in Christ is to take the sublimest assumptions, and make them the principles of our soul. To believe in Christ is to take the highest we know and to allow it to govern all that we do. To believe in Christ is to venture your life on the assumptions of Christ. Do you know anything higher, nobler, more glorious than the assumptions of Christ? To believe is to accept them, to venture on them, and to venture in the assurance that the highest is always the truest and best. He claims to be able to convert destructive remorse into a constructive penitence. He claims to be able to take the virus out of a poisoning guilt. He claims to be able to put dynamics into feeble and struggling virtue. He claims to be able to weld the complexities of life into unity, and to convert its discords into harmony. He claims to be able to take the alienated and embattled individuals of the race, and out of the scattered and hostile fragments to create a brotherhood. This is what our Savior claims to do. To believe is to let Him do it, and to offer one's life for the sacred experiment! Belief is to take the Highest at His highest word, to assent to the desirability of His ideals, and to consent to His will. And so belief involves obedience. In these high regions no one can become free without first becoming a slave. But the servitude is not irksome; it is sweetened and glorified by its issue. We must die to self if we would live unto God!

That is where so many of us so pitifully fail. We are seeking kinship with the divine, and we will not surrender ourselves to its blessed ministry.

"I lived for myself, I thought for myself,
For myself, and none beside;
Just as if Jesus had never lived,
As if He had never died."

That center must be changed, inevitably changed, and it is inevitably changed under the two-fold ministry of belief and obedience. And when those two conditions are established we become one with the eternal God, we become "partakers of the divine nature," we receive "the free gift" of "eternal life," and we are "alive unto God." "The free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord." May it be the blessed, the infinite privilege of everybody here to pass out of poverty into that unspeakable and inexhaustible wealth!—Baptist Commonwealth.

IMMORTALITY—AN EASTER SERMON

BY THE REV. WILLIAM A. QUAYLE, D.D.

"And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain."—1 Corinthians 15:17.

To a man who believes in Christ it must always be a very gracious service to participate in an occasion like this, to be spokesman for the hearts of a Christian order, the main meaning of whose institution is Christ and the cross. Therefore, I count myself, brother knights, to be happy in speaking to you about your Christ and about my Christ.

I take it that it goes without argument that the resurrection of Jesus is final proof of man's immortality. It is very true that Christ was God. We are men who believe in the deity of Jesus Christ. He was very frank Himself, though a modest gentleman, was Jesus, very frank, and affirmed His divinity. I do not know a more impressive thing than when Jesus without a lift of the voice, but with touching intonation, said a surprising thing, and therein affirmed His divinity. I have never been so dull of life but that when I heard Jesus say, "Before Abraham was I am,"

my pulse began to beat like battle drums. Christ said these large words just in the same way that the mountain affirms its bulk. A mountain never argues about its bulk, never prates about it, but it stands so stalwart, so wide based, so high crowned amongst the stars, so watching the skies, so looking in the face of sunsets as that, who sees it, feels its immensity. The mountain does not struggle to cast a shadow. It is a mountain. It must cast a mountain's shadow. And this is in poor, boy fashion a similitude touching the Christ. Those great teachings of His were shadows of Him. He meant no large things. He thought no large things. These Hercules doings and these Hercules sayings of the Christ didn't make Him sweat. He had no battle sweat on His face. He was so immense that all immense things were the necessary music of the lute of His life.

But while we remember that Christ was divine, we do not forget that Christ was a man, and nobody who suffers, nobody that fights, no man who feels how hard it is to be a good man, nobody who knows the struggle of life, dares, in my opinion, forget for one short-lived moment, even, that Christ loved to call Himself the Son of man. Brother of us, that is what He said. Fellow with us, that is what He said. Armed in our warfare, that is what He said. Under our load, that is what He said. On the march; forward, march! And when the forward march came and His feet began to climb, and when the forward march of battle sprang and the swords leaped from the scabbards against the faces of the foe, He bared His arm and took the sword from the scabbard and He fought. Son of man. And I take it, therefore, that when, after a slumber of a night and a day and a night this tired out God and this tired out man awoke with the death sweat barely dry upon His face, and came out, that brothers, and neighbors, that is a manifest and unanswerable argument for the Immortality of the human soul. Before that we might have reasoned; before that we might have doubted; before that we might have battled with uncertainties; but since that we have no answer to make to this question of man's Immortality. And this day, therefore, in the light of this affirmation of the Immortality of man, I want to raise this query in the hearts of all you men and of all you women: What are the sanctions Immortality puts on human life? Now, if a man is a taper lit

to go out in smoke, and never to be lit again, that life is a very different business from what it is if we are lamps lit to burn forever.

It is a good deal of difference, brothers, whether the sun goes down just for a night or goes down forever. It is a good deal of difference whether the sunset is followed by sunrise or whether the sunset is followed by the dismal dark, the dirging of the dismal bell and the shadows flung until the bold midnight becomes infernal and internal, or whether man is running a race that goes forever and forever. Then it will be a very different matter from whether a man were staying here through a day and the coming of night was the coming of eternal paralysis and eternal forgetfulness.

Therefore by your thoughtfulness I shall suggest that a sanction put upon life by Immortality is that man is different from the beasts, that to be a man is to be in a different order from being among the beasts. We are brutal enough, God wots. Some of us seem people of instincts; some of us, a smell of powder makes wild like Cæsar's soldiers; some of us, the passions of the riot of life churn our blood until we be like a Vesuvius boiling out devastation to vineyards, destruction to cities, and death to populations. But when one of us—Christ the one—when one of us ran the gauntlet of death, ran past all its swords and all its spears, hit with them all, thrust with them all, wounded with them all, bleeding from them all until every drop of blood was spilled and his heart was as dry as a cup dried out on the sands of the desert—when one of us after having lost the stops of life, and having loosed hand on life, and having been blinded and lost in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—when one of us walked through, filled up the empty cup of the heart once more, and smiled and took up life's journey, not with despair, but with a divine and amazing delight, then that shows we are not beasts. We are not beasts, whatever animals we may be; we are super-animals. We walk amongst them, are their masters; and if their day may have sunset and dark, our day hath sunset and dawn.

And so it comes to pass that by the argument of the Immortality of the soul, which comes from the up-raised Christ of God, men cease to appeal to the nether world and learn to appeal to the upper world. We are not moles to grope in the dark and slight

the day; we are eagles to flash against the sun and catch every glory from the earth and the Heavens. It is a great thing for a man to know that his animality is a temporality and his manhood is eternal. And my opinion stands, after noticing men for years past, that you will never quite get a man's life up and around where manhood stays and knows its splendor and knows the tremendousness of manhood's prime, until a man sees that he is not even a brother-in-law to the beasts, much less a brother, and that he stands above the world of beasts and the place is nigh neighbor to the land of angels.

A sanction of Immortality is a sanction for our dreams. It is such a pity, such an infinite pity, if after all we had dreamed about being immortal we found we were only mortals yet. And I think, brothers, that if Plato be wrong with his hesitant mood. I think if Socrates be wrong concerning Immortality, I think it is an utter pathos; because when we see these great thinkers dream these great dreams, we somehow feel they were half gods. And it makes a good deal of difference, therefore, whether our dreams are to be put out, whether a dull, damp hand shall come and clutch every star out of the firmament and put out the flame and plunge it into blackness. Star down, star out, star out, star down! Whatever stars we have should show the universe to us; and they must be holden high where there burns eternal light and nought is dark. Then, if all our dreams of Immortality were fleeting shadows of the soul, men, I say, that would be tragical pathos. No dreams come true? Not have eagles wings; have only feet for climbing, can only climb? People have feet for climbing. They can walk along the plains; they can plow the fields; they can walk down the valleys; they can even tramp with stumbling feet on the mountains; do all that, but the trivial bird with trivial wings flings a shadow on them. I am saying, men and women, when a man is grown so great that he dared dream death was only an event and not an end to life and that after death there came the sense of immortal life, what a pity if in this life of ours there was no sanction of Immortality and all our dreams were black, black, dark and black, no sunlight, no starlight, night forever.

That Immortality of the soul, shown by the resurrection of Christ, Who is the head of this order for which we speak at this hour, that Immortality puts a premium on, and a sanction on

growing. I am not saying it is not worth while to grow, if we were but to grow to fifty years. It would be a palpable pity to stay here and just to turn up the dirt of the earth to stand on it, wouldn't it? Just to fool with the ground. Just to stand here and make tracks. Wouldn't that be a pity, not to grow? Well, now, the world is meant for growing. But what I am saying is if the world is a plateau for us to stay on fifty or one hundred throbbing, impetuous, tumultuous, tragical years and then all is done, why it is a very different business from the notion that we are here to learn the dictionary of life and then for fifty million millions of centuries to use the talk. Why, a man doesn't get up to the voting age until pretty near past it; a man hardly gets to his full height here till he begins to stoop. I saw a man the other day and I said, "How high are you?" He said, "Do you want to know how high I am? So high; not as high by an inch as I used to be." "Well," I said, "can you keep your head up now?" Some people have two soles on their shoes and make an inch of their own. They know what little chaps they are. And this man had lost an inch. And we barely grow to maturity and to the stalwart arm until life's faculties begin to warp; and we barely learn to spell the words in the spelling book until our memory begins to wag a little like a drunkard's hand, and we can scarcely spell at all, and when we make a mistake in spelling we say, "I used to be a good speller." I think every man will tell that.

But it is true that men can grow through Immortality; and it is a good deal of difference whether we are just doing business for fifty years, and put up the sign, "We will be at this stand fifty years and then this firm will be dissolved. No more business here, no more banking here, no more trade here, no more struggles here, no more vengeance on evil here, no more insurrection for God here. Fifty years and then this firm will be broken up and passed into eternal bankruptcy." Life to be an end is one thing, and I think a poor thing. O, my soul, stand up tall like pine trees on the summit of the Cascade hills. If a man is to keep at this business of growing forever and forever, I think this job is worth the trouble. Don't mind staying at this, don't mind doing at this, don't mind learning at this, don't mind thrusting the shuttles to and fro and to and fro though my arms are tired out and their muscles are

like steel cords broken. Oh, let me die in the job of growing, if so be I can grow forever. Give me the chance, that is worth while. The sanction of Immortality!

You say your son died the other day. Did he? He was a young chap, thirty-five you say? Out of college, into business, knew his vocation, had such a future—and his mother said: “My God, help!” That is what the mother said, and she had her arms around his dead body and held him up against her heart like she used to do when he was a baby, up against her heart. Done now—animal—done? Aye, if man is a mere materiality he has no hopes, and, more’s the pity, he has no future. And it is odds of difference to that boy. Wasted, that is what he was, wasted powers, but if the life eternal begins in this world of the life temporal, then every striking on the anvil makes the chains that hold the ship against the shore, then every stroke counts in eternity. Isn’t that worth while? Knights, draw your swords! I saw you when you drew your swords—then you began to give the creed. That was a great inspiration. Fight for the creed, with its great suggestions, and its eternal music for the soul! “Swords, be drawn! Ready, fight!” Ah, well, ready, fight! Fight! We are going to stay forever.

You remember that Tennyson died with a song from “Cymbeline” in his hand, and he lay there reading the story; lay there, in his left hand the book that held the reading of the song from the magician drama, and then the hand lay down on the breast, and the breath came quiet, and they leaned over him and put kisses on the lips that could not kiss of themselves. Well, I will say this: If he was a poet only for eighty year—and a beautiful poet—that was utterly pathetic, but if that hand took up the book the other side of the water and read it, then, men, life is worth the trouble.

A sanction of Immortality is the sanction of character. When any man tells me that it is easy to be good I don’t believe him, though I may not tell him so. But when a man says it is easy to be good you don’t want to give him any consideration. It is not easy to be good. I never thought that it was any consequence whether you found it easy or not, the consequence is, can you do it? Well, it was a chore, a dangerous chore for Columbus to cross the water. I had no trouble. I came over here, and the trip wasn’t

anything. But he had trouble. That isn't anything against Columbus. It is all in favor of Columbus. I didn't meet his trouble, because I didn't find the world. Well, there is this business of character, this building of what we are, and what we are to be, this making ourselves tense as a tight drawn bow string, this changing ourselves from babies and mere imbeciles to manhood and womanhood, mighty as an untakable tower. Now, this is worth while. It is a trouble for the minister to make a living—now I am not speaking for the other fellows—I am speaking for the minister. It is a trouble to make a living, and we have a hard time to buy a tombstone when we have the decency to die. And some of you folks are lawyers, and the clients don't transpire, and some of you are doctors, but people aren't sick. It is so hard, and to some people life is as bitter as extracting the oil of gall. Lawyer, if you have a hard time it is for a minute, and for all the days and weeks and nights clientless there shall be business. Doesn't that make a difference? And suppose a man thought he had to live in a flat all the time, wouldn't that wear him out? Just stay hedged up in a little flat here and not get in your own house when you have the key? Think of that! Think of that! Never have a house of your own; always live on the street; never have any grass but what is borrowed. Have to go out in the country to lie down on a knoll in God's green country. Never have anything but a flat. But if it were just for a minute and then forever and forever own a house on the front street of Heaven! Doesn't that make a difference? Ah, brother, it makes all difference. And I tell you men and women this now, with the sanction of immortality on the vicissitudes we call life, life becomes glorious. Are we poor? Yes. Very poor? Yes. Most poverty is comfortable. We are used to it. We love it. We have always had it. It is for us. But sometimes poverty has a handshake when the clutch comes upon us in the fashion of some thief. Is it worth the trouble? Ah, well, I will tell you, if you are going to be poor eighty minutes and rich as Croesus for a million years, doesn't that make any difference? All difference.

Brothers, knights, friends of Christ. That is what you stand for, the Christ. You stand for Christ and the cross. I will ask this company of men that wear the sword and have the white plume meaning to symbolize the blameless life, I will ask you this:

If there is no Immortality, what is the cross for? Was it worthy then for Christ to die if men live twenty-five years and then die? It was not. That would be the wasted blood of the Christ and the wasted life of Christ and the wasted passion of Christ. But if instead of going to live a little while we are going to stay all the time there, then that cross was a cheap price to pay for Immortality. A sanction for the passion of the son of God was this, that He dared to die, so the weakest child who loved Him and put arms around His cross could outlive the stars.

Mark you this, if we are to live forever, then this matter we call influence becomes mighty. If I do go amongst the mountains and poison a rivulet no thicker than my thumb, that is a little matter, is it? But if I poison a rivulet and the rivulet poisons a stream, and the stream poisons the river, and the rivers the great arteries of the continent, and the river pours out and poisons the sea, then influence becomes infernal. That is it. Very well. Now influence, in the sight of Immortality, becomes absolute, because it is like trying to hold up the sky on your unaided shoulders. Men, you don't dare to be bad; you are going to live forever. Men, you don't dare to say the foul word; you are going to live forever. And a man has got to stay with himself forever. My God, isn't that enough to shake the badness out of a man's soul forever? You have got to stay with your everyday life forever. Behave yourself, you have got to stay with your soul forever. Talk decent. Does man want to fool with his own soul? Ah, well, well, well, men. Ah, woman, this matter of Immortality cuts all figure.

A sanction of Immortality is that in this life we are to ourselves become very great and our conditions very noble. And we are like Ferdinand said to his beloved Miranda, "Miranda, in my condition I am a prince, methinks a king." Ah, that is it, a prince, a king. Ah, knights, that sanction of Immortality is, we are princes. And again we think that we are kings, and I profess before this company of men this afternoon that in this light of Immortality it is worth while to struggle, worth while to endure, worth while to make character, worth while to speak sublime words, worth while to live the pure life, worth while to wear the white plume and keep the sword without rust, to walk and march and fight and win or lose, to do battle for the Christ. And we are marching therefore toward Immortality.

Next Easter day you may not all of you be here. Maybe this preacher will no longer belong to St. Bernard commandary, and there will be a sword hung at his house in a sheath that is unused. Men, knights, please God, we are men that have stood by the empty tomb of Christ and know that He came out of it, and we ourselves if not here shall be in another city whose name is Beautiful, and shall wake the Easter music on the celestial fields and listen to the great eternal voice and look at the face of Him whose face to see makes Easter leap into eternal rapture, aye leap into eternal peace. —Inter-Ocean.

DYNAMIC IMMORTALITY

At East Northfield, over the grave of the great evangelist, Mr. Moody, there is an inscription fraught with the one invincible assurance of Immortality: "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." In these words the cumulating evidences of the great fact culminate. It is the proof of proofs. Because the doing of the will of God must ever go on, the doer of it must go on in its doing.

The Will of God is the terse Biblical term for the Infinite and Eternal energy of love and truth and righteousness. In the saint we see this individualized in a distant personality, whose center of consciousness is his constant will to work with the divine will. It is only as individualized in the wills of his finite agents that the Will of God carries forward his work in the evolution of moral and spiritual life in the world.

In view of the personal agents in whom we see the Will of God in operation, the question arises whether their activity is transient or permanent. We see certain forms of the Infinite Energy which are transient, and lose themselves by convertibility into other forms, while the sum of energy remains incapable of diminution. Motion perishes as motion and reappears as heat. Heat, perishing as heat, is converted into motion. But from these changeful physical forces the moral forces stand apart and above in the nature of things as unchangeable. Love, truth and righteousness are unchangeable. What they are they are forever. We see them

as divine energies incarnated in good men. Only as individualized in good men does their divine energy become an effective working force for the furtherance of goodness in the world.

What, then, would result, did the saint cease to exist when his body dies? The divine energy of love and truth and righteousness incarnated in him would be withdrawn from potency into latency; an activity would be subtracted from the effective working forces of the moral universe. The impossibility of this is what the word Immortality signifies. It is impossible in rational thought that the climax of the saint's earthly development of insight, power, and serviceableness in the furtherance of the Will of God should be extinction. The saint needs not to demonstrate that he will survive his mortal hour. The skeptic must demonstrate the contrary, if he can.

A good man dies, and all say that the visible world has lost thereby. The sum of its effective forces for the increase of goodness has been lessened. But has the universe lost anything when the saint no longer walks the earth? Did any fraction of its mobilized force for the working out of the Will of God become inoperative and latent when Nero's sword fell upon the neck of Paul? Was it an extinction of his activity, or only a transference beyond the horizon of the senses, that then took place? To ask the question is to suggest the only rational reply. Only if the Will of God could be thought of as in a measure ceasing to work for love and truth and righteousness, could the good man through whom it works be thought of as losing existence. As often as we see a noble career of ripely purified and disciplined power for goodness reaching the inevitable limit of activity on earth, this conviction deepens. Only "the fool," who "says there is no God," can say,

"The forces that were Christ
Have taken new forms and fled."

The river seen disappearing into a mountain cave reappears elsewhere.

Reasonings on Immortality are often faulted because Immortality is misconceived. It is not mere continuity even of a happy existence that is in question, but rather the conservation of moral energy, of active values—values of universal as well as of individual worth—efficient factors of the eternal work of God, the canceling

of which would be in some measure an abridgment of that work, and a loss of power to the moral universe. This was instinctively felt by the primitive Christian consciousness, as expressed in Peter's saying that the Spirit of Jesus, released from Calvary, continued His redeeming work by going to preach to "the spirits in prison."

One who has substituted this dynamic conception of Immortality for the static notion of an everlasting rest, which deserves the skepticism it encounters, does not aspire to future existence, however blissful, but to future activity. The hymn writer's hope to be

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end,"

does not interest him. He looks for what is far better than

"The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast."

Christian thought too often takes the hedonistic view of the future life which it deems immoral to take of the present. No such future can content a spirit which has imbibed Jesus' lesson that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and is striving to live the Christly life of unselfish service to neighbors. Such a one would not have this supreme blessedness of imparting blessing to others terminated at the grave. The joyousness of enlarged activity in such doing of the Father's will with freer and fuller power is what gives worth to the Immortality which they who have the mind of Christ aspire to. The glory to which the saint looks forward is simply "the glory of going on" in the doing of the Will of God.

It is an axiom of physics that a moving body will continue moving till stopped by some opposing force. Friction and gravitation quickly arrest the flight of the cannon-shot, but the planet flies for ages of ages through the frictionless ether. The spiritual world, no less than the physical, has its axiomatic law of motion. We see the conscious doing of God's Will in active progress. There is nothing in the nature of things to arrest it, for, as Augustine said, "God is the nature of things." It must simply go on, the doing, and so the doer. It is this axiom of spiritual progress which Christian faith asserts in the Apostolic formula, "He that doeth the Will of God continueth forever."—Outlook.

IMMORTALITY

BY THE REV. R. W. HAWEIS

"If a man die shall he live again?"—Job 14:14.

Most of you know that I am going to speak on some of the modern aspects of the Immortality of the soul, and you will infer, and you will infer rightly, that I am going to try and place that belief upon a scientific basis. The question is eternally interesting and recurrent. It is a question which most of the religions of the world have tried to answer, and every religion has had influence and retained it in proportion as it has given some satisfactory account of man's spiritual nature, or some reasonable hopes of man's Immortality.

What are we? Where do we come from? Where are we going to?

If you will think of what men have written and said upon the subject, you will find that there has been a constant disposition to believe that this life is not all; that we are not mere earthworms, a little more subtilely organized; that we have spiritual affinities; that we converse with principalities and powers; that we have some control over the formation of that spiritual nature which is to survive the shock of death; that we have in our own hands very much the general character which the next stage of being shall assume; and, above all things, that such a state of being really does await sentient, intelligent, self-conscious beings like ourselves.

Why do you believe in the Immortality of the soul? or, to put it in another way, the survival of you yourself after your body has been lowered in the coffin into the grave? Why do you believe that you do not go out like a candle then?

Some people say they have a consciousness of their own Immortality. But you cannot have a consciousness of anything except what is present, what is going on. You may have a consciousness of a certain divine sensibility, and you may infer from that intuition, that you are spiritual, and that the spiritual in you will survive the shock of death. You may infer that from the

divine sensibility, as you may infer from a physical feeling of hunger that there is something in the world calculated to satisfy that hunger; and you will be right.

Or you may say that your own intuitions upon the subject are strengthened by the general intuitions and consent of other people; that you find a very wide belief prevalent, and that it almost amounts to a generic consciousness of the race,—consciousness of a divine sensibility from which you infer the permanence of your spiritual nature and the Immortality of your soul. You will be right there, too.

It is true that deeply imbedded in the very constitution of our nature there is this kind of hungering and thirsting after what cannot pass away, this deep conviction that we ourselves, fundamentally, in our essence, cannot cease. Well, suppose this is so. There will be individual consciousness of a divine sensibility, and there will be the generic consciousness of the race, and you may say that this is a sort of argument for the survival of the spirit. You will be right there; it is a sort of argument.

Or you may say it is a hypothesis, a supposition which explains many facts; that this world would be so irrationally constituted were this little life all; that here are so many unfinished lives that the whole course of the world and the moral organization of society would be chaotic; that so many things are here left unexplained, and that if you introduce the survival of the spirit you at once introduce harmony into this chaos, you introduce a principle which will reconcile us to many contradictions, many apparent injustices—to the passing away of people in the prime of life with their work unfinished, and their great ideas unfulfilled, and their hopes shattered; then there are people who have always seemed to be under a cloud in this world for no particular reason, victims of their own organization, seemingly hampered, the immortal part of them, with that over which they have not had sufficient control.

All kinds of thoughts come into the mind, suggesting that if there is a development, a continuance, that there may be an explanation. You revolt from a world irrationally constituted as this world would be in a moral and spiritual universe; you revolt from the idea that there is no conclusion to all these beginnings, and you may be right there.

Others believe in the Immortality of the soul, or in what they call their own resurrection. They say that Christ rose, and because Christ rose, therefore they will rise. Well I have often pointed out that this is not a very sound argument. It is used by St. Paul as a kind of argument. He says, "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." Of course, our connection with Adam is a physical one, but our connection with Christ is a spiritual one. When you say a spiritual connection you do not know quite what you mean; but you mean, at all events, something which does not imply a bodily connection.

Then the more unlike others you make out Jesus Christ to be, the less likely it is that the argument will hold sound that because Jesus Christ rose, therefore we shall rise. It is rather an analogy, it is an illustration, it is a devout hope, more than an argument. I have often showed this at considerable length in this pulpit.

Then you may take your stand, on higher ground, and say "We believe we shall survive death because of what Jesus Christ has told us about God; we believe that this deliverance concerning the character of God and God's love for us is a true deliverance upon the matter; that if God really does love us, He takes care of us; that He has placed us in the seed time of the earth for the harvest of eternity; that He will never leave us, nor forsake us; that He holds us all in the hollow of His hand, and that His everlasting arms are round about us."

Well, if you take that ground, I am with you. Yes, if Jesus Christ gave a true message concerning the love of God for man then we are immortal, then we shall survive, we shall not be put out like a candle, we shall not perish when we are laid in the grave. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God." "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." And we know, as St. Paul says, "If our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." So, if you take that ground, I am with you; I say that is a good

argument; it is an argument for those that believe, for those who are already Christians,—but for nobody else.

Now you might think that as a Christian preacher I ought to round off my sermon with those texts; and it would be well, only we live in an age when new thoughts and feelings are coming up. Every age has its own difficulties; its way of re-stating the old questions, requires its own particular arguments.

And what are the mental and moral characteristics of this age? A desire to have the foot planted upon an intellectual rock and not to be merely as a barque floated upon an emotional ocean. The tendency of this age is to trace a connection between cause and effect, to correlate all, the different phenomena of nature. When anything new is pointed out the first thing which we ask is: What is its connection with that which went before? What is its general relation to a harmonious whole? And we must answer these questions. We must answer them not only in the field of history so as to make the character of aspects and incidents connected with historical personages cohere, but we must answer them in the realm of philosophy, we must answer them also in the realm of science, and in the realm of religion.

Religion must not be an excrescence, however lofty and sublime. Religion and our theological belief must be welded into the very substance of life and experience.

That is what the present age does insist upon. Now the first Christians did not trouble themselves with all that. They were quite content to rest upon authority, upon affirmation, upon analogy and upon imagery; upon a show of emotional argument, even upon a propitious hope; they were inclined to believe what they wanted to believe. We want something more than that in religion. We do not want to believe merely what we should like; we will not believe only what is agreeable; we want to know what is true, and if not what is absolutely, certainly true, what is possible and probable about our own souls, about our own bodies, and the survival of the spiritual principle.

How can these things be? In the silence of your chambers this little sentence rings again and again in your ears: "How can my soul exist without my body? Has it any separate existence?"

Now let us put the matter clearly. What is it you do want? What kind of Immortality? Is it the Immortality of the race,—

that other people will go on propagating the race to the end of time, whilst you will be dead? Well, that is one satisfaction, perhaps, to some people.

Do you want the Immortality of your thought, so that after you are dead people will read your books? Well, that may be a melancholy consolation, but you will know nothing about it.

Do you want a survival of virtue? Well, that is refreshing, to think that the world is going to get better by-and-by, for it is bad enough now,—but then you won't be there to take any account of it.

Do you want to think that the atoms of your body will be taken up into cabbages and trees and flowers and plants and so forth, so that you will go circling through the various phases of vegetable and animal life long after you know nothing about it? Well, you may get what comfort you can out of that reflection.

But 'tis all beside the mark. What you really want is to feel that the dead are alive for evermore, that when you seem to die you do not really die. What you want is for your own personality to survive, not necessarily the same in form as it was in this world, any more than you at thirty are the same as you were when a boy or a girl. Of course there has been development and change. All the particles of the body have changed, as also your associations, and your friendships. In one sense you are not the same, and in another sense you are the same. What is meant is that there has been no breach of continuity, and there has been a steady development through the various phases, but that has landed you where you are in the body, in flesh, in time, and you hope by-and-by to be landed somewhere without a breach in continuity; you hope, after dispersal of molecules at death, to start anew, to go on through another progressive phase. This is what you mean by the survival of your soul.

What does science say to all this? Early in this century and from time to time science has said, "That is all a dream." Science is a little more careful now than it used to be. Only a few years ago it was speaking very confidently, and saying, "There is nothing but matter and force in the body; you are subtilely organized; you are clever machines, the product of matter and force; but by-and-by the collected atoms fall to pieces, and you cannot hope to survive, because you are merely the product of matter and force."

Well, what did we say? We said, "Can you get the phenomena of mind out of matter and force?" Then the scientific people went back to their laboratories, and tried to get the phenomena of mind, consciousness, thought, feeling, and all the rest of it, out of matter and force subtilely organized, but they found they could not get it.

Then I think about ten years ago what I may call the tide of materialism began to turn, and Professor Tyndall spoke some remarkable words at one of the scientific gatherings, where he admitted that if you wanted to get consciousness, mind, the phenomena of mind, what you call soul, and intelligence out of matter and force, you would have radically to change your conception of matter and force; then you might get a promise of potency of life out of it. Well, of course, if you put into matter what you want to get out of it you may get it out. As I have pointed out, it is the old hat trick. You may put all sorts of things into it and take them out again. That is as simple as possible.

Then Professor Huxley gave a little warning note. It was not his business to build up mind or spirit, or to deal gently with theologians who had dealt so roughly with him; but Professor Huxley is a very cautious man, he is a very large-minded man, a very wise man, a very good man, a very deep and earnest-minded man, and what did he say? He said he declined to assert for a moment with some materialists that there was nothing in the universe but matter and force.

Then what did Buchner, the great German materialist, say? He confessed that before you could get consciousness and mind out of matter and force you want an "x"—that mind is matter and force plus an unknown "x."

What did Professor Bain say? That we might conceive, no doubt, of mind and intelligence existing apart from a brain and nervous system in some manner that is difficult for us to imagine, because we have never had any experience of it scientifically. The conception that mind might exist apart from the brain and nervous system was not, he said, an irrational one. With all these great scientific utterances the turn of the tide came, and science ceased to fight activity against what we may call Spiritualism, not modern Spiritualism, but the possibly independent existence of mind and consciousness.

What we want is to place the possibility of our survival on a scientific basis. As science has ceased to fight against it, can science fight on our side for it? I will devote myself to two or three spiritual contemplations—contemplations which will be found to be grounded upon scientific fact.

The first is this—hold it well in your minds—the absolute distinctness between mind and matter; between the phenomena of thought, feeling, and consciousness, and bones, blood, flesh, nervous system—the absolute distinctness of the two.

Secondly, the intimate connection between thought, mind, etc., and matter, brain, nervous system.

Lastly, the possible further connection between mind and unseen matter.

We know that mind is connected with seen matter; we know that thought is connected with the brain, which is seen matter; but then I shall try to show that there is an invisible universe, that there are invisible forms of matter, and I shall assume the probability and rationality of conceiving that the mind, as it is associated with seen matter, may also have a still more intimate association with invisible matter—what I may call the invisible incarnation of personality. If we can place these things upon a scientific basis, what comfort we shall have found for all who have lost dear friends, for all who sometimes think, “Science must be right when it tells us there is no life beyond the grave!” What comfort you will have for yourself! How you will look not only with calmness upon your approaching dissolution, which must take place in a few weeks, a few months, a few years.

The longest life, how short it is! The moons wane, and the suns rise and set, and your life is passing away like the sand in the hour glass. You are drifting on the bosom of the great flood into the ocean of eternity; but you are not drifting to a homeless shore; you are going to a home that shall not be without a Father, that shall not be even without a body, it may be, or without consciousness; you are not going down into annihilation; and when you feel this you have won a calmness and a hope that is full of Immortality.

First, there is the distinctness of mind and matter for you to consider. There is a union, a seen union, between mind and mat-

ter now. You know that the trick of the materialists was to confound mind and matter, or to say that matter was, at all events, certain, and that mind was not very certain.

Contemplate the absolute distinctness between the two. What do you know of them! All you know is that the phenomena of mind and matter arise simultaneously, that with every thought there is a change or vibration of molecules in the brain. The phenomena arise simultaneously and they cease. But you cannot pass from one to the other. You cannot express mind in the terms of matter, you cannot express matter in the terms of mind. As Buchner says, mind is matter and force plus "x." You cannot tell how vibration becomes sensation. There is no likeness between cause and effect, and all that you are directly conversant with is the effect; you do not know anything about the cause. Even the wood of this pulpit that I strike is utterly unlike the sensation which it gives my hand when I strike it. There is no likeness whatever between the wood pulpit and the emotion conveyed to my brain through the sting which my hand receives; the two are perfectly distinct: one is matter, the other is sensation.

So it is with love, thought, and imagination. You cannot put them in scales and weigh them; you cannot measure them; you cannot cut them up; and you cannot discover what they are by cutting up a dead body or cutting up a living body. It has been supposed that nerve resides in the gray nerve matter, but that, after all, is only a growth, an envelope, an avenue. It is absolutely distinct from the inner penetralia. What do our scientific men think about this?

What does John Stuart Mill say about it? These are his words: "Feeling and thought are not only different from what we call inanimate matter, they are at the opposite pole of existence."

What does Huxley say? He is very spiritualistic, indeed, upon this question; he says: "Our sensations are, in the strictest sense, immaterial entities. There is no likeness between the cause of them and the effect." So that Huxley calls a sensation the sting which my hand receives,—that is, the impression made upon the brain which causes me to feel a sting through the sensory nerves—an immaterial entity.

Professor Allman, President of the British Association, says: "Between thought and the physical phenomena of matter there is not only no analogy, but no conceivable analogy."

And what does Huxley say again? "Matter and force are, so far as we know, mere names for certain forms of consciousness;" so that it will be almost truer to say that matter is a form of mind than that mind is a form of matter.

What does John Stuart Mill say about the connection between the brain and thought? Does he think that that connection is necessary, or that it is accidental and simultaneous? Mill says: "The relation of thought to the material brain is no metaphysical necessity, but simply a constant co-existence within the limit of observation." As far as we observe matters, we see that thought is always connected with the brain and nervous system, but it is not a metaphysical necessity; or, as Bain said, there may be cases for aught we know where thought might have existed without the brain and nervous system, only we have no experience of such, therefore we cannot say that they exist. But when all is said "the uniform existence of one fact with another does not make the one fact a part of the other." So says Mill.

When, then, you come to the mind, are you doubtful about the existence of mind? You may be doubtful about the existence of matter. I confess, you do not know what matter is; you do not know why it is, or how it is; but you do know what is going on now; you do know that you have a consciousness that there is a man in the pulpit who is perhaps uttering a dark saying; you do know that there is some one in the pulpit saying somewhat which perhaps you understand, and a good deal which probably he cannot make intelligible to you; you have a direct consciousness of that, and thought, feeling, mind is the only thing that you have any consciousness of. You can be more certain of it than of matter—but in any case the two are distinct.

Now come we to the unseen matter. Well, you have certain experiences, you feel certain things, you are the subject of certain emotions, certain thoughts—are these connected with matter? You know that they are. Are they connected with seen matter? You know that the brain is visible, and they are connected with that and the spinal cord. Are they connected with unseen matter? You suspect that they are, for you hear of such things as nerve force,

which must be assumed, which cannot be proved. You hear of the body having magnetic properties which cannot altogether be analyzed. You fancy that the molecules in the brain when they cerebrate thought, as scientific people say, are really connected not only with the growth of matter, but with subtle nerve force, with invisible and unanalyzable fluids, which you infer with a tolerable amount of certainty.

Thus you are brought to the very borders of the invisible universe, the unseen world. How can you say that your poor little five senses tell you all that can be known about this wonderful universe? Why, my friend, if you had but one sense less you would be prepared to deny that there was any such thing as sound, and if you had but another sense less you might deny that there was any such thing as color; you might say that the only thing in the world was that which you could touch or taste or smell, and when people talked about seeing or hearing you would say they talked sheer nonsense, for that you had no experience of such things.

You have your five little senses, but what a little way they go!

How imperfect is your eyesight! The telescope convicts you of limitedness in one direction, the microscope shows it in another direction.

And how limited is your hearing! You can hear some sounds, but do you think you hear every thing that might be heard? Do you not know that there are many sounds in the universe which you cannot hear because your ear is too defective? Why, a cat can hear more than you; it can hear higher sounds than you; and many dogs can hear further than you, and the savage man who has cultivated his hearing can hear better than the civilized man who has not cultivated it in relation to long distances.

If your hearing were more perfect you might be cognizant of the humming of a forest as a mighty roar; you might hear infinitesimal sounds which now never reach the ear.

If the eye were better you might see wonderful visions; you might see, for instance, the particles of odor that flow from the rose on a summer's evening as you walked in the garden. The whole space between you and the rose tree is filled with particles of matter inconceivably attenuated and subtle, and if the eye were

better you might see these particles like radiant prismatic mist floating between you and the rose. And when you apply the "keeper" to the magnet, or when you set up an electric action, were your eye not so gross, so much holden, you might in many subtle forms see beautiful arcs and radiations of electric vibration in bright waves, circling in the most lovely curves. You cannot see that, you see the effect; you do not see even that material manifestation of the vibrating waves of magnetic and electric action.

Yet we are surrounded by people who say, "Tell us of things which are palpable to the five senses." I look out of my body through these five little windows, and in my self-conceit I say, "There is nothing in God's universe but what I can see out of these five little windows; He could not make a sixth; He could not make a seventh; He has no power to show more than this, nor shall I ever be in any state, or come into any condition, in which I shall converse with things more spiritual than what I can touch, and taste, and see, and handle." What do you think of the intellect of a man who speaks so?

Have I not taken you to the threshold of the invisible world? Is it not possible that you may even at this moment be in the midst of principalities and powers, as the apostle says; that there may be existences and phenomena in this air, in the church, in the interstellar spaces, which, if your eyes were not holden, and your ears were not dull, and your perceptions were not gross, might be unfolded to you in a marvelous additional universe, an unseen universe suddenly becoming seen and palpable to you by virtue of some sixth sense given to you, or some slightly heightened, or modified, form of your senses as they are?

Now we come to the possible alliance of mind with this subtle form of matter. You are bound to believe in subtle forms of matter because you infer them from actual scientific experiment. You have every form of matter, from granite to gas; but when you have got to gas you have not got beyond matter; yet you often take no cognizance of gas; certain gases are so fine that you may pass your hand through them without knowing it. So Tyndall has shown us that the whole of the interstellar space which he calls the luminiferous ether, between ourselves and the distant stars, is filled with

matter capable of taking on vibrations such as the vibrations of light. The whole interstellar space is one mass of matter, yet because you are so grossly constituted now in the body you cannot detect it or analyze it; so that we have every conceivable form of refined matter, in gas, in odors which spring from plants, in radiant matter, in ether.

Now, is it not possible that the spirit may converse with these subtle forms of matter? Now, while we are in the body, is it not possible that there may be an inner body of life within a life in every one of us, which we call our soul? You say that is an old theological conception. Well, it is, but it is brought in these days into strikingly scientific relief by such books as the "Unseen Universe."

Did you ever look at that book which Professors Tait and Balfour Stewart show that as the sun's light is only operative upon a very small part of the material universe, as far as we know it,—whilst the heat and light are carried into immensities of space, we know not whither, only we know that they do not go out, that they must by scientific law change into something, be received into some universe, be stored up there, for they cannot die, cannot cease to be—so our molecular vibrations of thought are stored partly in the physical memory of the physical and seen brain, whilst part of the energy which goes to move the molecules of the brain make it a vehicle of thought, passes into the inner body, the inner spiritual brain, so that we have the rudiments of a spiritual nature within us, ill-developed now, rudimentary; but, like the Ark,—a building.

Well! that spiritual nature, that soul, is constantly being built up by the energies that pass first into the seen brain, and then into the unseen universe, within every man, woman and child.

These things, perhaps, may be too subtle to preach in a pulpit, but I am persuaded that I am speaking to many who have had these thoughts, and are familiar with the general notion that we are building up every day and hour by our thoughts and feelings and experiences an invisible, endless life within, which is now rudimentary, but which by and by will break out and be the real survival of the real self, just as the grub that crawls on the earth and then rolls itself up and makes itself into a cocoon, is really a

preparing and a maturing in a rudimentary manner for that bright creature, that butterfly, that psyche, that soul, which is the poetic emblem of man's own Immortality.

It is strange when you look down history, how this body, within a body, has haunted men; how it has come out in every possible form in theology and religion; how it has interested the minds of poets as well as theologians; how St. Paul alludes to it, who himself was a poet, a rhetorician, an eloquent man, and a devoutly spiritual person as well.

Paul speaks of the natural body and the spiritual body. Tertullian says the soul hath the human form the same as its body, only it is subtle, ethereal and delicate. And one of the modern German scientists, Ulrici, says the soul is refined, continuous, subtle substance, permeating the whole material structure of the body, attaining the grade of spiritual being because it has attained to conscious, intelligent existence.

If I had time I would go through the theory of the "Unseen Universe" as to the way in which the soul within is storing up will power, and thought, and feeling, and developing consciousness, personality, behind the growth of the material brain and body. Swedenborg has showed the same thing in a certain masterly passage, which it would be too long to quote.

Now you will ask me, "What is the connection of all this with Christianity?" And it is right that you should ask the question. In brief, Christianity affirms the thing that I have been laying before you. The modern spirit wishes for a reasonable ground apart from revelation. Is not that the keynote of the sermon that I have been preaching this morning? Let us take away today from the midst of some subtlety something solid for our meditation.

Remember, I have been pleading for the spirituality of man's nature and the survival of his personality. How have I pleaded for it? I will sum up briefly and clearly, so that what I have advanced may lodge in your physical memories.

First, I pointed out the alliance between seen matter and mind; that is proved.

Then I showed you the distinctness of mind and matter; that is proved.

Then I showed you that mind and matter were separated at death; that is most certainly proved.

Next, I inferred a certain affinity between mind and unseen matter actually now existing; that was next door to proved.

Then I inferred a probable, superior vehicle for mind which might be found in the universe of unseen matter.

And now, how shall life be carried up and on? How will you bridge over between the body and its next vehicle? Why, you must carry the soul's life on by evolution and continuity, and the principle of the conservation of force. If all particles of the body exist after the body exists, how do you suppose that such a thing as mind, if mind works out a crystallized personality—how can you believe that the higher will not also survive? If the lower survives in changed forms, the higher may also survive in changed forms?

The principle of evolution, of continuity, of conservation of force, shows that nothing dies. If nothing dies in the physical world, and if the unseen world, the world of thought, of feeling, of hope, of fear, of consciousness, is as real as the causes of it, or those things which appear to some the causes of it; if physical things last, why should you suppose the higher victories of life, consciousness, thought, feeling, should not also last?

Personality (weigh, I pray you, these closing sentences) is the ultimate production of conscious spirit. Personality is the highest stage of this plane of being which has been achieved by evolution. We follow it on into a more appropriate sphere of existence, to find it at last organized and at home in the unseen universe.

The one further step to be made today should be made in the direction of the actual demonstrated alliance of mind with unseen matter. Have we any evidence that mind is so allied or ever has been proved to be so allied? If you believe in a divine mind, yes—but as to any other?

Modern Spiritualism ought to answer that question if it can. Have you any evidence that mind has actually been allied with forms of unseen matter? There lies, you see, the whole theological importance of modern Spiritualism. If modern Spiritualism **can** show one single instance of mind, of intelligence, actually present unconnected with the brain and nervous system, then you see mod-

ern Spiritualism will supply the link between fact and faith, which will give us a sure standing ground in the unseen universe. It does not so much matter what these creatures at seances are if they are; it does not matter whether they are spirits, or devils, or fools, or idiots, or the dead that rap tables, or what not, and get out messages; the point is, whether they are there.

If they are there, then mind, intelligence of some kind is there, and if, mind, intelligence of some kind is there without brain and nervous system, it is allied to some subtle form of invisible matter, at all events, it exists apart from brain and nervous system, and that is all you want. You do not care so much whether the next world or the universe is filled with a variety of beings, good, bad, or indifferent; what you want to know is, are there any beings there at all. If they are, then there is no reason why you should not be such a spiritual being with capacities for survival, with capacities existing apart from brain and nervous system, allied to some more subtle form of matter which will enable you to begin your progress in some new and more highly spiritualized career.

So in the light of science itself faith will become the very "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," while we look not to the things which are seen only, but to the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, will decay and fall into the grave and become disintegrated; but the things which are not seen, capable of taking on for ever and for evermore the invisible as well as these visible particles of matter,—are eternal.—The Pulpit.

NOT LOST

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by man, but marked by angel's eyes—
 These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
And chanted timidly with doubt and fear,
To busy crowds, who scarcely pause to hear—
 These are not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night
Over soiled robes that once were pure and white;
The prayers that rise like incense for the soul,
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole—
 These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,
When dreams had less of self, and more of truth;
The childhood's faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet—
 These are not lost.

The kindly plan devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the ways of sin—
 These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for, in Thy city bright,
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light,
And things long hidden from our gaze below,
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
 These are not lost.

THE BRAIN AS A WITNESS TO IMMORTALITY

The brain of man itself, which raises doubts about Immortality, is called as a witness to it by Hugh McColl in the *Hibbert Journal of London*. His learned and ingenious argument, which can be only summarized broadly here, is based upon certain physiological facts with relation to the materialist viewpoint of the phenomenon of thinking.

The materialist viewpoint is that there is no distinction between mind and soul—that personal consciousness of existence is merely the result of mental processes, shaped by the brain out of the materials of experience as the potter shapes mentally the vessel he is about to form before he lays hand to the clay. But the brain itself is evidently not immortal, since it ceases to act when the body dies.

Furthermore, the special faculties which the brain directs are said to come from a power wholly within it. If a certain part of the brain be injured, the man may still be able to see, but will not recognize the faces of his friends; he may still eat and digest food, but be without sense of taste, and so on. And as successive faculties may be destroyed by slicing away portions of the brain until finally we have something left which still lives but is without consciousness of any kind, therefore when the brain perishes in death there is nothing left living of the man.

That is the materialistic argument, roughly stated, against the existence of the soul as distinguished from the mind. Against this argument Mr. McColl cites the well known physiological fact that our brains, no more than our bodies, are composed of materials which, having got to a certain place, stay there, but, like all living organisms, decay as they grow and grow as they decay. In a word, the brain cells with which we think today are not the same as those with which we thought some years ago, or even yesterday. They have been and are being constantly changed.

Yet this new brain remembers, or, rather, knows, what its predecessors that have passed away through and directed the body it inhabits to do. And it does not retain merely the last impressions

made upon it. Often those made years ago, and which should have been completely effaced by the scores of changes in the brain material which have taken place, are the sharpest and clearest. With all the changes of his brain the man remains substantially the same in existent personality.

Hence the conclusion that this continuously existing personality, which either uses up one brain after another or passes from one to another of the series, cannot be inseparably connected with any of the series. Either this personality changes continually with the changing brain, so that every fresh brain has a new one, or else it remains constant while the brain changes.

If the personality changes with the brain—if the man is different merely because his brain, no more than his finger nail, is the same as it was in the past—then it would be manifestly unjust to punish a criminal after any lapse of time since the commission of the crime. For the brain that planned the crime is no longer there. It has worn away and been replaced by another, even as his skin has been gradually rubbed off and replaced by another.

On the other hand, if the personality—the man himself—remains unchanged through all these changes of the brain, the conclusion is inevitable that it is unchanged because unchanging, self-existing, and what we call immortal. The axiom of Descartes, “I think; therefore I exist,” thus becomes, “I think; therefore I am immortal.”

The persistence, the continuity of thinking, the directive impulse to thinking, remaining the same despite all the changes in the thinking mechanism or brain, argues that the power which does this—the personality or soul of the man—cannot be as the body, which perishes.

IN MEMORY OF LONGFELLOW

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Above his grave the grass and snow
Their soft antiphonal strophes write;
Moonrise and daybreak come and go;
Summer by summer on the height
The thrushes find melodious breath.
Here let no vagrant winds that blow
Across the spaces of the night
Whisper of death.

They do not die who leave their thought
Imprinted on some deathless page.
Themselves may pass; the spell they wrought
Endures on earth from age to age.
And thou, whose voice but yesterday
Fell upon charmed listening ears,
Thou shalt not know the touch of years;
Thou holdest time and chance at bay.
Thou livest in thy living word
As when its cadence first was heard.
O gracious poet and benign,
Beloved presence! now as then
Thou standest by the hearths of men.
Their fireside joys and griefs are thine;
Thou speakest to them of their dead,
They listen and are comforted.
They break the bread and pour the wine
Of life with thee, as in those days
Men saw thee passing on the street
Beneath the elms—O reverend feet
That walk in far celestial ways!

THE MINISTRY OF THE ETERNAL LIFE

BY THE REV. W. C. BITTING, D.D.

The three foundation facts in religion are: God is, I am, and there are others than myself in the world. Therefore, religion is theological, personal and social. The interesting truth for us now is that no matter from which of these viewpoints we study religion we find a missionary motive. God unveils Himself to bring men into fellowship with Himself; that is, revelation has a redemptive purpose. The Revealer is also the Savior. The incarnation means that God claims every man for Himself, and through the tangency of the flesh seeks to win us to spiritual oneness with Himself. Every consciousness of personal relation to God has in it the element of service, because its essence is love; and the element of stewardship, because the life it enjoys is the gift of God; and the element of obedience, since the surrender of the will to Him is the core of the regenerated life. Likewise, the way of our entrance into the world by birth, and our necessary ties to other persons force upon us the truth that religion is concerned with social duties. We know it is true that we do not love an unseen God unless we love the visible brother. When this sense of solidarity bursts the bonds of home or neighborhood, and becomes racial, our consciousness of duty to mankind becomes universal.

Motives for missionary effort, therefore, are varied, and may be classified according to these basal facts of religion. They are theological, as when the "lost" condition of men, whatever content we put into the adjective, moves us to seek their restoration to a normal relation to God. Man's need of a Savior has ever been a powerful incentive to missionary and evangelistic effort. The great Commission also states a combined theological and personal motive. The Lordship of Christ, accepted and felt, imposes the task of missions upon obedience. Among social motives we may mention the philanthropic. He who really loves his neighbor as himself will seek to share with him all blessings that are enjoyed. The "second commandment" states the philanthropic principle. The Golden Rule compels missionary effort. Among personal motives we may

indicate the sense of stewardship. "As a gift you received; as a gift impart," is true of every endowment we have. Not for privilege alone were we favored with any gift, but for administration also. Let us devote our time to the study of a motive that is theological, personal and social.

The mission of Jesus is variously stated. The apostle who seems to have interpreted our Lord most deeply lays stress on the thought of life. Jesus brought to the world a gift. It was life of a special quality. He possessed it in Himself. It was nothing else than the life of God in its species, "As the Father hath life in Himself, even so gave He to the Son also to have life in Himself." This peculiar life Jesus imparted to others. "As the living Father sent Me, and I live because of the Father; so he that eateth Me shall live because of Me." That is, the life of Jesus mediates to every one who believes in Him the same life that He received of the Father. Throughout the fourth gospel this is the emphasis. Only three times is the idea of a kingdom hinted at. Once in the talk with Nicodemus, Jesus says that only through a new life can one enter God's kingdom, for which the teacher in Israel was looking according to the current notions. Again, the popular clamor to make Jesus a king after the feeding of the 5,000 was instantly suppressed and met by a sermon whose text was "Life." Once more, He confessed Himself a king in the realm of spiritual truth to the Pilate who answered with a sneer. Everywhere else Jesus gave life. The gospel throbs with vitality. It opens with that great word in a prologue that reads as if it were written after the rest of the book, and in order to state its contents. In chapter one the first five disciples are gathered. Faintly, obscurely, the beginnings of the new life are felt, clouded by errors as to its author and his mission, yet it shows itself by the effort to bring another reproduction of its first act. The theological, personal and social aspects at once appear. In the third chapter the new birth is insisted upon. The learned theologian is puzzled by Jesus' effort to transfer His thoughts from the mechanics of legalism into the region of vitalities. In the fourth chapter a woman feels the first impulses of the eternal life, and forgets her business to become a missionary to the men of her city. In the fifth and seventh chapters the healing of the man with the long standing infirmity gives occasion to the declaration that in Himself alone is life and not in

the Scriptures that were to His antagonists a quarry of legal stones to fence in the Sabbath and other institutions. He becomes His own apologist for making "an entire man whole," ministering life to all parts of his being. In the sixth chapter it is of life that He talks most simply and profoundly. In the seventh chapter He declares that drinking from Him shall cause rivers to flow from us. In the ninth chapter a man born blind becomes His defender, and seeks to persuade others. The care for this new propagandist leads to the discourse in the tenth chapter, in which He states His mission as that to bestow abundant life.

And so on through the whole gospel. The cycle is invariable. Life is stirred by testimony, testimony leads to investigation, investigation leads to experience, and experience leads to testimony, and so the process goes on in this circle. The hearer finally becomes a preacher. The disciple develops into an apostle. The author of the gospel writes his autobiography at the opening of his letter. He says in plain terms that he heard, then he saw, and handled, and experienced the life, and is as a result declaring it to others that they might have fellowship with him. He uses literature for the same purpose. The introduction to his letter, and the end of his gospel, tell the same story. "These things are written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye may have life in His name."

What could be more modern? What could more accord with our present day ideas of things? What is this but the old story, as old as the first germ cell of life and as up-to-date as this morning's birth, the truth that guarantees our food and ourselves, the law of reproduction; the fact that life produces life, the charter of creation, "be fruitful and multiply," translated into the region of the spiritual. It is the great meaning of the incarnation. "The mastery of the inner life of other men by His truth and ideals, through whom these should be propagated. It meant an unbroken succession of such men through time. This and nothing else would permanently introduce Him to the race of men in an effective saving way." The august fact of the incarnation would have missed its supreme function had it failed to perpetuate itself in the lives of men continuously. Here is the real apostolic succession. Not the mechanical formality of ceremony whether of induction into

a continuous hierarchy, or of an unbroken chain of baptismal administrators, but that of the very ideals and spirit of Jesus absorbed by us from Him who lived "because of the Father."

What are the characteristics of the eternal life that Jesus gives? It is spiritual. It is to know God. That is Jesus' definition of it. It is fellowship with God. It is communion with a person, and not acceptance of a creed, nor allegiance to an organization, nor the practice of an ethical system, nor a dreamy abstraction. The living God and the living man are in fellowship. The soul inhabits God, and God dwells in the soul. The heart of man rejoices in all intercourse with God. Nature as unfolded by science, history as the story of providence, man the image of God reflecting Him, the Bible as the literature of the unique revelation of the one God, Jesus the exegete of the Father, are all unveilings of God and opportunities for this spiritual intercourse with Him. Theology needs every source of knowledge. The very nature of this life as spiritual fellowship with God forbids us to refuse any glimpse of Him and compels us to accept every truth, of Scripture, science, sociology and history, as His truth. He unifies all truths. Nothing is secular to one who has eternal life. All things are spiritual. Every study helps us to know Him. This life is thus educational in its effects. It makes us seek after God everywhere. It proclaims that only the spiritual interpretation of the universe is adequate, and that God is the secret of all things. As true worship was delocalized by Jesus and made a matter of spirit and reality, so all acts and characteristics of the eternal life are exalted to the same dignity. No rite or form, no organization is of the essence of eternal life. These are indeed all vain unless they genuinely express, or minister to the life that is spiritual. They are to life what sound is to breath. They are as words to thought, affairs of conveyance and convenience. The real life is spiritual, a correspondence with God our environment, in Whom we live and move and have our being. God is spirit; man, too, is spirit. Spirituality is devotion to the things that belong to both spirits. Our earthly lives should be careers of fellowship with God as He is seen in every realm of knowledge and experience.

The eternal life is ethical. A life given by a holy God can be only holy. The eternal life is the righteous life. Since it is received through Jesus and is like His, it shares in His ethical quali-

ties. He prays that we may be one with the Father, even as He is one with Him. This oneness for us can be only ethical, not metaphysical. The moral qualities of our Lord's life are to be reproduced in ours. He is the grain of wheat that falls into the ground and multiplies itself. The Christ dying and living again yields the harvest of Christlike lives. He is known in the world today only as He is revealed in the lives of His followers. We know no Christ after the flesh. His spirit breathing through His disciples, active in His followers, is the only revelation the modern world has of Him in terms of personality. In the region of personal character, and in that of social relations the ethical qualities of His life appear only as mediated by those who love Him. In this way individual life is to become the expression of His life. All human institutions also are to be leavened by His spirit. The state, the home, the industrial and commercial realms, the forms in which society expresses itself, are all to be moralized. As the wind and the insect carry the pollen from plant to plant, so the spirit of His followers is to make ethical the relations of men, political, commercial and universal. Eternal life has for its ultimate sweep the moralizing of all human life, personal and social, whether domestic, racial, international or universal. Less than this is inconceivable in the thought of Jesus. Because God is holy we must be holy. To eat Christ's flesh and drink His blood, in His own strong words, is to have eternal life. What else can these words mean than that the life resulting from the assimilation of such food must of itself be like His own? Our present day domestic religion needs the emphasis of this quality. There is too much dreamy ecstacy, too much high dogma, coupled with ethical obliqueness among us. Righteousness needs to be thundered into the ears of saints whose piety is only credal or emotional. Jesus provides for dogma by education, and for emotion by temperament and experience, but insists upon the ethical element of righteousness as the initial essential of the eternal life.

The eternal life is free. This life is so intimately related to its Giver that it is unmediated by human institutions. So close is the soul to the God who makes it the recipient of this life that to thrust anything between them, whether priesthood, ordinance, church or Bible is well nigh the greatest impertinence that could be committed. The one Mediator of this life says (Matt. 23:8-10): "Call

no man your father on the earth; for one is your Father, even He who is in Heaven." We have a spiritual Progenitor, through Whom, in the second birth, we come into possession of this life. "Be not ye called rabbi, for one is your Teacher and all ye are brethren." Intellectually we are free. Authoritative creeds, and mental mentors, and regulators of others' religious opinions are an unutterable offense to this eternal life. Each soul has its birthright liberty to sit at the feet of Christ the Teacher of all. "Neither be ye called masters; for one is your Master, even the Christ." Hierarchies and rectors are outside the genius of this life. He who presumes to control the free life of a soul in its relation to God usurps the place of Christ. This is the antichrist of present practice, and is to be opposed no less in bodies like your own than in highly developed centralized ecclesiasticism. If we claim this freedom for ourselves, let us grant it to others, no matter to what race they may belong. Life it is that is put into each soul, into each race, into each age, into each environment, and the expression of that life is to be left to work itself out.

The task of evangelism or missions is not to engraft an individual experience on another person's life, nor an exported ecclesiasticism on a heathen stock, but to bear life to another. Every man grows his own type of life. Every nation will have its own expression of the eternal life in terms of its peculiar history, temperament, civilization. Let us insist upon this freedom of life. It is God's endowment of His own gift. Let us welcome and wonder at the manifold grace that confines itself to no type, at the infinite love that uses the satisfactions of all varieties of human need to interpret its opulence. The oratorio of redemption will be no monotone whether personal, national or denominational. Each age shall have its own strain, each race its own phrase, each variety of religious experience its own chord, and each heart its own note. These will make the melody of the song of praise to the Lamb. But only because there is freedom of the eternal life will there be the august majesty of the everlasting harmony.

The eternal life is indestructible. Precisely because this eternal life is spiritual and ethical and free can it never be destroyed. It is in essence the same as the life of God. Since Jesus, from Whom we receive this life, was the resurrection and the life, he who receives it from Jesus can never die. Resurrection, He declares, is not

the reanimation of corpses, but the indestructible life itself. The Lazarus whom He called back was not the decaying dust, but the personality whose spiritual, ethical and free communion with Jesus was unbroken by the experience of death. "Eat Me," He says. "Whoso liveth on Me shall never die" (John 11:26), He declares. Here is the one argument of the Scriptures for a blessed Immortality. It is the quality of the life that God bestows.

O my soul, thou hast said unto Jehovah,
 "Thou art my Lord,
 "I have no good beyond Thee."
 I have set Jehovah always before me;
 Because He is at my right hand I shall not be moved,
 Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth;
 My flesh also shall dwell in safety.
 For Thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol;
 Neither wilt Thou suffer Thy beloved to see corruption.

—Psalms 16:2, 8-10.

Indissoluble companionship with Jehovah is the thought. This is the fact that gave Peter his argument for the resurrection of Jesus in his great sermon on Pentecost (Acts 2:22-36). God's fellowships are everlasting, is the argument of Jesus with the skeptic Sadducee, as He speaks of the relation between the patriarchs and Jehovah that could not be affected by death. Indestructible friendship is what was revealed at the resurrection of Lazarus. "Who shall separate us from the love of God?" Nothing, not even death (Romans 8:35-39) is the triumphant challenge of Paul. "All things are ours, even death," is his boast, because we are Christ's and Christ is God's. (1 Corinthians 3:21-23.) I repeat that there is only one basis for our hope in a blessed Immortality given to us in the Scriptures, and that is the inviolable nature of the life that God gives to us, that we receive from Him through the opening of our entire selfhood to His life. Eternal life is to know God, and God does not let the grave cut our acquaintance with Him.

How is this eternal life bestowed? Through what agencies? Here, too, the Heavenly treasure is in earthen vessels that the excellency may be of God. All agencies that minister to the self-realization of men are vehicles of the eternal life. For, the eternal life is selfhood in process of realization; all parts of our being developing out of the abnormality of sin towards normality, Jesus Himself being the norm. Paul sums up the matter in writing of

the ascension gifts, the agencies of his day, when he declares that all the known instrumentalities of his time were to make men full grown, even unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ (Ephesians 4:8-16). That is the end—mature, finished, complete men, men like Christ. Every agency that contributes to such a product ministers the eternal life. If under the Spirit of God we have developed instrumentalities unknown to the apostolic age, let us include these also among the ascension gifts, and use them for the glorious end for which the primitive instruments were so grandly employed. What person is so richly endowed as the Christian? What institution has been so opulently capitalized as the church of Christ with all her agencies?

See the variety of these vehicles of life! We cheat ourselves out of our boundless horizon when we limit our views to a type of evangelism that has merely sought to save a soul for entrance into a post-mortem Heaven. Our real aim is to get something into the life of men. The eternal life is the life of the Eternal One in us. It is an existence spiritual, ethical, free and imperishable that is to be the experience here and now of every person. What agencies promote that? The heart to heart personal conversation, as when the Christ in quiet hours and almost in whispers talked to the teacher in Israel, and the woman of Sàmaria, or the dull but receptive disciples in retirement; the Sunday-school teacher leading the little group into methods of study, and into truths that change their young lives; the preacher in his pulpit, slowly and patiently helping his hearers to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth; the evangelist with his special gifts for introducing men to the Savior; the missionary organizations, for convenience of service limiting themselves by geographical territories into city, state, home and foreign societies; the philanthropies reproducing in our day the compassion of Jesus, in their ministry to sickness in hospitals, by nurses, and medical missions, in their care for the lonely, the aged, the infant, the orphan, the unfortunate of every kind in that Heavenly city of homes dispersed all over the earth; the reforming agencies that seek to make the higher life less hard to live by taking from environment the hostile energies and checking the free play of temptation upon the souls of men; the social movements for the better adjustment of human relations and the realization of the ideals of brotherhood; the educational institutions of all

grades that seek to unveil God as He has worked, and is working, in the physical universe and history, and also to enlarge the capacity of the mind to appreciate God, for science, history and psychology are witnesses of God; the printing-presses that perennially cover the earth with their innumerable millions of leaves of literature uplifting the peoples into the regions of the noblest life, for they are following the example of John in his gospel and letter; the stewardship movements that emphasize the fundamental truth that life itself and all its quantity and quality is the gift of God; the agitations for righteousness, civic, commercial and social, which so mightily stir our day; the quickening of conscience to detect, expose, condemn and correct unethical actions in all realms of life—these and all other agencies God is using before our eyes to interpret for us freshly the gift of Jesus to the world. The emancipation of the human mind from fetters of every sort, the spiritualization of our interpretation of the universe, the moralization of human relationships and the enlargement of life in all its dimensions, are taking place through all sorts of agencies. Let no one brand any of them as secular.

It is the thought of this ministry to eternal life that alone can unify such diverse instrumentalities. Far apart they seem to be. Disjointed, unrelated and even antagonistic they appear to a superficial observer. Yet they all head up in the thought of making the finished man, of endowing him with this life that is the gift of God through Jesus Christ. One class ministers to the body, and so perpetuates the healing ministry of Jesus. Another ministers to the intellectual nature and enriches our mental and esthetic powers, giving them the culture that enables us to know and to worship God. Another presents its tasks for our wills, crowning them with the consciousness of sovereignty in their complete achievements. Another ministers to our social relations, mellowing them with the spirit of Him who is every man's Friend. Here they all are unified in the thought of the eternal life. Years ago a party explored a cavern in Virginia. A number of slopes of earth and rock in various parts of the underground marvel were scientifically studied. Curiously enough it was at last discovered that if each of these slanting planes were prolonged they would all meet above the surface and together would form a pyramid. So it is with us. We live in the dark, and each of us thinks his own hill-

side the only or main slope up which men are to climb into the eternal life. But, after all, far away from us, and unknown to us, are other slants up which men are toiling slowly, and when the top is reached we shall find ourselves in the light, and that all these hillsides are parts of the one mount of God.

All these are our modern witnesses to Jesus' present activity. He is still giving life. He will never cease to give it. Luke tells us (Acts 1:1, 2) that up to the time of His ascension Jesus made only a beginning of doing and teaching. The book of the Acts of the Apostles shows His continuing. But the history of the world exhibits Him yet working. He is with us always, even unto the end. Who will deny that the progressive work of the living Christ has given us a larger conception of the eternal life than His immediate followers were able to receive? Who can halt at believing that He is now saying to us through these agencies things that no previous age was able to hear, and doing through them things that no other generation was able to receive? Who can help thinking that now and here in the reports of our societies, and others like them in other Christian bodies, He is doing through us the greater works that He promised to do? (John 5:20, 14:12.) Has His purpose changed? Is it now the same? Is it not the one all-embracing object of bestowing the eternal life? Here is our privilege to see all this as the work of God, to know ourselves as factors in these agencies as His helpers, and to co-ordinate them all by means of this conception, that He is through them, and us as related to Him and them, bestowing the eternal life to the world. This is our comprehensive and inspiring vision of the days and movements in which we live.

The call for this ministry is as manifest today as it ever was. The same world exists, the same sin is about us, and the same Savior is needed to give the same eternal life. The need of man for it becomes more and more apparent. Life is low, even in our most favored spots. "Muck-raking" is not vain because there is muck. The worship of pleasure, so characteristic of our day, stunts the sense of a higher life. The mad pursuit of money, both by men of millions whose passion for accumulation seems unquenchable, and by men of no means, whose hunger for wealth is keen, is a noticeable feature of our modern conditions. In the best of us ambitions are confined too largely to this world. The cares and

riches and pleasures of life choke the feeble longings for the eternal life. We need more than ever to preach that not even when a man has abundance does life consist in the things that one possesses. Prosperity is identified with finance, and we know too little of that ideal that prays that one may prosper and be in health even as his soul prospers (3 John 2). Our modern movement for evangelism in its effort to waken men to a sense of the eternal life finds its greatest difficulties at these two points, the love of money and the love of pleasure. What note shall we sound that can arouse men to the fact that there is a life that is spiritual, ethical and free and imperishable?

If we look at the ethnic religions we find that underneath all the aspiration and sighing of hearts that we call heathen there is the unsatisfied need for this eternal life. The spiritual note is absent from them. Forms, asceticisms, mechanics there are in abundance. We need send them none of these for they have more than enough now. But the spiritual idea? How sadly they need it! An ethical note? Who that has given any study to ethnic religions can doubt the need of this? Is uncultured heathenism today in advance of the cultured article whose crass immorality is so vividly described by Paul in the first chapter of his letter to the Romans? The note of freedom? In what bondages their gropings after God must be made? Inviolable caste, tyrannous custom, inflexible traditions, womankind caged by venerable usage, fear as the high product of worship, life dwarfed by suppressions innumerable, priestcraft dominant and a hundred other prison bars tell us of the need for deliverance to the captive. Few yet dream of emancipation with sufficient clearness to cry out for it. The imperishable life? What do they know of the power of an endless life as we feel it? Transmigrations, nirvana extinctions, and the like, make hazy their thought of the hereafter. The eternal life as we have conceived it is a concept unknown to the ethnic religions. And nothing else, absolutely nothing, can aid men to self-realization the goal of their being.

The human heart was built for this life. Is there so august a sight on earth as when a child, or an adult, either in our own land or in heathenism, opens its soul to receive this gift of God? Our modern psychology tells us that the sense of God is born in every human being. Our modern educational idea is that along with the

potential personality, and the potential social sense, the inborn religious nature should be unfolded, and that practically the time of regeneration is that time when the sense of God masters, dominates, controls the personal and social powers. Let us be grateful for such a basis as the birthright of man. There is our hope. The soil is made for the seed as much as the seed for the soil. But lest any one might say that this is due to education in Christian lands, let us remember that the appeal of every missionary in foreign lands is made today to native human conscience, even in the evangelization of savage peoples. The truth is yet commended by manifestation to every man's conscience (2 Corinthians 4:2). Orations on the external evidences for the authority of the Bible, or the superiority of the Christian religion win no converts. The stories in the fifteenth chapter of Luke's gospel, the narrative of the cross, the appeal of love, claim the heart of man, move to shame for sin, compel repentance, and redeem.

It is the same call today to a heathen that came to the idolator Abram, and with the same effect. No Bible, no church, no organization spoke to him, but the voice of the God of the heart was heard by the heart that God had made. The response of such hearts to that call is what has made our Bible, and our churches, and our organizations. Here is our hope. Let us not lose sight of it. Man as man is susceptible to the voice of God. The life is the gift of the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world (John 1:9). All are taught of God (John 6:45). O that all might come to the life! Our problem is not fundamental, is practical only. How can we so bring the message of life to men that each heart may hear it in terms of its own life? How can we so tell the good news of this gift of God that every soul may realize that it is the one thing for which it has been craving, the satisfaction of both the conscious and the undefined needs that spring from its very creation? Our methods are our puzzle. Our vehicles constitute our problem.

Let us not forget that the degree of zeal with which we spread this life will reveal our own vitality. Food sustains the individual. The species must be sustained by reproduction. How prolific are we in this life? The zest we show in the efforts to bring others to receive this life inevitably expresses our own appreciation of it. All the agencies to which we have referred are the measure of our

valuation of the eternal life. Does the one who says that he does not believe in missions really possess the eternal life? Is it at all dynamic in him? Is the person who is so busy saving his own soul that he has no energy to save the soul of another at all acquainted with the sort of life that issued in the cross, and made his own soul's salvation possible? Is the church that spends all its abundance or its pittance on itself, to hold on to its own wretched existence, composed of those who have a real knowledge of the eternal life that emptied itself and became a servant? Does the person who belittles our educational institutions, and despises an educated ministry, and accounts the consecrated brains of scholarship as hostile to religion really know anything of the eternal life that awakes, stimulates, enlarges the noblest part of our beings? Can it be true that one can claim to have a life that evermore comes not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give itself a ransom for many, and yet ignore the needs of others, and be selfishly indulgent? Is it possible for one to know his relation to God, to have a conscious fellowship with Him through all the many avenues by which He makes Himself known, and still see his human brother dispossessed of such privilege? Can one feel the freedom of this life and rest content to see others bound by its opposite?

To ask such questions is merely the interrogative way of saying that the teaching of Jesus knows no way by which any of His disciples can possess the eternal life without the utmost effort to share it with others. Let us thank God that the offerings of His people in money, in personal service, in time are so great as they are. Before its eyes the world has the proofs that eternal life is a reality here and now, that Jesus is still giving it to men. Yet what are all these gifts compared with possibilities? The thousands of churches that give nothing to any cause outside of their own needs, the myriads of church members whose extravagance in personal expenses and parsimony in gifts to Jesus' cause are in glaring contrast, the fashion to decry foreign missions, and the tendency to leave our fellows to the dimness of ethnic religions, prove that the sense of eternal life is faint in many of us. Its Heavenly pulses are feeble. Strength to open mouth in testimony, to open hands in gifts, to open hearts in sympathies is weak. We need spiritual inflow from above.

The aspect of missionary motive here presented has been all too sketchily treated. To interpret this impulse adequately there would be needed the story of all noble human endeavor. Every heart-burning within ourselves, every word of testimony and exhortation, every deed of service, every gift sent forth with a pure desire for the good of men would have to be used in any complete story of this motive. The achievements of Christian history, moral, intellectual and social, make up the commentary on this aspect of Christian service. It is God giving life that we are thinking of, the bestowing of the "life that is life indeed." Last summer two travelers stood on the top of Rigi, eagerly watching for the panorama that lies so gloriously below that peak. The clouds from the mountain blew over their heads, until at last the fog passed. As it receded from them the rising sun made a rainbow in the mist, and in the bend of the arch of hope cast their two shadows. They were startled and at the same time thrilled to see their images framed in by the prism of promise. As the clouds rolled further away their silhouettes vanished, but town after town was uncovered, and lake and vale and hill leaped out to receive the gorgeous baptism of morning light. The rainbow enlarged with the recession of the clouds and widened its span until it had tied everything together with its ribbons of color. Does not God always act that way? The first tides of light and life within us are confined to the shores of personal pronouns. But no sooner do we call them ours than they grow and burst the bounds of our hearts, and we come to feel that what makes us so happy and privileged must be meant for all men. Our hopes widen to take in others, until our fellow men, and all creation, too, is included in our joy. So would God lead us to that vision that He Himself has, that sight of men from which no man is absent, that love that loves the world, that service as wide as the race and as long as time. Let us sound the note of life, the eternal life, and may the blessed ministry of the eternal life endure until all shall share with us its everlasting bliss.

How beautiful it is to be alive!
To wake each morn as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
That we might sing, "How happy is our case!
"How beautiful it is to be alive!"

To read in God's great Book, until we feel
Love for the love that gave it; then, to kneel
Close up to Him whose truth our souls will shrive.
While every moment's joy doth more reveal
How beautiful it is to be alive!

Rather to go without what might increase
Our worldly standing, than our souls deprive
Of frequent speech with God, or than to cease
To feel, though having wasted health or peace,
How beautiful it is to be alive!

Not to forget, when pain and grief draw nigh,
Into the ocean of time past to dive
For memories of God's mercies, or try
To bear all, sweetly hoping still to cry,
How beautiful it is to be alive!

Thus ever towards man's height of nobleness.
Strive still some new progression to contrive;
Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand, and having died, feel none the less
How beautiful it is to be alive!

—Standard.

THE PLEDGE OF IMMORTALITY

BY THE REV. W. C. BITTING, D.D.

What becomes of this life of which we have been thinking, the interpretative, free, normal, sacrificial, morally resourceful life, that tries to know God and have fellowship with Him? The "eternal life" is not post-mortem duration of existence, but a quality of being. It is fellowship with God. Each heart desires it. Greek fatalism is expressed in Ecclesiastes 3:1-11. Everything is predetermined, says the author. Yet against it the "eternity in the heart" protests. The bird protests against its cage. The "expectation is from God." He does not mock what He has given. This "eternity in the heart" expresses itself here in dissatisfaction with the best that is. Contentment that kills improvement is unchristian. It feels the timelessness, and emancipation from space of such ideas as those of duty, righteousness and love. These are God's currency in any world, this or another. They laugh at maps and almanacs. Self-realization does not occur here. Gladstone thirsted in the hour of his death for yet more.

The pledge of Immortality in the heart is this: "God and I are in right relations, and He will let nothing break these relations." This is set forth in Psalm 16, especially verses 8-11. And it is the only pledge set forth in the Bible. Jesus declared that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were living because God did not let death break this friendship between Him and them. Jesus demonstrates the persistence of this life in raising Lazarus. "I am the resurrection and the life." He possessed the sort, kind, quality of life that death could not annihilate. Resurrection is not reanimation of corpses. It is an indestructible life. The Jewish thought centered about graveyards, Jesus' thought about the life within ourselves. "Whoever lives on, and believes on Me shall not die. Even though he seems to men to be dead, yet he is still living." To prove the unbreakable bond between Lazarus, His friend, and Himself, He tells him to come back into the body. Such is the thought of the incident.

No wonder Paul declares that "nothing, not even death, shall be able to separate us from the love of God," and that, if we are Christ's, since Christ is God's, even death is among the "all things" that are ours.

Peter, explaining the resurrection of Christ, quotes Acts 2: 25-27. His argument is that Jesus was "a man approved of God among you," whom they killed wickedly but "it was not possible" for death to hold Him, simply because the relations between God and Jesus were unbreakable by death. Even the great triumph over death by Jesus is an illustration of our principle that God will not surrender His friends to death and sheol. The resurrection of Jesus is the great classic instance of the truth made plain. In Him life and Immortality were brought into the light that all might see the demonstration of the everlastingness of true friendship with God.

No wonder the New Testament figures for death are light, and make our modern decorations of shattered anchors broken columns, snapped harp strings to be Pagan. Death is "sleep," a figure drawn from likeness to bodily experience; it is a victory, a pageant; it is an unmooring of a vessel from a dock to sail the seas where it ought to be; it is only moving day like that from the tabernacle to the temple; it is the soul changing its suit of clothes; it is mortality being swallowed up of life. There is no intermediate state. To Paul the thought of a body without a spirit was exceeded in horror only by the thought of a spirit without an organism connecting it with environment. We are never to be "naked."

Because Jesus lived the life that interpreted God, that was free, that was normal, that was sacrificial, morally resourceful, in other words led perfectly the true life, He showed us the invincible life.

This thought of the endlessness of life exalts all our lives, transfigures every drudgery and detail. What plan have we for our lives that will take all eternity to realize? Dr. Harper shortly before death said, "The God about Whose business I have tried to be busy will not forget to look after mine in any other world to which I may go." He told his wife that he felt less trepidation in going out into the beyond than in leaving Yale to become the president of Chicago. A trained nurse said, "God and I have been like father and daughter in this world, and we cannot be less closely related in any other." That is enough.—Standard.

BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY

BY ARTEMUS J. HAYNES

There has never been a time in the history of the race, it is safe to say, when men have realized the possibilities of manhood as they do today. We believe, as no previous age has believed, in the expansiveness of human nature, and hence in its perfectibility. We believe that God has made us on a scale so large that only Immortality can afford an opportunity adequate for the development of all our latent powers. Our horizon is widening because our sense of reality is deepening. As there is a light prepared for the eye formed in darkness, as there is a sound for the ear built in silence, so there is a reality to meet the prophetic groping of the human soul. * * * There is a wealth of significance in the fact that men in all ages of the world have believed in the future life and that the best men have believed in it most. Nor is there any sign that the race is outgrowing the belief. It is more deeply rooted today than ever before in the history of the world. He who ponders upon the past must stand amazed in the presence of a belief which has lived down a thousand generations of death. When Carlyle says that the study of the French Revolution saved him from atheism we see that it was the conviction of an underlying and eternal purpose in events that saved him. He who reads with open eyes the history of the world must see that there is a plan at its heart. According to Lord Kelvin, it took 200,000,000 years to make some of the rocks under our feet. And to what end? The clue is in the word "man." In Him the world process comes to consciousness. He embodies the meaning of it all. And that the meaning should be no wider than the span of His earthly existence is simply unthinkable.—Social and Religious Ideals.

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE PAGAN HOPE OF IMMORTALITY

The Christian has a full faith in Immortality, a blessed Immortality; the Pagan has a hope, a fluttering, shivering hope of Immortality. Because both desire an Immortal life Professor Gildersleeve tells us on Easter Sunday to read the fifteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, and on Easter Monday to read the Vision of Er. We can assume that every one knows where to find Paul's words: the Vision of Er may be quite unfamiliar to most.

This Vision of Er forms the conclusion to the last book of Plato's "Republic." It is well worth the study of any one who hopes or believes. In it Plato imagines one Er, a Pamphylian hero of about his own time, who was slain in battle. Ten days afterward, when they would bury the dead, they found his body still undecayed. He was put on the funeral pyre, but before the torch was applied he revived and told the vision he had seen while his soul was out of the body. He had been conveyed to a vast plain where were seated between Heaven and earth a bench of judges. Before them the dead were being brought and each was judged justly. On the forehead of the good was put the record of their good deeds, and through one of two openings in the skies the endless procession ascended to the realm of the blest. The judgment of their crimes was put on the backs of the wicked and they were plunged down one of two chasms in the earth. Whether sent to Paradise or Tartarus, there the souls remained for a thousand years. Down from the other opening into Heaven and up from the chasm in the earth come other processions of souls which have finished their millennium. For every year of the hundred years of a full human life the good had enjoyed ten years of rest and happiness, and the wicked had been ten years tormented in proportion to their sins. Er was not taken before the judges; he was told that he had been brought to see and to carry back to men the tale of the world beyond the grave. So he asked the returning

spirits their story. It had been just a thousand years since the death of the heroes of the Trojan war, and the souls of Agamemnon and Ulysses and Ajax and Thersites were ascending. Each was brought before the three Fates, and each chose the lot for his new incarnation, whether as man, or woman, or beast, whether as tyrant or poet or athlete or husbandman. By his own free choice each soul's lot was fixed and the Fate sealed it, whether to virtue and happiness or to sin and misery. He saw Orpheus choose to live next as a swan, for he would not be born of women who had been his murderers. Ajax would be a lion, Atlanta an athlete, Thamyris a nightingale, Thersites a monkey; but wise Ulysses, who had learned the vanity of ambition, chose to be a private man with no public duties. Thus all might choose a new life except the great criminals and tyrants of the world, who come up hopefully at the end of their millennium of suffering to the opening of the chasm, but are seized by fierce spirits and hurried back to hopeless torments. When the souls had made their choice they were each made to drink of the waters of forgetfulness and were each driven swiftly, like shooting stars, to the place of their birth. Only Er was not allowed to drink, and was bidden to return to life and tell man "to hold fast the Heavenly way and follow after justice and virtue always, considering that the soul is immortal and liable to endure every sort of good and every sort of evil."

Such is the Vision of Er, as told by the wisest of Greek philosophers, divested of the adornments of its style and its cosmogony of the spheres. Plato had gathered all the arguments he could invent to support what his soul craved, but they were not enough. He wanted a revelation from the other world, but he could not find it; and so he put what he wished, or could best conceive, into the fable of a revelation—a man who had died, who had seen the gathering of the souls before the seat of the dread assessors, who had returned to human life, and could testify that in the other world sin receives its punishment and virtue its palm. The metempsychosis is a flaw in the fable, but the great lesson is there of a future life, that we die not utterly, and that it shall be well with the good and evil with the wicked. Such was the best lesson, the true lesson of the wisest of philosophers before Christ. What Plato only dreamed and wished the Christian faith has—not a

dream, a fable, but a fact, a history. Jesus has died, has arisen, has brought a truer, a fairer report back from the grave. We read the blurred and shadowy Vision of Er; we thrill and exult in the gospel of the Easter morning.—Independent.

THE PROMISE OF GOD—LIFE ETERNAL

BY THE REV. DONALD D. MACLAURIN, D.D.

“And this is the promise which He promised us, even the life eternal.”—
1 John 2:25.

Says Drummond, the well-known author of “Natural Law in the Spiritual World”—one of the striking books of our time: “One of the most startling achievements of recent science is a definition of eternal life. To the religious mind this is a contribution of immense moment. For 1800 years only one definition of life eternal was before the world, now there are two. Through all these centuries revealed religion had this doctrine to itself. Ethics had a voice as well as Christianity on the question of the *summum bonum* (the highest good); philosophy ventured to speculate on the being of God. But no source outside Christianity contributed anything to the doctrine of eternal life. Apart from revelation this great truth was unguaranteed. It was the one thing in the Christian system that most needed verification from without, yet none was forthcoming. And never has any further light been thrown upon the question why in its very nature the Christian life should be eternal. Christianity itself even upon this point has been obscure. Its decision upon the bare fact has been authoritative and specific. But as to what there is in the spiritual life necessarily endowing it with the element of eternity the maturest theology is all but silent. It has been reserved for modern biology at once to defend and illuminate this central truth of the great Christian faith. And hence in the interests of religion, practical and evidential, this second and scientific definition of eternal life is to be hailed as an announcement of commanding interest.” This is the definition to which he refers: “Perfect correspondence would be perfect life. Were there no changes in the

environment but such as the organism had adapted changes to meet, and were it never to fail in the efficiency with which it met them, there would be eternal existence and eternal knowledge" (Herbert Spencer).

This definition is Mr. Spencer's. No one will accuse him of any partiality toward the religion of Jesus Christ. He is known as an agnostic. He is called by his fellow agnostics "Our Great Philosopher." He has done all in his power, with others, to destroy belief in the supernatural. He does not himself believe in the supernatural. He knows and professes to know nothing of God. It is no part of his purpose to help build up the cause of Christianity. He has sought with his brother agnostics to account for all things in other ways than by the act of a supernatural God. He supposes that, under conditions very different from those now existing, inorganic matter passed by insensible gradations into organic matter and into living forms. He has, therefore, no place for creative acts. So we may receive this testimony as coming from one who is not a friend of Christianity; but from one who is an avowed foe of the revealed religion in which we believe. The definition is therefore the more significant. It may now not be amiss for me to explain two of these scientific terms. Some of you may be familiar with them, some may not. The word "correspondence," employed in the first part of the definition of Mr. Spencer, simply means adaptation, or "the having an answering form on nature." You have an eye; corresponding thereto is the light. You have an ear; corresponding thereto are sounds. You have the sense of touch; corresponding thereto are objects of sensation. Thus you might go on in way of illustration of the meaning of this word "correspondence." So he says: "Perfect correspondence would be perfect life." That you can readily see. If for every organ we have, or every sensibility we have, or every need we have, there was without us a perfect correspondence we should have perfect life. I hope this part is made clear. It is important that we should have a clear idea of this scientific definition of "eternal life."

The definition continues: "Were there no changes in the environment but such as the organism had adapted changes to meet, and were it never to fail in the efficiency with which it met them, there would be eternal existence and eternal knowledge." The word

"environment" may need illustration. It means simply our surrounding. That surrounding may be made up of the earth, the air, and all that we come in contact with. It may be near and it may be remote. Whatever without us touches us in any wise constitutes our environment. It means, therefore, simply that which surrounds us and in any way influences us or affects us in our life and development. With this understanding of these two scientific terms, familiar to readers of the scientific writers of these days, permit me now to repeat the definition in full: "Perfect correspondence would be perfect lifeprint. Were there no changes in the environment but such as the organism had adapted changes to meet, and were it never to fail in the efficiency with which it met them, there would be an eternal existence and eternal knowledge." Now let me furnish a few scientific illustrations. Start with "Amœba," a mere mass of protoplasm, and let it be thrown out of its native environment upon the ground, there it will perish. Why will it perish? Simply because it is out of its natural environment. Its correspondences are singularly few. It is not able to adapt itself to its changed condition. It therefore must die and not live. But suppose that an eel should be thrown up out of the sea or the river and be thus put out of its native and natural environment. It has the power of locomotion so that it can return to the water again and thus defer the day of its death and live. Why does it live? Simply because it has the power within its organism to adapt itself to its changed conditions or to bring itself back to its natural environment. Take a bird. The bird, if upon the ground, may be pursued by some of the animals of the earth. If caught by one it dies. But the bird has wings. It can rise from the earth. It can lodge gracefully upon the branch of a tree far away from cats and dogs. It therefore does not die, it lives. Why does it prolong its days? Simply because it has power to escape the destruction. It has power to adapt itself to its environment and so live. But suppose that bird should remain on the branch of that tree during the cold days of frosty December or January. Suppose it should refuse to fly to its South-land. It has power to resist the cold for some time, and to a certain degree. But it will find itself, if it continues to disobey its heaven-imprinted instinct to seek the South-land and still cling to its branch, unable to resist the cold; it will die. Why does it die? Simply because

it is not able to adapt its little organism to the changed conditions in its environment. But suppose a man were to lodge in the same tree. The man would perish were he to stay with the bird on that tree during the cold of that winter. But man has power to put upon himself other and warmer clothing; he may thus be able to resist the cold. Or he may descend from the tree and enter his house, and build his fire, and thus be able to resist the very greatest cold that may come. He lives because he has power within his organism to change and adapt himself to changes in his environment.

For my own part I see no conflict between true science and revelation properly interpreted. I regard science, properly enunciated, as the handmaid of religion. God is the author of both. There is no conflict between them. Conflict has arisen from misinterpretations of both. Let us cease speaking against science; and let us cease arraying revelation against science. Now, we may repeat once more our definition, in view of these illustrations of science, and proceed then to the consideration of the words of our text.

“Perfect correspondence would be perfect life. Were there no changes in the environment but such as the organism had adapted changes to meet, and were it never to fail in the efficiency with which it met them, there would be eternal existence and eternal knowledge.” Thanks, Mr. Spencer. How came he to give us this definition? “He is analyzing with minute care the relations between environment and life. He unfolds the principle according to which life is high or low, long or short. He shows why organisms live and why they die. And finally he defines a condition of things in which an organism would never die—in which it would enjoy a perpetual and perfect life.” (Drummond, p. 206.)

We come to the consideration of our wonderful text: “And this is the promise which He promised us, even the life eternal.” Life eternal! This is the promise of the Son of God. What a wonderful combination of words! Life! The most precious thing known to any of the creatures of earth. The most valuable possession which we have. Life eternal. Everlasting life. The union of these words seem to indicate that they contain all which the Christian has as his great hope. They are singularly full of interest therefore to us. And it is well worthy of our most earnest

consideration. What is this life eternal? It has been very clearly and beautifully defined by our Lord Himself, in John 17:2, 3: "Even as Thou gavest Him authority over all flesh, that whatsoever Thou hast given, to them He should give eternal life. And this is life eternal, that they should know Thee, the only true God, and Him Whom Thou didst send, even Jesus Christ." Here we have the definition of eternal life given by the Author of it Himself. And herein we learn that eternal life does not consist simply in the projection of this life into an unseen world, that it does not mean a bare continuance of existence. Jesus says life eternal is to know. What are like unto the pleasures of knowledge? How little we know!

"Man's knowledge is but as the rivulet;
His ignorance as the sea."

How much would I give did I know that vast infinitesimal world disclosed to us by the microscope! Who would not be, if he could, a master in that perennially interesting domain of science. How marvelously interesting are the objects, absolutely countless in number, disclosed to us by that little instrument. We hold in high esteem men who devote their lives to this department of inquiry. But who really knows that world?

How much would I give, if I had it, were I a master in the domain of astronomy; if I could be, so to speak, in possession of all knowledge in that practically infinite world; if I could know the stars, what they are, "porch lamps, perhaps, to the palace of the King;" if I could understand their relations to each other and the number of them in the universe of God! All I can say now, as in childhood, is:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!"

And then, who would not know man? If I only knew the human heart! If I only knew my own heart, were acquainted with all its sinuosities and its issues. Is there not a vast region here for human study? Was not the Poet Pope right when he wrote:

"Know then thyself;
Presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is Man."

Who understands human nature? Who knows himself? Now we are glad to honor men who are great in any one of these departments of knowledge. We elevate them to positions of distinction in the academies of the world. We load them with honors from our universities. We revere their names. We accord the highest place in literature to William Shakspeare, simply because he seems to have known human nature better than any other man who has written.

But, my dear friends, there is a glorious prospect before those of us who are in Christ Jesus. The day is coming when these branches of knowledge, of which I have just spoken, shall be as the primers, or first lessons of the child at school. We are not only to know the material universe; we are to know the Maker of all. We are to know God. "This is eternal life, that they should know Thee, the only true God." What does this mean? The Scriptures always take the word, know, in a very profound sense. "When the question is of the relation between persons, this word designates the perfect intuition which each has of the moral being of the other, their intimate meeting together in the same luminous medium." We are, then, to know God just as He knows us. We are to know God as you know your most intimate friend. You are to nestle in His bosom as your child nestles in your bosom. This is marvelous, as you profoundly meditate upon it; but it is the enchanting prospect before all God's own. "This is life eternal, that they should know Thee, the only true God." What a glorious school is this! Our career in the unseen world is to be an ever expanding, an ever unfolding career of widening knowledge.

And, then, we are to know Jesus Christ! "And Him Whom Thou didst send, even Jesus Christ." We have been trusting Him in a faint sort of a way for many years. Some of us love Him because He first loved us. But who of us really know Him? How many of us can say: He is to me as a familiar friend? I believe that we do not begin to know our Redeemer. If we knew Him better we would love Him more than we do. The reason the world does not love Jesus is that it does not know Him. And it judges that it is scarcely worth while for them to make His acquaintance, for the reason that those of His friends whom they know have so little to say in commendation of Him. If we loved Him supremely we could not but talk of Him; could we? But we shall!

know Him. We shall see Him as He is. We shall understand as we do not now something of His grace, and beauty, and patience, and power. All this is involved in the possession of life eternal; for "eternal life is that state of being in which the highest part of man's nature is in communion with the Highest One, and in which a perfect organization that can never be impaired is in correspondence with the perfect environment that can never change." Such is the clearly expressed definition of science. Such also is the fact as disclosed to us in the Christ's definition.

Let us now give a closer attention to the matter. What are we to learn from these definitions? Does the salvation of the gospel contain a fuller answer? It does. We shall have time to look at but a few of the factors that enter into the problem.

1. We find that God Himself and His gracious love constitute the living environment of the soul. To live forever we must be happy in our environment.

The natural environment of the fish is either the river, or the lake, or the sea. Therein it lives; "it lives and moves and has its being." It finds its sustenance there. If you were to cast the fish upon the bank of the river, or upon the shore, you know that it will soon gasp and die; and why? Simply because it is out of its sustaining or natural environment. We who are believers are actually in God Almighty Himself! We are enswathed of Him. We are surrounded by Him. He is our environment. Has not Paul uttered it in that beautiful saying: "In Him we live, and move and have our being?" And in Him we live now. We are, if we are God's at all, in Him at this moment.

We are sustained by Him. Our being is in Him, as the being of the fish is in the sea. May we all be conscious of it. Let us realize it. The apostles after Pentecost lived thus. God was to them their "all and in all."

2. Another element, demanded both by science and revelation, is a nature forever freed from a limiting and decaying body. We cannot live forever in the bodies in which we now dwell. There are in them elements of decay and matter that is gross. "The wages of sin is death." Upon the body this penalty falls most heavily. There is no possibility of this flesh and blood entering into the kingdom of God.

We shall need, therefore, not only a sanctified soul, a soul spotlessly pure through the cleansing blood of the Crucified, but we shall need an enswathing body that shall be forever freed from all decaying tendencies. Such a body, bless God, we have. I believe that that wondrous fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians is but poorly understood by the Christian church of today. We have therein described a body, a spiritual body, which we now possess. We have it now. We do not have to wait until we enter the unseen world to possess it. I believe that as soon as the soul is born anew it weaves for itself this spiritual body, in which it is to dwell for evermore. When you leave this poor material, limiting body you rise in the spiritual body into the habitations of the blest. I will not have time to develop this as it ought to be developed. Suffice it to say that the Scriptures are, to my mind, perfectly clear in teaching that we have a spiritual body.

Paul says: "For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the Heavens." We have that body now. It is ours. No possession of ours is more secure to us.

We have this spiritual body. We therefore fulfill the conditions. That body can adapt itself to all possible changes in every environment. We can, with it, pass, as did Jesus Christ in His resurrection body, even through material objects. It shall be independent of the laws of gravitation. It shall be able to accomplish all which the body of Jesus Himself accomplished. We have that prepared for us now, so that that which is demanded by both science and revelation is secure unto us.

3. We shall need a sphere of activity adapted to the developed life of the soul. Our Lord has promised us such a home. In that sweet chapter in John He says: "In My Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you." We may be quite satisfied to leave the case in His hands. Any place which He shall prepare for the redeemed of the earth will be perfectly suited to the needs of the spiritual body and our developed life.

"And this is the promise that He has promised us, even the life eternal." What a tremendous promise! Suppose all the great men of the earth should assemble themselves in the world's great metropolis, having in their possession the inheritance, in the way

of learning, of the ages; having at their control the results of the investigations of the wisest and greatest men of all centuries, possessed thus of all the accumulated skill and knowledge of the ages, do you think that their united wisdom, their united power, could create and sustain one such little flower as this which I break from this bouquet? We will know that they could not. It is impossible for man to create life or to sustain life. This can be done only by a God. Who, then, is this that promises to give you and me and all men life? to give unto us life eternal? Oh! these are wonderful words! They touch the very core of our religious life. There is nothing that can be of more concern to us than this. John, you are our teacher in these highest themes. Have you ever heard Jesus speak on this wise? By what authority do you say: "This is the promise which He promised us, even life eternal?" Have you heard Him speak of it often? We are anxious. We would like to know. "Oh, yes," says John. "I have heard Him speak many times to that effect." Can you give us some instances, John? We are very much concerned about it. There is nothing that concerns us more, John. Will you have the kindness to cite to us some words that you heard Him yourself utter? "With the greatest pleasure. You will find in that little book which I wrote, in description of some of His works, that in an address delivered after He had amplified the bread to feed the multitude on the shores of the Galilean Sea, I have recorded these words: 'All that which the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out. For I am come down from Heaven not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me. And this is the will of Him that sent Me, that of all that which He hath given Me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up at the last day. For this is the will of My Father, that every one that beholdeth the Son, and believeth on Him, should have eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.' " Did you actually hear Him utter those words, John? "Most assuredly I did." Thanks, John, for this splendid word. "And you will find," says John, "farther on something to the same effect." Let us have it. "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." Oh! how encouraging that is to us, John. But we are hungry for more. Tell us something else. "Certainly. You know that there are a great many shepherds

in our country and we heard Jesus once describing Himself as the Good Shepherd. He sets Himself forth as the Shepherd who cared for His sheep, and showed wherein He differed from the mere hireling who did not care for the sheep." Yes. "Well, you will find in that discourse that He uttered such words as these: 'My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, and no one shall snatch them out of My Father's hand.' " Thanks again, beloved John. You actually heard Him utter these words and have recorded them for the good of men. Have you ever heard Him speak again on this wise? Please excuse us if we are anxious on this point. "Oh, certainly. Once He restored to life our beloved friend, Lazarus. We were away over beyond the Jordan when the beloved brother 'fell asleep,' but Jesus knew what was taking place, and He hurried over to Bethany, and meeting one of the sisters He said to her: 'I am the resurrection and the life (and he is the resurrection because He is the life); he that believeth on Me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth (that is, whosoever is alive) and believeth on Me shall never die.' " Thanks, again, John; this is reassuring to our faith. We feel greatly and mightily strengthened by these words. But we would like to hear once more. You will pardon the anxiety of our hearts, John. "Most certainly; I know well how you feel. I am glad to be able to report to you these sayings of our Master. Once more, then, I heard Him say this: 'If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am there shall also My servant be; if any man serve Me him will My Father honor.' Now, we know that Jesus went up to Heaven. We saw Him rise from the summit of that shoulder of Mt. Olivet that overlooks Bethany. And we know that all who are His are to be with Him in His own blessed home." Well, John, that will do. We are grateful to you. You are our teacher on these high themes. And our hearts are greatly reassured as we have listened to these utterances of our Savior touching this great promise which you have recorded for us in this letter.

But someone is ready to say: "All that is very well. You seem to be greatly encouraged by these words reported to have been uttered by Jesus. But who is this Jesus? What right had

He to make such statements? What were His qualifications for making such a wonderful promise as this?"

Well, 1. He has all authority, and, therefore, has a right to give this promise. In that most wondrous conversation with His Heavenly Father, reported for us by our friend, John, and known to many of us as the Lord's Prayer, in that august moment and presence, in that holiest hour, He says: "Even as Thou gavest Him authority over all flesh, that whatsoever Thou hast given Him, to them He should give eternal life."

After His own triumphant resurrection from Joseph's rock-hewn tomb, Master of all foes, He announces again that He is invested not only with perfection of all power, but with all authority. He is the only man who ever lived that could make righteously such a promise. You ask: "Who is this Jesus that He should make such a promise?" I answer:

2. That He is the ever-living God, Almighty to perform. "Wherefore also He is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near to God through Him; seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Hebrews 7:25.)

I have somewhere read that a little girl whose name was Lucy lay dying on her sick bed. All that a tender mother could do to mitigate pain or to restore God's gift of health was done in vain. The angel of death was on the threshold prepared to take the child to the bright home above. She had lain some hours still. At last she roused up and saw her parents watching, one on either side of the bed. She looked at them both with the penetrating gaze which so often is seen in eyes that are soon to close on all mortal sights, and said, reaching out her hand feebly to her father: "Father, I am sure I'm dying; I feel I am. What would you wish me to believe? What you have taught about Jesus?" The man shook from head to foot as if smitten through with a dart. He answered: "Oh, Lucy dear, believe what your mother has taught you." "Ah, yes! then, that is—is true—true, mother dear; He's your Jesus, and He is mine." She spoke with difficulty; a cough impeded her utterance. For a few moments all were still, then there was one look, one smile, the quivering lips whispered: "Blessed Je—." Angel ears alone heard the finish of the sentence as the soul went up to Heaven. Creeping on her knees round the bed to her husband's side, the wife took his hand and said: "He

was her Jesus; He is mine; He wants to be yours. Oh, pray, pray; let, let me beseech you, pray this prayer: 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'"

That infidel father, there and then, at the bedside of his dead child, where he saw the power of Christ so mightily manifested, surrendered himself to God.

He saw that his child's Savior was the ever-living God, the Almighty to deliver. He saw that Christ had power in that utmost extremity of human weakness known as death, to deliver one who had reposed confidence in Him. He saw that He was able to perform His word even unto the end. And because he saw in his own child the manifestations of this divine power, delivering his loved one from all fear of death, delivering from all apprehension as to the future; indeed, filling her dear soul with a boundless hope whose radiance shone through her dying face—this caused him to surrender himself to a Savior so almighty to deliver. Why not?

Ours is not a dead Christ. Ours is the ever-living Christ. Ours is not One Who is afar when we need Him most. "He ever liveth to make intercession for those who draw nigh to God through Him. Wherefore also He is able to save to the uttermost"—the uttermost extremity of weakness and helplessness, even in the throes of death. He is able, then, to minister an abundant entrance into life and glory.

3. But Jesus has not only the authority to make such a promise, and the power to perform that promise, but it is also His will that that promise shall be fulfilled.

In that most gracious and tender prayer of His to which reference has already been made, in John 17, He says: "Father, that which Thou hast given Me, I will that, where I am, they also may be with Me; that they may behold My glory; which Thou hast given Me; for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world."

Some people are ashamed of their relations. They are ashamed to introduce them among their most intimate friends. They are ashamed to invite them into their own beautiful homes. Their grammar is so poor. Their rhetoric is so wretched. Their pronunciation of even the commonest words of their own tongue is so inaccurate that it becomes an exceedingly embarrassing matter to them if they introduce them among their associates and friends.

And their manners are boorish and awkward. There is nothing about them refined. They are an offense to their esthetic taste. If they were invited to a dinner, it is more than likely that they would offend by their boorishness. Men and women have been known to have been greatly ashamed of their own blood relations; and refused to associate with them. Jesus isn't one of that kind. Jesus is not ashamed of any of His friends. Jesus is not ashamed of the humblest, the poorest, the most illiterate. Jesus loves all His brothers and sisters so much that He longs to have them with Him where He is. Remember where He is. In that glorious palace of the King, where are the brightest and the noblest and the best that ever graced human and angelic society. Jesus longs that every least one of all those who love Him shall be there.

Not only is this His desire, but it is His will. I wish you would notice this remarkable word in this passage which I quoted to you: "I will that." Never before did these words escape His lips. In the beginnings of revelation in the Old Testament and throughout all His own utterances it is, "Not My will but Thine be done, O Father." Here it is, I will, for the first time. This is His last will and testament. And that last will and testament is—that all those who believe in Him shall possess for evermore in His own presence and in the presence of His Father and of the holy angels life eternal, with all its glories.

This will cannot be broken. All the powers of earth and hell cannot shatter it. It was Dr. Nathaniel Colver, I think, who said: "He did not commit this will to angelic or human executors; but He arose Himself from the grave to become His own executor." He is its administrator. He will employ, if need be, all the forces of Heaven and earth to execute His will. No soul who puts His trust in Him shall ever be robbed of the possession of His inheritance through Him. I have often asked myself, why it is that Jesus thus loves us? Why does He so love me? I am not beautiful; I am not lovable; I am a sinful creature. Why is it that Jesus longs to have me with Him? And the question has been answered by asking another question: Why does a mother love that little lump of clay that knows scarcely a thing—her own babe? Why does she press the little thing to her bosom that cannot respond to her love? Why does she imprint kisses upon the lips of a child that knows not enough to kiss back in return? Why does

the mother pour the wealth of her love upon that child, that helpless, awkward thing? It is because she must. It is in her constitution. She cannot help it. It is motherhood that does it. Why does Jesus love me? He cannot help it. It is in His nature. He has begotten me from the dead, and I have been made by Him and through Him the child of God. Humble though I be, wretched though at times I may appear, sinful though I know I am in His sight, yet because I have in me His blood, His life, in other words, He loves me and wills that I should spend my eternal years in His presence glorifying Him for evermore.

Need I remind you, in conclusion, that Jesus' love never changes? He is the same yesterday, today and forever.

"Now before the feast of the Passover, Jesus knowing that His hour was come that He should depart out of the world unto the Father; having loved His own which were in the world; He loved them unto the end."

How different the love of earthly friends! I have known a husband's love to turn into bitterness of the worst kind. I have known the love of a wife to turn into hatred of the most cruel sort. Ah! even the best loves of earth are subject to change. A father's love for his child is well known to have been exhausted. A mother's love even for her own offspring has waned and died. But Jesus' love never changes. He loves us to the very end. "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loves them unto the end." So that everything which Heaven can do to secure for us our eternal inheritance shall be done.

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

While I was in Switzerland, I visited that wonderful organ in the old church in Luzerne. A friend of mine in America had told me that if I went to Luzerne to be sure not to fail to hear it, as it was one of the really great organs of the world. I went to the old church at the twilight hour. I waited with others in front of the great doors until the antique sexton should allow us, anxious to hear, to enter within. The light streamed through the darkened windows but feebly. We were seated with our backs toward the

great instrument. Soon the company numbered about a hundred. At the appointed time the organist appeared. He was a German. He knew the instrument well. He first favored us with several exquisite selections from old and modern masters. How great was the stillness! One could almost hear his own heart beat. Everyone desired to catch every note of the wonderful harmonies that hurried from the keys and pipes of the famous old organ. By and by, the organist in his concluding selection imposed upon our stirred imaginations the whole wild and weird scenery of a mighty storm among the Alps. How the thunder rolled from crag and peak and leaped upon those lofty mountain masses of frozen splendor! How the hail rattled, and the rain hissed in the wind I cannot describe to you. How wonderfully real was that storm that hurried from the responsive thing under the magic touch of that man!

You know what a master can do on a great organ. You know how he can make it sigh, and sing, and moan, and, with the accessories, to imitate the falling hail and rain, make it all so realistic.

But, listen! What is this that we hear now? What do you think it is? Oh! it is that wonderful stop—the *vox humana*—rising clear above the storm. Higher and higher it rose; clearer yet and more clear it became; it was perfectly enchanting—that human voice stop, rising, thrillingly, sweetly, serenely, gloriously above the roar of thunder and the crash of hail and rain and the reverberations of the storm in the valleys and amid the lofty crags and peaks of the snow-crowned mountains.

So is it, thought I, in this human life of ours. Amid its storms—and there are storms; amid its trials—and trials come; amid its stern disappointments—and who knows not of disappointments; amid all its vexations of various forms; amid all its pains and woes, can we not hear, in clearer and clearer tones, sweeter and yet sweeter, as the black thunder clouds discharge their shattering bolts of consuming fire, burning in roaring flame our earthly hopes, expected triumphs—can we not, I say, above all this, hear the voice divine: “Because I live, ye shall live also?” For, “This is the promise which He promised us, even the life eternal.”—Christian Inquirer.

THE FUTURE LIFE

BY THE REV. DR. CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE

"If a man die shall he live again?"—Job 14:14.

I present this discussion to you at this time in response to a request from a little group of thoughtful young men. From the time of the patient man of Uz until today the inquiry, "If a man die shall he live again?" has been the oft-repeated question of each succeeded generation. So far there has been found no mathematical demonstration of a future life; but since the argument from probability in other fields of investigation is as convincing as the results of exact calculation, I beg to present to you some reasons for the probability of Immortality. As Dr. Martineau wisely said, "Man does not believe in Immortality because he has ever proved it, but he is ever trying to prove it because he cannot help believing it."

Scarcely any one can be found today who dares dogmatically declaim against the probability of a future life. This is the more remarkable as it is not twenty years since even some reverent students persuaded themselves that they could not discover the doctrine of Immortality in the Old Testament. Though there have been no supplementary revelations, yet scholarly men today find the writings of Job, David, Isaiah, Daniel, Ezekiel and Hosea scintillating with brilliant prophetic flashes of a life beyond.

If we shall be compelled on the threshold of the argument to confess that there has not been a scientific demonstration of a future life, we are reassured in our faith in Immortality because physical science has been powerless to prove anything against it; the opponents of a future life have gained nothing by any negative arguments. Is there any probability, however remote, of a future life? When Bishop Butler startled the unbelief of a hundred and seventy years ago, by his colossal and invincible argument for Immortality from analogy, he did not claim that his argument demonstrated a future life, but that it established a probability; and that if there is any probability, however little, for, and none against this view, this probability ought to be made our rule of action.

First, then, there is a strong probability of a future life, because in the natural world annihilation is a myth. Your house burns down, but no force is destroyed. By a slow process of growth the soil and rain and sunlight and atmosphere are transformed into the tree which furnishes the building material. Combustion simply releases these forces, and they go to their original condition. There are transformations of energy, but the physical law of the persistency of force prevents destruction. Death is combustion. The body, in death, returns to the earth from which it came, and the soul, released, flies out to the region of its nativity. No diminution! No annihilation!

Experimental psychologists are believing today that there is no reason to conclude that the mind dies when the body dies. They say: "The evolution of mind has built up mental aptitudes, and these aptitudes have built up a physical basis for them to rest upon. The rising scale of organic evolution has thus been due to the development of mind." It is the mind that is the man; and mind is spirit, and cannot die.

Again, chaos and confusion precede order and symmetry. In the physical universe, from disorder and gloom, by methods of development, have been marshaled the mighty hosts of suns, planets, satellites, animal and vegetable life, until all is capable of perfect classification. Also in the universe of thought. In their earlier periods principles were followed like phantoms in the breaking dawn. Today, astrology, with its sages and magi, has given way to astronomy, which, with inebriating fascination, handles the telescope and the spectrum. Alchemy, with its witches and wizards and boiling cauldron, has given up its homely chrysalis for the gay plumage of an indisputable science. So we look for order in the moral government of the universe. Here is moral confusion! Peaks of holiness rise higher, but canyons of vice grind deeper! What one holds dear another defames! The law which some obey others deride! Here the good suffer, the bad prosper. Here, too, are many human monstrosities which feed upon the pains and aches of their fellows. Order must come, but another world will be required! Tears enough are wrung from broken hearts by evil influences to run the water wheel of Immortality forever! Another life will be required to correct the irregularities of the rewards and

punishments of this life. Creation is a colossal failure if there is no Immortality. Better to have been a brute on the hillside than a man, if there be no life after this! (If the Bible doctrine is a myth, then life is a burlesque, integrity a burden, and conscience a curse!) Persuade all men that there is no life after this, and personal sacrifice for others would cease and the human family would be hurried to extinction by suicide!) In the future world virtue will be rewarded and those who throughout their lives have suffered for the right will be crowned by the Judge of all the earth, Who can make no blunders!

Again, the superb consummation of all development and evolution is man. Is there not a strong probability that the Creator, after spending an eternity of time and an omnipotence of power on the preparation of the world for man's coming and the creation of man in the likeness of his God, has more in store for man, this masterpiece of Infinite genius, than a transitory career for a few suffering years, and then oblivion? Let us inquire of some scientists what may be their conclusions concerning this extraordinary question.

Professor Le Conte said: "Nature, through all the whole geological history of the earth, was gestative mother of spirit. Without spirit Immortality the cosmos has no meaning." Dr. Lyman Abbott writes: "Without Immortality all evolution would be meaningless." Emerson: "We carry the pledge of Immortality in our own breast. Man is to live hereafter." Professor John Fiske was a firm believer in a future life, and said that the whole momentum of nature carries us onward into the unseen world. Professor Shaler, of Harvard, wrote in unequivocal language in the terms of science of his confident belief in Immortality.

We have entered upon that era in the history of scientific research when there are few antagonisms between science and religion, and when the seekers for light are becoming predisposed to discern and reinforce mutually helpful truths. It seems to us that science was never so reverential and religion never so intellectual as in the studies of these eventful days. It augurs well for the growth of the truth when leading thinkers of the scientific school put themselves on record. All science tells us today about the "arrest of the human body," and because the laws of development

have produced a perfect body and thus closed one chapter of advancement, the evolutionist looks with enthusiastic anticipation that reminds us of the exuberant expectation of the exponent of gospel truths, to the further developments and perfection which may be logically expected in man's spiritual nature.

Again, there is a strong probability of future life because of a universal and instinctive longing for Immortality. To live again is the hunger of the soul. As the babe instinctively takes nourishment at the mother's bosom, so men without instruction have reached out for a future life. Go back along the years and put your question: "If a man die shall he live again?" There is but one response. The Hindoo, the Chinese, the Persian, the Grecian, the Roman, the Egyptian, the continental, the islanders, the savage, the philosopher, all answer with a generous affirmative, more forceful and insistent as they have been advanced and cultured. Socrates speaks for his age when he says: "I believe a future life is needed to avenge the wrongs of this present life. Those who have done their duty, in that future life shall find their chief delight in seeking after wisdom." Cicero speaks of his era: "Yes, oh, yes! But if I err in believing that the soul of man is immortal, I willingly err, and if after death I shall feel nothing, as some philosophers think, I am not afraid that some dead philosopher shall laugh at me for my mistake."

Man's soul is in exile. Like the homing pigeon, when he is released, man flies back to God. The race is homesick. Man is not forever satisfied with humanity—divinity is planted within him. With Victor Hugo, every true man, the nearer he approaches the end, the plainer he hears around him the symphonies of the world which invites him. Man knows death does not end all, because when he approaches the grave he feels, with Hugo, that he has not said the thousandth part of what there is in him. The soul intuitively reaches for life, and the God who gave man this reach will see to it that it comes to his grasp.

Bryant believed that God would be as good to the man as He was to the bird. This instinctive expectation led Franklin to write as his epitaph: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stripped of its leather and gilding, lies here, food for the worms; yet the work itself shall not

be lost, for it will, as he believes, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by its Author."

"Ideals are overtures of Immortality," said the eloquent Cicero. "Men who have renounced their individual happiness never doubt their Immortality," says quaint Tolstoi. The poet Gilder sings:

Then fearless give thy body to the clod,
For naught can quench the light that once it filled.

Browning's last words were: "Never say that I am dead!" No, not dead; no man is dead until his work is done! Can it be that men can do Immortal things and not be themselves Immortal?"

The faith of the soul easily accepts Tennyson's prophecy, "One law, one element and one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves," and with him each one may say:

I falter where I firmly trod
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.

Oh, let us descend to the blue marge not only with hearts full of faith, but with our hands heavily burdened with sheaves for the Master's feet! Love demands a future life. Even Hume's skepticism was insecure as he pathetically confesses that whenever he thought of his mother he believed in Immortality.

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

THE GIFT OF GOD

BY THE REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

"Eternal life is the gift of God."—Romans 6:23.

For a thousand years men believed that eternal life could be bought. The cultured nations believed it as truly as the Hebrew people. Pericles believed in gift worship; he filled the temples with swords, jeweled spears, ivory and bronze. Cæsar believed it; he promised the gods as many kids as there were Gauls slain in battle. Hannibal believed it; he made a vow of 1,000 young oxen, providing they gave victory over the Romans. Horace believed in the efficacy of gifts, for he bade the youth who had returned in safety from a sea voyage hang up the garments and gold he had on, when relief came. Solomon was the wisest scholar of his age, but he sacrificed 120,000 sheep at the dedication of his temple. In those days, when the feast came, the whole earth was like a censer, exhaling golden incense toward the sky. Now and then some peasant or prince vowed the sacrifice of his own child, like Jephtha and Abraham. All these old ruins that we are now uncovering hold frescoes from the tombs, telling us that the people knew only one form of worship, and that was through gifts. But no thoughtful man will despise the fathers with their crude offerings. All first things are crude things. Vanity and ignorance should remember that if the first house was a tent of skins, it was home for Rebekah and Rachel. The peasant who offered his lamb and his dove was surrendering himself and dedicating his hands and his heart. With this passing reflection, it is enough to remark that the atheist of the era before Christ was a man who would not offer gifts in the temple, while the religious man was one whose offerings were many and varied in richness.

Beginning in the third century after Christ, society entered upon an epoch of another thousand years, when men tried to buy eternal life through self-injury. Slowly the religion of sheaves and lambs came to seem shallow, and even the coin, cast down on the altar, seemed as yellow but also as light as a drafting leaf. When the gifts of the hands became insufficient, religion resolved

itself into something deeper. Men tried to buy eternal life with their health, their beauty, and even physical existence. Under this impulse of self-mutilation, men fled from the market place and the square into remote deserts. Simon Stylites climbed his column and endured the blazing heat of the summer and the fierce chill of the winter. The monk wove a crown of thorns stiffened with nails. The hermit put on a hair shirt and chafed the skin red. The flagellants marched to the sound of the scourge, and reddened the road with their blood. Growing wilder, one suspended himself by hooks through the flesh; another held the arm upright until it withered; a third gazed into the face of the sun until his sight was gone. This movement for self-injury culminated when parents put away love for their children, while men deserted their homes, to live in a cave in the forest, under the impression that the sacrifice of health and beauty purchased merit from God. From the modern viewpoint, all this is utterly contemptible. We know that God is the God of beauty, the God of health, who has made the body to be His temple. We honor the soldier dying on the battlefield; he dies to make another free. We revere the physician who sacrifices his life in time of epidemic; he stays the plague. But these flagellants, ascetics and self-mutilators, neither helped themselves nor served their fellows, but rather injured both alike. But the harshness of our criticism must be tempered by the thought that the perfect generation has not yet arrived. Bacon was a philosopher, but as a judge he received bribes; Shakspeare was a poet, but he poached like a common thief, and was threatened with the penitentiary; Sir Matthew Hale was a distinguished jurist, but he burned witches; Pascal was a great philosopher, but he feared that he loved his sister too much. In our galleries, the Venus di Milo has lost her arm, and the Apollo both legs, while not a single bust or statue but has suffered some injury. And man's religion during the Middle Ages is typified by a statue that has a black mark across the forehead and a dark stain on the breast. Even the sun is obscured now and then by an eclipse that steals away the brightness.

When the dark cloud of ascetism lifted, men tried to buy eternal life by conformity to a group of doctrines with a form of words and ceremonies. The movement began in part with the union of church and state, an idea prolific of every form of abuse. Scarcely had King Henry proclaimed himself the head of the

church as well as of the state, than it occurred to him that he could make all the people worship God in exactly the same way. What if all the people rose up at exactly the same moment on Sunday morning, crossed themselves in exactly the same way, bowed at the same time, said Amen to the same prayer! Presto, let it be done! Henry bade all the bishops be ordained by one archbishop; bade the bishops ordain all the priests; bade the priests wear the same garments, read the same prayers, then he sent out word that the Lord was so deeply prejudiced in favor of this kind of baptism, that unless a babe was baptized after a certain fashion it would be lost forever. He bade the bishops consecrate certain graveyards, and only those who conformed could be buried in the consecrated graveyard. Any cathedral must be deconsecrated before a non-conformist could speak in it, or be reconsecrated in the event of a non-conformist having spoken in it, the eternal God being so deeply enamored of that method of consecration.

James went further. Any minister who would not conform and refused to recite certain prayers, had his ears cropped off. Charles endungeoned or exiled 300 ministers who decided to worship God after other forms. Bunyan was kept in prison for twelve years. He was the greatest spiritual genius of his century, but he insisted on preaching on the green, and he actually prayed to God in an extempore prayer, and having been guilty of a black crime like that there was nothing for it excepting the jail for twelve years. The Quakers George Fox and William Penn went so far as to refuse to be baptized, because they believed that baptism was invisible, through the water of the Spirit, and by coming here to found Pennsylvania William Penn saved his head. It was the age of artificialism. It was the era of exterior conformity. It turned the church into a huge cracker factory, putting the same stamp on all souls. It is doomed today, because everybody laughs at it, and what all the people smile at must go. Its counterpart in the realm of nature is in gardens where men cut the arbor vitæ vine into the form of a dog, while another vine is trimmed to look like a peacock, and still another shrub is cut in the form of a horse. Uniformity is impossible. Dead things are alike—grains of sand. Living things work toward endless differences, blades of grass, trees and souls. What if everybody should accept exactly the same

creed? It would be as dreary as everybody living in exactly the same kind of a house, with miles of monotony, flat, stale and unprofitable. No, eternal life is not purchased by the acceptance of creeds, the recitation of litanies nor the adherence to a group of doctrines.

Over against the gift worship, self-mutilation, adherence to a group of doctrines, with a religion of words, stands Christ's statement, "eternal life is the gift of God." God's love and succor are gifts. His favor does not trickle like a rivulet, it rolls like a river and widens like the sea. Man's little jeweled cup can never dip up this wide ocean of love, and whosoever will may come and drink. Whatever God gives is presented as a gift. Light is good for the eyes, and the sight of the sun is sweet, but it is a gift. Crisp the morning air, and laden with spices—the air is a gift. Golden the harvest fields in August and wondrous their overflowing treasure—the summer is a gift. Sweet is the laughter of a little child, and nothing more beautiful than the mother comforting the babe. That love is a gift. Oh, we forget the free bounty of the All-loving God! Bad men forget it; forget that scarlet sins can be whitened and crimson stains washed out; the forgiveness is a gift. Good men who have injured their ideals, and permitted their lamps to burn low, sometimes forget that the rekindled flame is a gift of God's love. Oh, the disinterested love of God Who sends His summer to warm the beggar amid his rags, and the prince in purple! Oh, the universal love of God, Who sends His rain to the great man's palace and the poor man's hut. Who shall measure the breadth of Christ's sympathy, that included the patrician ruler, the white-souled boy, John, but also the besotted publican and the prodigal, stained and begrimed with his sin. Why does the good God love bad men? Why is the hawthorn sweet? Why is a dewdrop pure? Why does a lark sing? Why does a mother love the crippled child most? Why does the great heart turn toward the slave, in his fetters, or the prisoner in his dungeon? The happy child sings because there is music in its heart. The song sings itself, and God loves sinners because it is His nature. He hath set His heart upon bad men to recover them out of their transgressions. The good God can no more hate Peter, weeping over his denial, than the sun can fling out icicles, instead of beams of brightness. No cry of repentance has ever gone up to God to

find silence or an unanswered prayer. That river of love flows inexhaustible, unstained by the washings, pure, while it cleanses man's impurities. It is given to the sunbeam to fall upon the slough, without impairing its whiteness. And it is given to God to recover bad men without sharing the iniquity. Love is a great mystery—beautiful, most comforting, medicinal, full of all sweet cures. And this gift of love never faileth. The Indians of the West have a legend that once the Mississippi River ran dry, but though all the generations stoop to drink, never faileth this river of God's love. Cynics may scoff at love, worldlings despise it, but the pure in heart know that love is the greatest thing in the world. Love warms one's heart like the fire, soothing like music, heaving the heart as God's tide heaves the sea. But this love of God that forgives sins, and recovers the truly repentant, is a gift, free as the air, open as the sunshine, deep as the sea. For whosoever will may come.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

THREE STRIKING TRUTHS

Card

Over the triple doorways of the cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend, "All that which pleases is but for a moment." Over the other is sculptured a cross, and there are the words, "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." But underneath the great central entrance to the main aisle is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal." If we realize always these three truths, we shall not let trifles trouble us, nor be interested so much in the passing pageants of the hour. We shall live, as we do not now, for the permanent and the eternal.

IMMORTALITY AS REVEALED BY JESUS

BY THE REV. DR. S. PARKES CADMAN

"Who abolished death and brought life and Immortality to light by the gospel."—2 Timothy 1:10.

Why faith—but to lift the load,
To leaven the lump, where lies
Mind prostrate through knowledge owed
To the loveless Power, it tries
To withstand—how vain.

Reverie in "Asolando."—Robert Browning.

An Angelican divine has reminded us that "it is always easy for the organization of a new philosophy to plaster any amount of high morals upon it, which he finds ready made for him. He can endow his theories with all the virtues under the sun, just as a writer of fiction can make the characters that represent his favorite school as good as he pleases." This process is purely extraneous and has nothing to do with the root and principle of the system advocated.

So it is in reference to the ordinary teaching concerning the instinct for Immortality. One is free to acknowledge its presence and authority in mortals. For they are encircled by the invisible realities, and nominated by those remoter realms that dreams but tenderly touch. The creature will not be confined to his senses and his dimensions. He breaks their boundaries. He goes beyond them into a kingdom whose vast mysteries have no frontiers, illimitable, imponderable, and inexplicable; they make his freedom perilous and present an eternity of space and duration which does not allure him. For not all those who have adopted this great prediction of reason, its verdict and conclusion upon the facts of consciousness, that there is a future state, have fully realized that such a state, apart from the revelation of the gospel, can be wrongly estimated, wrongly interpreted and even made to penalize existence. We observe that in the Comtist arguments for the life beyond the moral eminences are due to the Christianity Comte ig-

nored, and I am prepared to assert that the unaided belief in what is roughly called "inherent Immortality" has been an ageless curse as well as an enduring blessing.

Consider the history of this belief in the ancient and modern times. The mythologies of the Mesopotamian peoples have been exhumed from the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh. Their views of the underworld of hades were transmitted to the cylinders of clay, the inscriptions and the carvings on the rocks. They are an ugly output, revealing a universe of shadow and of pain. Their truculent and blood-stained monsters of earth were transferred to new dominions, without the loss of a solitary ferocity, with all the increase of unlimited opportunity. The future state meant for these millions of the race a dreadful and perpetual havoc, an enactment of conditions beyond the grave which all civilized beings now on earth abominate.

Further to the east, and specifically in India and the center of India's religious culture on the banks of the Ganges, inherent Immortality was hedged about with all the purgatories fanaticism could invent and priestcraft could sustain. The drama of human destiny was committed to the care of endless incarnations and men were instructed to believe that they died to meet a fate 10,000 times worse than extinction, while they circled up again through reptile and beast to an unknown goal.

If on this blessed Easter day you could stand on the banks of India's sacred river at Benares, and watch the burning pyres of the ghats, and the multitudes of diseased and shapeless people essaying to perish in the holy water, the conviction that such a conception of the future life is an infinite burden too great to be borne would seize upon you with irresistible force.

I do not propose to deal at length with psychical phenomena as these have been scrutinized by Professor James, Sir Oliver Lodge and Professor Hyslop. Granted that they do establish another link in the chain of evidences that we may communicate with the unseen, you have left the difficult task of separating the genuine from the spurious in their bewildering maze. When this is done, if it can ever be done, the remainder is mainly a naming of the trivial and the casual, so powerless for any common benefit that we sometimes wonder why so much travail for so little purpose.

And when on an evening of extraordinary beauty Wordsworth beheld the effulgence of the sun setting over the hills, and the silent spectacle of glory and solemn pomp led him to aspire to the heart of the perfect life, what does the poet add to our definite knowledge of that life? There is in the "Ode to Immortality" the high thought that men belong to God and that they are born to regain the truths that once they had. He tells us that—

In a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea which brought up hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

But he does not tell us what pilot navigates these unexplored oceans and by what means the soul can traverse their trackless depths and come to the haven of its desire. On this question Socrates and Wordsworth are equally silent. Their stately meditations are steeped in pensiveness. They are men who live in a sphere bordered by chaos, and peering into the bottomless gulfs of timeless beginning they can but wonder and hope.

Such speculations are a tremendous advance upon the brutalities of the primitive races. But they are no more than separate waves which passing winds soothe to a ripple or raise to a storm. We must look elsewhere for the tidal movements of the inward deeps which answer to the deeps again. These are not of man; they are of God; the tenant of the eternities alone can reveal them, and they alone have strength sufficient to bear us onward to our Heavenly fortune.

The earlier Scriptures are reserved on this issue. Doubtless the future life was in the minds of Israel's foremost prophets and psalmists, for they stood on the borderland between the seen and the unseen, and their spiritual culture could scarcely embrace the idea of "Jehovah," a covenanting God, without including Immortality. Yet here there was no open vision. Beneath the canopy of the starry infinite they lived their lives of pastoral simplicity. They were enwrapped by the sense of God's power and wisdom. They bowed before Him and confessed the sacred name, forever blest. They acknowledged the Being whose supremacies beset them

before and behind, who laid His hand upon them. They represented Him in the largest terms at their command, and they held that His presence and benediction occupied all eternity. So our counseling with such heroes is profitable. They rebuke by their tranquil faith our crying haste, and they would have scorned our blind materialism.

They labored in unfaltering trust and died in unfailling hope. But the reservation of the gospel was not pre-empted by them. There were transitory bursts of inspiration, hints, adumbrations, which momentarily disturbed the mystery of the shades, but could not, and did not, remove it.

Moses was their chosen prince and law-giver, fitted for his position by an extensive familiarity with the traditions of Egypt, the mother nation of men. He must have known the Egyptian teaching as touching the eternities and how that they held the fate of the spirit dependent upon the preservation of the body. If there was the slightest ruin of the physical system, the credentials for the soul's entrance into life beyond were at once destroyed. Thus they carried to a high level their embalming arts, and erected mountains of masonry, in which they enconced the mummies of their leaders.

It is significant, as T. G. Selby has pointed out, that Moses gives no place in his system of revelation to any definite doctrine of the future life. He did not supplant the superstitions of Egypt. He did declare that after him a prophet greater than he should arise, to whom would be propounded the seven-fold riddle of existence. And in that declaration St. Paul, as conversant with Judaism as any man that ever lived, rests his plea here.

It was Jesus whose orb of light followed on these dawning gleams, these flitful moments of alternating darkness and twilight. It was Jesus who made death inoperative, to quote the exact language of the text. And it was Jesus who brought forth an incorruptible life through His gospel to satisfy the long extended agonizings of men. To what base uses can our noblest instincts be commanded? How palpable is the hideous hue sin casts on our highest aspirations! If the claim that Jesus has successfully intervened here be true, it is the greatest claim one being can make for another. It is true, and He who has enthroned Immortality, and

shown it reasonable by showing it pure and lovely and sinless in the eternal goodness of God, stands ready to meet your doubts and qualms. If you ask, Why should I not sleep well after life's fitful fever, why covet so doubtful a boon, for death comes but once, and after that can do no more, since he has but one dart to fling? If you stand in suspense before the specter of an endlessness whose unnumbered ages are charged with all the terrific responsibilities of living, and knowing you cannot escape that which you did not choose, you inquire, Why should this be my lot? the sufficient answer is in the gospel, and it is nowhere else. Jesus meets these searching questions by absorbing mere duration in virtuous growth, eternal existence in eternal character, and by creating in you those capacities for Immortality which make celestial genius correspond with endless being. The love of God in you can use all the eternities as its opportunity. Again, Jesus has the right to pronounce upon this issue. He is in Himself the absolute expression of God in human terms, of the quality of eternal character made manifest under time conditions. This is the kernel of the truth the text presents today, that in His earthly life, as viewed for the moment, apart from His resurrection, there is a demonstration of our fitness in Him and by Him for the everlasting eons. No merely created being could have imagined such uniform sinlessness, such loving obedience, such unbroken allegiance to the highest and the holiest will. Hence in Jesus our own fellowship with God and Immortality is articulated, made over into our present effort, and by His message we gain the truth which gives superior intelligence to our destiny.

When He speaks on these questions, which have been the themes of saints and sages from the birthday of human thought, He does so with the unconscious emphasis and knowledge of one to whom the landscapes of the invisible were a familiar acquaintance. Mark this well, for it amounts to far more than a studied discourse. He does not enter into controversy, or repel the opponent; He assumes as an unquestionable right the truths He sets forth; He treats them as the known will of God, which, He alone having come from above, can reveal to His brethren. I discover in the gospels a composed and a peaceful confidence which is the outcome of His infinite intimacy with that of which He treats. He treads the earthly way to the Heavenly home with tranquil as-

surance. So it is that the teachings of Jesus, apart from all else He did, enforced by the sinlessness of Jesus, apart from any other feature of His manifestation, settle the question of futurity. They are the inmost principles of which outward acts are the effect. There are values in His doctrine of God and in His predictions for man which guarantee the efficacy of His message. Do not misunderstand this position, for the cross and the resurrection sustain and confirm the announcements Jesus made. They console and they uplift us. They are majestic and historic events which triumphantly evidence the fullness of our personal victory.

But before Christ had entered into the shadows of the garden, or emerged in glory from the yielding grave, He had transmitted to the heart and the conscience of the race a revelation destined to revolutionize all mortal reasonings on Immortality. For He showed an astonished world the truth of divine fatherhood. The church has never fully entered into the heritage of this exhibition of unbounded grace and wisdom. She has blinked before the brightness of the Heavenly vision. She has lacked the sweeping gaze which could survey that over arching firmament under whose genial depths her own life and the true life of men do flourish. Nor is this to be wondered at; it is no slight task even for sanctified thought, alert to every spiritual meaning. When we hear Him speak as never man spake, we are to be forgiven if lips of clay tremble and fail in their efforts to clearly reproduce His words. He has told us that the Father liveth, and that He giveth to the Son to have life in Himself, and that because the Son lives we shall live also.

This is not the God of the ancients; it is a new God, and the simplicity and the magnitude of these words create a new spiritual geography. There are benefits beyond number in the creative and inaugural experience we have of God through Jesus. For if we live in Him we live the life which is life indeed, a life that can never lose its zest, its attractions, its possibilities, its achievement. So Immortality is not an inexpressible loneliness, not a mere speculation, it is the vitality of God streaming forth in goodness and in love to all who inherit the gift. Again, fatherhood is that spiritual tie of holiness and affection with which God out of His fullness fulfills your spirits and its environments. It can be neither di-

minished nor increased, since it is the one divine abiding immanence which overflows the universe of rational being. We are drops of its ocean, parts of its whole.

Think of your own fatherhood, and how it fuses you with your children. Yet it is open to attack, for we are fathers of the flesh and sorrow invades it, evil disappoints it and death desolates it. No such contingencies can mar our relation to deity. The sources of eternal parentage are beyond the reach of these menacing factors. We can never reach any such limitations in God. And since He is the everlasting Father, our moral and spiritual development are contained, not in us, but in Him. We are the sentient channels through which the deathless currents of His being flow. Let us build our doctrines of the future around this normal conception. And when we think of God thus, as complete in His sway, and flawless in His holiness, and sacrificial in His love, we see emergent another truth relative to our Immortality. As the author and parent of humanity, He will never beget His offspring simply to destroy them. He is not known to waste anything in any province save sin. He conserves all energy, all changing forms of material structure. He permits a million resurrections in the variations of the physical universe. And surely there is no waste at the crown of His creative work. What fatherhood is that which would allow us to live in His image and perish in the dust? Charge not the everlasting of days with folly. He exists for us and we exist in Him, and in this reciprocity is the base of our assurance. Immortality is the heart and honor of God beating in our spirit. We obtain our heirship in our sonship, knowing that He who raised up Jesus from the dead shall raise up us also by Jesus, for which cause we faint not, for though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

Such is the main clause in our title deed to the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadest not away. It justifies the saying of Emerson that Jesus in His earthly life demonstrated the surety of our Immortality. And it is an inner certainty which will remain invulnerable, though our heart fail and flesh decay.

Christianity knows nothing of a hope of Immortality for the individual alone, but only of a glorious hope for the individual in the body, in the eternal society of the church triumphant. It is, in

its very essence, social. It is not a selfish, but a moral and a generous hope, a membership in one great community whose exaltation is elect and pure.

No sin can invade the life Christ gives. Pure in its origin, it must be pure in our finality. Growth there is in Paradise; the joys of that Immortal state lift up sky upon the sky of progress ever on before. But the huge discomfiture of sin had to halt somewhere. Calvary crippled it, nailed it with the nails on which the Victim hung, and demanded that it forever shrink from the gates of God's future house.

When death is thus reduced, it drops its mask and dons the livery of Heaven to become our bond servant. Dissolving us of our earthly vesture, it passes upon us its sanctification and in our common end we find our common good. The love that will not let us go makes the heirs of Immortality clean every whit and meet to abide. In this hope we have begun to purify ourselves. Our conscious sonship in God induces our war on the members that bind us to the grave. Urged by the breath of love divine, we urge our way with strength renewed. In this meaning the cross is an agent and a witness to our Heavenly election. Its pricelessness is the imprint of our value, and the death and resurrection of Jesus are the last acts in the series which open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers. As such they are never to be viewed apart, they are one constructive proceeding.

The risen Christ is here today to give life and meaning to these primary truths. He appeals by His presence and His gracious will to the deeper wants of any spirit truly conscious of its capacities. He predicts for you that great society whose knowledge and virtue and genius are all celestial. He awakens in us the sense of that divine sphere where elevation is endless and where eternities are lost in the rapture of a nobler ministry and a more reverent worship. The stimulus of His teaching has clothed our individuality with such interpretations that we can claim for ourselves a place in the spiritual structure of the Infinite Architect of souls.

Are we mean and groveling, so that we cannot reach to so great a purpose? Are we drowsy and at ease, content with the slumber of the senses, and the ignoble and beggarly elements of the life of vanity? Do we say that these celestial truths are all mistaken? Then the deceived and the deceiving have been the holy

and the great, the personalities whom all men revere, those whom even the pinched and narrow men are constrained to uphold. Was Christ Himself deluded when He whispered peace to the dying malefactor and then fell in death on the altar of universal blessing? Was this great apostle as one that walketh in a vain show, a man of tragic and barren blunderings, when He went forth from the dungeon to the ax? Show to us the highest altitudes of human virtue and of human effort, and in that sight the resurrection becomes not only a single occurrence but a daily law.

Hail, oh just and mighty death! come and strip us bare of the outward and the bodily. Behind these is thought, and will and love and personality and God. We would fain come to a dearer affiance with them. And at the biddance of Christ these symbols are abolished that behind their physical manifestation we may see God face to face. Before these truths can pass the Heavens and the elements may melt, but humanity cannot be annihilated save by the death of God, and humanity in Christ cannot fail to be blessed unless the God we love should cease to love us.

These suppositions invert the order of rank established among us, and give ascendancy to blind brutalities. They surrender a universe to horror, and shroud it in night. They are not worthy of mention save to show how complete and how magnificent is the everlasting joy that reawakens with every departure of the blessed ones, and every dawn of Eastertide.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY

BY H. S. KNEEDLER

It matters little with most of us whether we believe in Immortality as a dogma of the church; whether we look upon it as an opportunity for reform or a period for penance; whether we accept, in fact, the statements of churchmen or not,—we yet long to live Immortality. It is a natural sentiment, it seems to us. Eliminate all the inspiration it borrows from religious teaching, take away all the theology which has walled it in and smothered it with forms and hedged it about with conditions—and yet it lives as a thing apart, having a vitality born of a natural wish and an innate hope.

To wish to live always—that is longer and better than this life we know—seems to us to be the passion flower of our existence. It proves the depth of our affections which refuse to be contingent upon a pulse beat. It gives nobility to our ambitions. We all of us begin life with high purposes. There are no shadows upon the walls of the morning! But by and by we find ourselves confronted with conditions and hemmed in by environments which are stronger than we. The plow is in the furrow and we must guide it. There is a certain work to do and we must do it. Imperative as the law of armies in the field, the duties of life are thrust upon us. If we are men we turn to our tasks and put aside—we say to ourselves for a little while—the promised accomplishments of tentative hopes. And as the years sweep down upon us like the ships of corsairs on the white fleets of commerce, we find that what things we dreamed of are not for today. The wheel of our winged chariot drops into the rut of the common way. Our burdens so press upon us that we cannot look up to see the stars. And farther off and yet farther off we put the day of our accomplishments until the morning of our lives has faded into the evening and the twilight of our days, and we feel the impossibility of the thing we had hopefully set ourselves to do.

And then we say to ourselves: “Not today, but in the tomorrow!” And that intangible essence which we speak of as a soul

asserts itself, and in the busy way and in the wakeful hours of night it whispers, "You shall live again." Like the men who in the desert dreamed dreams and were prophets, it bears a message of inspiration. It spoke to the Greek philosophers while yet the tribes of Israel were barbarians. To be and to do what we had purposed to be and do were a part of the inspiration.

And then again our affections make the belief in Immortality immortal. As long as human love runs like a river to the sea, so long will it shape a shining way upon which men set adrift the ships of their hope to sail into the ocean of eternity. As long as the stars run their courses the mother who lays her babe beneath the grasses and plants a flower upon the lowly mound will believe that she shall clasp it to her breast again. The husband who sits the vigil of the night beside his dead; the wife who weeps above the bier,—Absolom and Rachel—will look up through tears to catch the beckoning hand that waves them to where their loved ones wait.

Let the scoffer and the scholar and the cynic put it away with the rubbish of superstition; set reason to work that its sharp tooth may eat away the foundation of belief, call it by any name that puts the badge of folly upon it, jeer at it as the Roman populace was wont to jeer at the captive in the victorious train,—and yet firmly and more firmly the hope and desire and assurance of Immortality find root in the human heart. To believe or not believe in Immortality may be a matter for honest difference of opinion. But not to long for or desire it is so outside the common trend of emotions that it passes belief. We cannot do so! A day or eighty years! This is but a mote in the wind that blows the centuries across the fields of human existence! Surely it is not all. Like the trumpet of Browning's Shield Harold comes the inspiration of the inborn hope. We do not blush to confess that we believe we shall find some portal leading to fresh fields of existence. Not the fanciful figure of white robes and golden streets and the music that David heard shall tempt us. But whatsoever there shall be to do we shall do it with wider experience. And our loved ones will walk with us. And the thirty or eighty years here would have little of inspiration or joy for most of us if it were not so.—Cherokee Times.

MAN NEVER DIES

BY THE REV. A. S. GUMBART, D.D. .

The keynote of the world's Easter song is "Immortality." In answer to the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" the Easter chimes ring out: He shall live! He shall live! The fact is, man never dies. He moves out of one life into another. I plant a seed. The seed undergoes many changes. Apparently it dies; but it has only undergone a transformation. So we may speak of a man as dying; but, in truth, death is but a transformation. The power of death is over the physical body; but the true man knows no death. Death opens the door to larger possibilities, the investment of superior powers, and to the perfect manhood revealed in Jesus Christ. We may deny Immortality, but the fact is that the evidences of Immortality are a part of our present being. Several days before Columbus saw the coast line of the new continent, he saw birds which he knew must come from the land beyond. So to the thoughtful man there are many indications in this mortal life of the Immortality beyond. Perhaps we might call it an instinct; but there is something within us that knocks at the door of a larger life. Something that finds itself in a world too small, and a life too short to realize its longings, or to reach the object of its existence. Man is too great for this world. However much a man may develop in this life, he realizes that he has come far short of what he would be. The acquirement of one thing, far from exhausting our capacity or ability to receive more, only enlarges the capacity, and makes us not only able to receive more, but hungry for more. So, in a large sense, we may say that the fact of our Immortality indicates a capacity for Immortality, and a hunger for it. In fact, in all ages, the thoughtful man has regarded another life necessary for the completion of the present. Jesus Christ is the answer to our questions and doubts concerning Immortality. His teaching and resurrection remove the question of Immortality from the field of speculation, and places it before us as an eternal verity.

IMMORTALITY

Men work zealously for time, and then call it working for Immortality, and try to convince themselves that they are immortal in their achievements. This is what Napoleon thought of such striving:

The great commander being in the gallery of the Louvre one day, attended by the Baron Denon, turned round suddenly from a fine picture, which he had viewed for some time in silence, and said to him, "That is a noble picture, Denon."

"Immortal," was Denon's reply.

"How long will this picture last?" inquired the emperor.

Denon answered that, with care and in a proper situation, it might last, perhaps, five hundred years.

"And how long will a statue last?"

"Perhaps five thousand years," said Denon.

"And this," returned Napoleon, sharply, "this you call Immortality?"

It pays best to work for eternity, and let the fame of time take care of itself.

LIFE AFTER DEATH AMONG PRIMITIVE MEN

BY PROFESSOR W. I. THOMAS

In considering ideas of the soul among natural races we must have a care not to apply civilized standards. Contrary to some statements, Australians are known to believe in deities. Among some tribes young girls are occasionally slain to propitiate an evil spirit. All reports of tribes having no spirit belief which have been looked into by competent observers have been found incorrect. In some cases the religious ideas of a tribe are known only to a few elders and jealously guarded from strangers. It is true that monotheism is not found among savages, but it is equally true that atheism is purely the product of culture. The savage has no psychology to explain shadows and echoes, and he explains them by spirit agency. The problem is complicated for primitive men, by dreams and various forms of insensibility.

The idea arises that every man has a double separable from himself. It is thought a spirit may return after death, and so food is left by the grave and methods taken to protect the corpse. The poor savage is soon surrounded by a wilderness of spirits. The Tyrolese today will not pick their teeth with grass because evil spirits may have taken up their abodes in the stalks. When objects of nature are worshiped or venerated they are usually regarded as the re-embodiment of some former member of the tribe, real or mythical. The attention given to spirits is proportioned to their prominence in life here below.

On the death of a king of Madagascar a succeeding administration was embarrassed for officers, since such members wanted to be killed to accompany the departed hero. In Dahomey as many as 300 were ordinarily killed on the death of a ruler. The desire for a priest class is evidence of a desire to be in communication with the dead and the spirit world in general. There is a belief in the souls of inanimate objects among Algonquins and Fijians, and the latter point to a deep well in which one can see distinctly the disembodied parts of canoes and divers inanimate things tumbling pell-mell into the regions of Immortality. The primitive warrior is

buried with his weapons, sometimes with his spear broken, as only so can the soul of the spear follow his spirit. Only a century ago the horse of a Tartar chief was slain on his grave. Among the Aztecs a dog was buried with every corpse. They thought that, while the soul survived the death of the body, the soul itself might freeze to death, especially if its flight were in the winter.

Among savage races there was a very definite doctrine of the transmigration of souls. A relative could stoop over a dying man, and draw in his breath and with it his soul. Children were buried by the wayside that the souls might more easily enter into people passing by, and so be born again. The fact that people resembled their relatives was considered a strong confirmation of this belief. Snakes which frequent houses were commonly believed to be ancestors, especially in Africa. When Europeans first appeared in Africa, they were thought to be kindred returned from the other world, bleached by their subterranean experiences. The vanished soul was thought to go far away in the universe, as to the milky way. The history and temperament of a people determined their theory of the future abode. The daily dropping of the sun into the darkness of the west and his daily ascent into the Heavens were at the root of the matter.

Underneath the great variety and confusion of detail, there is very much in common between the traditions of the first races bearing on the home of the soul. Where the savage pictures a continuance of the present life in the next world, he has no thought of rewards and punishments. It is a social, not a moral, sequel. Thus, the Spanish historian, Las Casas, relates that during an epidemic among the slaves of Cuba in 1515 a certain Spaniard, learning that his slaves were about to hang themselves, appeared among them with a rope around his own neck, and said he would hang himself also, and so have them in the next world. He broke up the plan.

Yet there is a crude idea of retribution. Things are considered moral which are of advantage to a community. Bravery and death in childbirth were early virtues. The unvirtuous soul was consigned to a comfortless place, but not a place of punishment. All unmarried souls were crushed to powder. In the Tonga Islands it was a common belief that the souls of chiefs passed to a happy state, while the souls of the commonalty were dissolved with the body.

Among oboriginal Greenlanders only such as caught many seals or drowned at sea or died in childbirth, entered the highest hunting grounds. In ancient Mexico the Aztecs assigned three separate divisions, to three gradations of eminence and virtue, the majority going to perpetual darkness in the center of the earth. We cannot say that any system of rewards and punishment affected moral conduct among the lower races. Their belief in ghosts was the belief most potent with a savage.

While the moral element in early religions is secondary or lacking, prayer, sacrifice, fasting, self-abnegation and purity of life developed in the higher religions. Some lives were lived of great kindliness and chastity. The most practical result of the belief of primitive man in spirits is to be found in the influence of priests on political and social organizations. In earliest society, the center of authority are the successful leaders in war and the priest who, through his alliance with the supernatural, is able to enforce obedience and impose penalties, practically conjoined, an uncanny union of church and state. I find no case of military absolutism that was not based on priestly inculcation of belief in spirits.—Inter-Ocean.

BELIEFS HELD BY THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS OF LIFE AFTER DEATH

BY THE REV. JAMES H. BREASTED, D.D.

We must have historical sympathy, conceiving of the time when to every tree and stone was assigned uncanny power, when the whole universe was one vast chamber of mystery, and people believed the physical world to be subject to the caprice of innumerable gods and demons, all abjectly obedient to the proper magical charm. The bodies of the Egyptian dead, from the earliest recorded time, were laboriously embalmed, in order that the unseen but surviving other self might possess still that tangible link which connected it with the material world, and by means of which it alone could exist. This double of the body, with which it is indissolubly connected, must now possess an

imperishable dwelling place, and hence the construction of indestructible rock tombs and the greatest buildings of the world, the pyramids. One hundred feet down, at the bottom of a shaft, is placed the mummy, and above ground is the chapel of solid masonry, perhaps hewn out of the rock, and here in the house of the double said double dwells, coming forth at morning and night to greet the sun and the cool north wind.

Since with the destruction of the mummy the personality of the dead is extinguished, there is provided a substitute, a statue of stone, and this is walled up with the masonry of the tomb. And thus have been preserved to us the noble portrait statues of ancient Egypt. The rich left endowments of land to support these chapels, but changing times have diverted the incomes. On the tomb of the great Prince Rahut is still seen the richly sculptured prayer: "Oh, ye who love life and hate death, repeat a thousand loaves of bread and jars of drink, a thousand oxen and a thousand geese," and then follows the name of the person buried. In the case of a soldier a pictured platoon of his favorite troops is placed on the tomb, that he may review them whenever he pleases. Herodotus tells how the Scythians at funerals of the great slew a victim or two, that the deceased might have companions. Utensils of all kinds and pictures of the most obscene kind were deposited by Rahut's funeral couch. It was this method that has preserved for us so many examples of the Egyptian industrial arts. The walls of Rahut's chapel from cornice to base are covered with scenes depicting his life, especially the outdoor employments in which the noblemen of Egypt took especial delight. Thus is preserved the most authentic delineation of antique Egyptian life.

The opinion of the hereafter thus far considered confines the future life of the deceased to the tomb and its immediate vicinity. We shall now discuss a second view of the hereafter. The friends of Rahut would have said that he was not to abide there forever. One would say that in the form of a human bird he had gone far to the west into a twilight existence; another would say that in flowery meads he was plowing and reaping; another, that he had gone to take his place among the stars, with Osiris and Isis; but a priest would say that Rahut had gone to sail the Heavens with the sun god, crossing the zenith daily, himself one of the sun gods.

Underlying this series of views regarding departure to some distant place, there was recognized among an early and native people no contradiction, and are there not among ourselves as varying views regarding the post-resurrection life? Local in origin, the different opinions gradually spread all over Egypt and circulated side by side, regardless of their contrarieties, which never troubled the ordinary Egyptian, who would pray for all these destinies at the same time on the same tombstone. Thus, on the Egyptian lady's tomb in the Field Museum there are prayers for two of these estates, while on the tombstone of the priest in the Field Museum there are prayers for all four destinies in the hereafter which have been mentioned, and had he several doubles he could not have received all of the benefits. Magic chants, written on the pyramid tomb walls, and hence called pyramid texts, were uncovered in 1881, cut into stone 2,000 years before the decalogue of Moses was written. The buried priest is represented as receiving the homage due to Osiris.

In the race of the great military empire in the sixteenth century before Christ there is observed a series of dangers encountered by the passing soul. To reach the happy fields of Yarrow in the West there are hideous regions to be passed, inhabited by frightful monsters. A potent charm is afforded to meet each peril. In the eleventh dynasty, 2,300 years before Christ, these charms were written on the coffin, but in the eighteenth dynasty the incantations had become so numerous that a large roll of papyrus—the book of the dead—was needed to receive them. Finally a canonical collection was reached, some 165 in number. In the beautiful papyrus of the Lady Istey in the Field Museum is a very perfect specimen. The book of the dead is simply a collection of mythical incantations and the like. It is a misconception to call it the bible of the Egyptians. At entombments there was an elaborate ceremony of opening the eyes and the mouth of the dead, as the Egyptians called it. Thus all the future depended on purely mechanical means. Any man, irrespective of good or bad qualities of character, could command the best in the hereafter if he commanded the mechanical means.

But 3,000 years before Christ there are traces of demands on character in the deceased for the highest futurity. This suggestion is first found in an address to the ferryman crossing the river of death, and but for its appearance in a magical text would carry a great deal with it. The mummy is given a new heart, cut out of stone, in the shape of a scarabæus, and there is the apostrophe: "O, my heart, rise not up against me as a witness." An evil life was considered to be a bad passport on the eternal journey. The dead is led into the place of judgment, in the presence of Osiris, with grotesque creatures about him, animals of impossible shapes and terrifying serpents, while ranged about are forty-two demons in all, to each of whom he addresses a plea of not guilty of a certain sin, as of not plundering grave stones, not slaying sacred cattle, not committing adultery with the wife of another man, etc. There is, in short, in some instances, a standard of morality as high as that of the Decalogue. These are the best expressions of a purely moral life which have survived from so ancient a people. The knowledge that a man would be expected at death to enter such a plea as this must have had a great restraining force during life. Each plea was preceded by a magical address to each particular god. In the sixteenth century before Christ there is generally evinced a high moral ideal, and the destroyer at the last, composed in part of a crocodile and hippopotamus, is terrific indeed. However, certificates of moral rectitude were freely sold, to accompany the mummies, and were greatly depended on.

Holders of a certain view of the atonement, based all on belief, whatever the character, and also the church of Rome in the sale of her indulgences, as based on her mechanical power of forgiving sin, might have been equally instructed had they learned the final outcome of the ancient Egyptian machinery for escaping the practical consequences of sin.

We might show by numerous examples in ancient Egyptian writings that there are ethical and literary excellences which entitle them to an honorable place alongside our own Scriptures; but as regards the motive of life hereafter the influence of this motive was counteracted upon mundane existence by the great power of magic. Little figures—respondents—were put in the tombs of nobles, and these were expected to plow in the future in place of

their lords. I have just received at Haskell Museum no less than 196 respondents intended for one person. In the case of a passing soul, with much to conceal, this simple device of a respondent suggests the pure mechanics of the Roman confessional. Very eloquent are the addresses on some of these ancient Theban tombs, the dominant note a miserere. Joy for us, that the shadow has fled away forever before the brightness of the Easter morning.—Inter-Ocean.

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION

A clergyman once tried to teach some children that the soul would live after they were all dead; they listened, but evidently did not understand. Taking out his watch he said:

“James, what is this I hold in my hand?”

“A watch, sir.”

“How do you know it is a watch?”

“Because we see it, and hear it tick.”

“Very good.”

He then took off the case, and held it in one hand, and the watch in the other.

“Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two, which look like watches. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away down here in my hat. Now, let us see if you can hear the watch ticking.”

“Yes, sir, we hear it,” exclaimed several voices. “Well, the watch can tick, go and keep time, as you see, when the case is taken off and put in my hat, just as well. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case; the body may be taken off, and buried in the ground, and the soul will live just as well as this watch will go, when the case is taken off.”

DEATH AND LIFE: THE WAGE AND THE GIFT

BY THE REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON

"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Romans 6:23.

I am glad to pass into liberty and joy while I speak on the subject: Eternal Life is the Gift of God.

Note well the change: death is a wage, but life is a gift. Sin brings its natural consequences with it; but eternal life is not the purchase of human merit, but the free gift of the love of God. The abounding goodness of the Most High alone grants life to those who are dead by sin. It is with clear intent to teach us the doctrine of the grace of God that the apostle altered the word here from wages to gift. Naturally he would have said, "The wages of sin is death, but the wages of righteousness is eternal life." But he wished to show us that life comes upon quite a different principle from that upon which death comes. In salvation all is of free gift; in damnation everything is of justice and desert. When a man is lost, he has earned it; when a man is saved, it is given him.

Let us notice, first, that eternal life is imparted by grace through faith. When it first enters the soul, it comes as God's free gift. The dead cannot earn life; the very supposition is absurd. Eternal life enjoyed on earth comes to us as a gift. "What!" saith one, "do you mean to say that eternal life comes into the soul here?" I say yes, here, or else never. Eternal life must be our possession now; for if we die without it, it will never be our possession in the world to come, which is not the state of probation, but of fixed and settled reward. When the flame of eternal life first drops into a man's heart, it is not as the result of any good works of his which preceded it, for there were none; nor as the result of any feelings of his, for good feelings were not there till the life came. Both good works and good feelings are the fruit of the Heavenly life which enters the heart, and makes us conscious of its entrance by working in us repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. "Eternal life is the gift of God in Jesus Christ." By faith we come consciously into Christ. We trust Him, we rest

upon Him, we become one with Him, and thus eternal life manifests itself. Has He not said, "I give unto My sheep eternal life;" and again, "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life?" O beloved, you that have been quickened by the spirit of God, I am sure you trace that first quickening to the grace of God. Whatever your doctrinal views may be, you are all agreed in the experimental acknowledgment that by the grace of God you are what you are. How could you, being dead, give yourself life? How could you, being the slave of sin, set yourself free? But the Lord in mercy visited you as surely as the Lord Jesus Christ visited the tomb of Lazarus; and He spoke with His almighty voice, and bade you come to life, and you arose and came to life at His bidding. You remember well the change that came upon you. If any man here could have been literally dead, and then could have been made to live, what a wonderful experience His would have been! We should go a long way to hear the story of a man who had been dead, and then was made alive again. But I tell you, his experience, if he could tell it, would not be any more wonderful than our experience as quickened from death in sin; for we have suffered the pains that come through the entrance of life into the soul, and we know the joys which afterwards come of it. We have seen the light that life brings to the spiritual eye; we have felt the emotions that life brings to the quickened heart; we have known the joys which life, and only life, can bring to the entire man. We can tell you something about these things; but if you want to know them to the full, you must feel them for yourselves. "Ye must be born again." We bear our witness that eternal life within our spirit is not of our earning, but the gift of God.

Beloved, since we received eternal life, we have gone on to grow, and we have made great advances in the divine life; our little trembling faith has now grown to be full assurance; that zeal of ours which burned so low that we hardly dared to attempt anything for Jesus has now flamed up into full consecration, so that we live to His praise. Whence has this growth come? Is it not still a free gift? Have you received an increase of life by the law, or has it come to you as the free gift of God? I know what you will say; and if any of you have so grown in grace that you have become ripe Christians; if any of you have been taught of

God so that you can teach others; if any of you have been led by the Holy Spirit so that your sanctification is known unto all men, and you have become saintly men and women; I am sure that your holiness and maturity are still gifts received, and not wages earned. I will put the question to you again: Did this abundant life come to you by the works of the law, or by grace through faith which is in Jesus Christ? Your instantaneous answer is, "It is all of grace, in the latter as well as in the earlier stages." Yes, in every degree the gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus.

Yes; and when we get to Heaven, and the eternal life shall there be developed as a bud opens into a full blown rose; when our life shall embrace God's life, and God's life shall encompass ours; when we shall be abundantly alive to everything that is holy, divine, Heavenly, blessed, and eternally glorious; oh, then we shall confess that our life was all of the grace of God, the free gift of God in Jesus Christ our Lord! I am sure that our Heavenly education will only make us know more and more fully that while death is the well-earned wages of sin, eternal life is from beginning to end the gift of infinite grace.

Beloved, observe gratefully what a wonderful gift this is—"the gift of God"—the gift which Jesus bestows upon every believer; for "to as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to as many as believed on His name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." How express is our Lord's statement: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him!" What a life this is! It must be of a wonderful sort, because it is called "life" *par excellence*, emphatically "life," true-life, real life, essential life. This does not mean mere existence, as some vainly talk. There never was a greater blunder than to confound life with existence, or death with non-existence; these are two totally different and distinct ideas. The life of man means the existence of man as he ought to exist—in union with God, and consequently in holiness, purity, health and happiness. Man, as God intended him to be, is man enjoying life; man, as sin makes him, is man abiding in death. All that man can receive of joy and honor the Lord gives to man to constitute life eternal in the world to come. What a life is this! The life that is

imparted to us in regeneration is God's own life, brought into us by "the living and incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth forever." We are akin to God by the new birth, and by loving union with His Son Jesus Christ. What must life mean in God's sense of it?

Moreover, we have life eternal, too, never ending. Whatever else may end, this never can. It can neither be killed by temptation, nor destroyed by trial, nor quenched by death, nor worn out by the ages. The gift of the eternal God is eternal life. Those who talk about a man having everlasting life, and losing it, do not know the force of language. If a man has eternal life, it is eternal, and cannot therefore end or be lost. If it be everlasting, it is "everlasting;" to lose it would prove that it was not everlasting. No, if you have eternal life, you can never perish; if God has bestowed it upon you, it will not be recalled, "for the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." This eternal life is evidently a free gift; for how could any man obtain it in any other way? It is too precious to be bought, too divine to be made by man. If it had to be earned, how could you have earned it? You, I mean, who have already earned death. The wage due to you already was death, and by that wage you were effectually shut out from all possibility of ever earning life. Indeed, the earning of life seems to me to be from the beginning out of the question. It has come to us as a free gift; it could not come in any other way.

Furthermore, remember that it is life in Jesus; the "through" of our version is "in" in the original. We are in everlasting union with the blessed person of the Son of God, and therefore we live. To be in Christ is a mystery of bliss. The apostle felt that this was an occasion for again rehearsing our blessed Master's names and titles of honor—"in Jesus Christ our Lord." I noted to you on a former occasion how, at certain seasons, the various honors and titles of great men are proclaimed by heralds with becoming state; and so here, to the praise of the Lord Jesus, Paul writes his full degree—"Eternal life in Jesus Christ our Lord." He writes at large the august name before which every knee shall bow, and he links our life therewith. Here we read the cheering and precious name of Jesus. By that name He is nearest to man; when He was born into our nature He was named Jesus, "for He shall save His people from their sins." The life which comes in connection

with Him is salvation from sin. In this Savior is life. The next name is "Christ," or anointed, by which name He is nearest to God, being sent forth and anointed of God to treat with us on God's behalf. He is the Lord's Christ, and our Jesus. Next He is called "Our Lord." Herein lieth the glory of our anointed Savior; we through grace becoming servants participate in the life and glory of our Lord. He reigneth as our Lord, and by His reigning power He shows Himself to be the Lord and giver of life. "All live unto Him." Our Lord hath life in Himself, and breathes it into us. What a life this is—a life saved from sin, a life anointed of the Holy Ghost, a life in union with Him who is Lord of all. This is the life which is peculiarly the gift of God.

Thus I have set forth this doctrine, and I desire to apply it by adding a little more of practical importance. First, let us come at this time, one and all, and receive this divine life as a gift in Jesus Christ. If any of you have been working for it by going about to establish your own righteousness, I beseech you to end the foolish labor by submitting yourselves to the righteousness of God. If you have been trying to feel so much, or to pray so much, or to mourn so much, forbear from thus offering a price, and come and receive life as a free gift from your God. Pull down the idol of your pride, and humbly sue for pardoning grace on the plea of mercy. Believe and live. You are not called upon to earn life, but to receive it; receive it as freely as your lungs take in the air you breathe. If you are dead in sin at this moment, yet the gospel of life has come nigh unto you. With that gospel there comes the life-giving wind of the eternal spirit. He can call you out of the ruin, and wreckage, and death and make you live. This is His word, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life." Will you have it as a gift? If there be any true life in you your answer will be quick and hearty. You will be lost if you do not receive this gift. Your earnings will be paid into your bosom, and dread will be the death which will settle down upon you. The acceptance of a free gift would not be difficult if we were not proud. Accept it—God help you to accept it at once! Even that acceptance will be God's gift; for the will to live is life; and all true life, from beginning to end, is entirely of the Lord.

Beloved, have we accepted that free gift of eternal life? Let us abide in it. Let us never be tempted to try the law of merit; let us never attempt to live by our earnings. No doubt eternal life is a reward in one sense, but it is always a reward of grace, not a reward of debt. The Lord shall give us a crown of life at last as a reward; but even then we shall confess that He first gave us the work by which the crown was won. The Lord first gives us good works, and then rewards us for them. The labor of love is in itself a gift of love. Grace reigns all along; not only in removing sin, but in working virtue.

Finally, are we now abiding in eternal life, trusting in the Son of God, and clinging to His skirts? Then let us live to His glory. Do we know that because He lives, we shall live also? If so, let us show by our gratitude how greatly we prize this gift. We dwell in a world where death is everywhere manifesting itself in various forms of corruption; therefore let us see from what the Lord has delivered us. Let no man boast in his heart that he is not subject to the vile influences which hold the world in its corruption. Let no pride because of our new life ever cross our spirit. Chase every such thought as that away with detestation. If our life be of grace, there is no room for boasting, but much space for soul humbling. When you walk the streets, and hear the groans of the dead in the form of oaths and blasphemies, thank the Lord that you have been taught a more living language. Think of drunkenness and lust as the worms that are bred of the putridity of the death which comes of sin. You are disgusted and horrified, my brethren; but these things would have been in you also but for the grace of God. We are like living men shut up in a charnel house; wherever we turn we see the dreary works of death; but all this should make us grateful to the sacred power which has brought us out of death into spiritual life.

As for others, let us anxiously ask the question—"Can these dry bones live?" Then let us be obedient to the Heavenly vision when the divine Word saith to us, "Son of man, prophesy upon these bones." We must cherish the faith which will enable us to do this. Moreover, a sight of the universal death of unrenewed nature should drive us to prayer, so that we cry, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may

live." This prayer being offered, we should live in hopeful expectancy that the Lord will open the graves of His people, and cause them to come forth and live by His spirit. Oh, for grace to prophesy believingly upon these bones, and say, "O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, Behold I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live." Beloved, we shall yet see them stand up an exceeding great army, quickened of the Lord our God. He delights to burst the bonds of death. Resurrection is one of His chief glories. He heralds resurrection work with trumpets, and angels, and a glorious high throne, because He delighteth in it. The living Jehovah rejoices to give life, and especially to give it to the dead. Corruption flies before Him, grave-clothes are rent, and sepulchers are broken open. "I am the resurrection, and the life," saith Jesus; and so He is even at this hour. O God, save this congregation to the praise of the glory of Thy grace, wherein Thou hast made us to live, and to be accepted in Thy well-beloved Son.—Examiner.

DO THY DUTY

"What shall I do to be forever known?"

Thy duty ever.

This did full many who yet sleep unknown,

Oh, never, never!

Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown

Whom thou know'st not?

By angel trumps in Heaven their praise is blown;

Divine their lot.

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"

Discharge aright,

The simple duties with which each day is rife,

Yea, with thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise

Will life be fled;

While he who ever acts as conscience cries

shall live though dead.

—Schiller.

IMMORTALITY

BY THE REV. SUMNER W. STEVENS

"If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."—Job 14:14.

Each human life is a span that bridges two eternities—the limitless past and the never ending future. And,

"If our life be life, and thought, and will, and love,
Not vague unconscious airs that o'er wild harpstrings move;
If consciousness be aught of all it seems to be,
And souls are something more than lights that gleam and flee,
Though dark the road that leads us thither,
The heart must ask its whence and whither."

I am: my consciousness assures me of this. Now whence came I and whither am I going? One of these pregnant inquiries we find in our text; it is the question whither.

And the patriarch as he puts it is the mouthpiece of humanity in all the ages. Poor Job! How the waves and the billows had swept over him! The Sabceans had fallen upon his herders, slain all but one of them and then driven off his cattle; robber bands of Chaldeans had swept away his camels and killed all the servants who kept them, save only him who escaped to tell the story; then had come the crowning calamity, sorrow's deeper sorrow; the tornado had rushed in its headlong fury upon the house in which were feasting Job's sons and his daughters; the storm wind had smitten the four corners of the building and it had fallen, burying in its wreck and ruin the children of the aged patriarch; and as he sits in the midst of his desolation, he sobs, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble;" then from his aching heart surges up the inquiry, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

And so, likewise, do you and I, at one time or another, ask the ancient question. We want to know,—Is this life all, or is there another and a better? Like the beasts of the field we die; do we like them perish or have we an immortal part which does not decay with the body? In other words, for us does death end all,

or is it but the beginning of another existence, the portal of a new life? We are constantly straining our eyes towards the mists and shadows which hide the great beyond, because we long for a reply to the question of our text, as it has reference both to ourselves and to others.

Not only is it of import for me to know whether after death I shall live again, but I want also to be assured whether that little brother of mine who sleeps in the Dissenters' burying ground in London is to awaken out of his long sleep? How many of you have asked o'er and o'er again the same old question with reference to friends who have set sail from the shores of time to that distant coast from whose harbor no bark ere returns?

Do you remember Pierpont's touching lament over his child?

"I cannot make him dead! His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim with tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

"I know his face is hid under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt; o'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers—he is not there!"

Not there! Where then is he? And so he asks: "My dead child shall he live again?" The old, old question once more, "If a man die shall he live again?" Since it is a question in which we all have an interest, let us this morning seek an answer to the inquiry of the ancient patriarch; and so the theme of our thought shall be "Immortality."

If we turn with expectant face to science, we are doomed to disappointment. Science only shakes her head negatively, when we put to her the query of our text. Her reply is: "No; I can give you no hopeful answer. I have turned my telescope into the far deeps of space, but it brings no news of a land of immortal spirits. With my microscope I have resolved chalk dust into beautiful shells, but the secret is not hidden in things the most minute. The analysis of the retort and the crucible makes no revelation on the subject concerning which you interrogate me. Therefore I can give you no help." And if we turn from science to nature we find that she can give us a helpful suggestion only in the way of

analogy. She bids us behold the grain of corn; it is cast into the ground and is covered by the sod; for a time it seems dead. But look! from the dead grain has sprung a new and more beautiful type of life! If the corn kernel die, in the chill spring it shall live again in the tasseled ear, rejoicing in the brightness of the summer day. And so nature whispers softly, "Hope! Perchance even so shall it be with that form of earthly mold which you, on the dark and cloudy day, bury beneath the sod. Mayhap it, like the grain of corn, shall live again, transformed and glorious in the brighter day of a joyous summer."

But our bright hope is over-clouded when we remember that to the corn comes the November time, when the once bright green blade hangs yellow and sere upon the withered stalk. Death has come once more. So, after all, from the analogy of nature, we learn of a renewal of life, but we obtain no positive information on the great question of Immortality.

Whither, then, shall we turn next for answer? Let us go to Reason and ask of her. And so we put to her the question: "Dies the soul of man with his body, or is its substance deathless, give answer, O, Reason! if thou canst." And in her reply, Reason suggests certain arguments for the Immortality of the soul.

And the first may be termed the ethical argument; the one drawn from our sense of the final triumph of right and justice. If this life be all, then it would seem as though things were much awry in this world. How man takes advantage of justice because she is blindfold. On every hand she is cheated of her right and due. She is hatefully abused, and indignity and outrage are heaped upon her. Those who are professedly her servants and wear her livery, alas, too often betray their trust and soil their ermine. Witness the recent arrest in New York City of certain high dignitaries, for the taking of bribes and corruption in office. See how often injustice tramples upon her pure rival! Behold how she is lifted high upon the shoulders of base men, and from her exalted seat mocks deridingly at justice! And when we see all this triumph of injustice over justice we commune within ourselves, and say, Is it to be forever thus? Has a just God abandoned His holy cause of justice, or is He only biding His time, awaiting the hour when injustice shall be beaten down from her haughty and

usurped place, and justice, pure-robed and spotless, shall be finally and forever triumphant? And in answer to these communings, does not a voice whisper to our hearts? "Yea, there is a better life, where the injustice of this shall be righted."

Again, who has not felt sympathy with David, when he observed the seeming prosperity of the wicked, and the humiliation and adversity which so frequently overtake the righteous? Of the evil man he said: "I have seen the wicked in great power and spreading himself like a green bay tree;" and when he thought on good men he was constrained to say: "Many are the afflictions of the righteous." How often do we see the wrong rampant; the right trodden under foot and overwhelmed, and, with Lowell, we say.

"Careless seems the great Avenger;
History's pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness
Twixt old systems and the Word:
Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne."

Then again comes to our heart a whisper, saying: "Wait; though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis truth alone is strong." Our sense of right demands that somewhere, at some time, this wrong must all be made right, and we think because we do not see it here, there must be another life where right shall be forever on the throne. True, another life is not proved, but our inherent sense of justice and right claims it.

Reason brings forward another argument and this we may call the teleological argument. This is based on the belief that man as an intellectual, moral and religious being, does not attain the end of his existence on earth. Man seems to be endowed with a capacity for indefinite development. You watch the grand and noble expansion of a mind from childhood, through boyhood and youth up to a splendid manhood. You behold then a man like Gladstone, with vast resources of knowledge, with statesmanlike acquisitions and talents which enable him to cope with the great problems of statecraft, and I ask, Is it easy of belief that when such a man dies his life is snuffed out like a candle; that from nothingness he came and thither to nothingness he returns?

Men are mysteriously endowed with lofty aspirations and high ideals. In our nobler moments we all pant and yearn for something better than we have known. Whence come these aspirations and whither do they lead us? Are they but elusive phantoms, will-o'-the-wisps, which we may chase ever with hasting feet, but never attain because our race suddenly ends with the grave? Is it all an illusion, this instinctive feeling that there is a somewhere in which these aspirations may be realized? Or is there a reality corresponding to the ideal; and may not that ideal be attained in the hereafter? Then, further, man is creation's most perfect attainment. He is the intellectual monarch of the brute, and has he no better destiny? Can we believe that the Perfect Wisdom which has made man the culmination of its creature work has not reserved for him a better destiny than that of the best which perisheth? Nay, let us hold with him who wrote: "There must be a hereafter for the full growth of man's powers and for the satisfaction of his aspirations."

A third argument from Reason, for man's Immortality, may be drawn from the human consciousness.

The prevalence of a belief among men of every age and clime in a great hereafter is a striking fact; it is evidence that the idea of Immortality is natural to mankind. The ancient Greeks wrote and spoke of *hades*, the spirit land, and dreamed of happy isles of the blest. The Goth of old sang of the *Walhalla*, the glorious camping-ground of heroes slain in battle. In the far past, the somber Egyptian, too, had his undoubting faith that the soul of man lived on, after it had quitted its mortal frame, and his sacred writings told of the journey of the soul to the other world, there to be judged, and to receive the announcement of its destiny, happy or sorrowful, according as its deeds had on earth been good or evil. A writer on Egypt tells us: "In the mythology of the Egyptians the conflict between *Osiris* and *Typhon* is made to symbolize the struggle between spiritual and intellectual, as well as physical light and darkness, the fight between right and wrong, between life and death, till the resurrection of *Osiris* became the type and symbol of the Immortality of the soul; and to every pious Egyptian the story of the risen *Osiris* is a presage of his own resurrection, and

though, like the god, his body must be burned in the sand of the Western desert, like him too shall he rise again and triumph over death."

And the followers of Mahomet have proved brave and desperate fighters, because of their belief in a paradise of joy for the faithful who should fall in battle. It is said that "in Japan no boatman will save another life, because, as he says, it is all fate and he who interferes with fate will be severely punished in some way. Besides this, the saving of a boatman's life only keeps a chafing soul so much longer in Purgatory, when it ought to be released by the death of a sailor whom the gods seem to have selected for the purpose." An absurd superstition you call this:—granted. Nevertheless it shows that the Pagan Japanese has firm faith in the continued life of the spirit.

And thus we might go on and adduce an indefinite number of illustrations to show how common to men of different tribes and nations is the idea of a future life for the spirit. And if we put to ourselves the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" What is the quick answer returned? Does not your soul and mine shrink from a negative reply, and does it not instinctively and at once make answer, "Yes, he shall?" Do you not remember Bryant's lines to a water fowl? The poet watches the flight of the bird; he notes how its instinct teaches it to fly northward after its temporary sojourn in the south during the ice-bound months of a northern winter. From the flight of the bird he seems to learn the lesson that, as the flying fowl seeks and finds the genial clime which its instinct demands, so for the spirit of man, there is the hereafter which its consciousness requires and demands, and that the one who guides the bird's unerring flight in the long way that he must tread alone will surely guide man's soul aright. And does not this thought find some response in every heart? You find, dear friend, in your heart a yearning for Immortality, does not that very longing or instinct imply a realization of that which is hoped for? Your body hungers, and there is that which shall satisfy its demands; and shall the hunger of the soul be unappeased? Is there no satisfaction for its cravings? But one says: "It is natural for me to doubt the future life of the soul. I am very skeptical on that subject." My friend, did you ever have in your life and

experience a vision of sudden death? Have you without warning felt yourself face to face with the grim messenger? If so, tell me true, in that moment of awful peril, did you then have doubts about the Immortality of the soul? At that instant did not that soul of yours assert loudly its deathless nature?

And there is another hour when it is hard to believe that the soul does not live in a life beyond, and that is when you stand by the bedside of one dearly beloved, who has been pure in thought and deed, and whose pulses are constantly growing more feeble; whose earthly life is fast slipping away. I ask you is it easy then to believe that that beautiful soul with all its fair development is lapsing into nothingness? Nay, rather, are we not impelled to say with Lowell in his heart-wrung lament over his lovely wife:

"Immortal? I feel it and know it, who doubts it of such as she?
But that's the pangs very secret,—Immortal away from me?"

We have made our appeal to Reason, and she has furnished us with arguments for the Immortality of the soul; we have been led to see that the soul by its sense of right and justice, by its aspirations, by its instincts, and from the depths of its consciousness cries out for Immortality; and since a belief in Immortality seems to be natural to mankind, we reason its probability. But here we are obliged to stop; Reason leads us no further, and we must admit that though a probability of a future life for the soul has been established; yet the fact has not been fully demonstrated. In other words, we cannot absolutely prove Immortality by the use of our reasoning faculties. But must we base our hopes on a mere possibility, or at the most a probability? Does the human soul, as it casts its anchor out through the mists into the waves of eternity's deep sea, find nothing firmer to grapple with than the shifting sands of a hopeful chance? Yea, the anchor of the soul may lay hold upon the solid rock; for the Creator has brought life and Immortality to light in His revealed Word. Dimly and obscurely in the Old Testament, clearly and distinctly in the gospel, gloriously and most perfectly in the person of His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Turn we then from the uncertain voice of reason to the more sure word of prophecy, and let us briefly base our final arguments for the Immortality of the soul on the Scriptures.

And first, we will open the pages of the Old Testament and see if they throw light on the great question, "If a man die shall he live again?" Some have thought they failed to find the Immortality of the soul revealed in the Old Testament; and it must be admitted that certain passages taken from their connection, and not interpreted by their relation to other Scripture, might seem to indicate that their authors had little idea of a future existence. But these passages when rightly understood nowhere teach a cessation of the soul's true life at its separation from the body. And while it may be further admitted that the Old Testament does not distinctly teach the doctrines of man's Immortality, still we do claim that it is continually taught by implication, and man's future existence is constantly assumed.

Do you not remember some morning by the shores of the ocean when the mists and vapors hung low over land and sea? It was still early, and ere the sun had mounted far up the eastern sky. But yet at times the low-lying clouds would suddenly lift for a moment and the rays of sunshine would struggle through. So with the Old Testament dispensation. Not yet had the sun of righteousness risen in His full glory. God's revelation concerning the future was vague and dim. Nevertheless, sometimes the mists and shadows grow thin and through the parting vapors flash gleams of Immortality. We can pause this morning to note but two or three of these gleams.

And the first which we shall notice is one that shines out from the pages of the ancient book of Leviticus. In the twenty-third verse of the twenty-fifth chapter Jehovah tells His chosen people that the land is His and they strangers and sojourners thereon with Him; and so He would seem to teach them that even Canaan was not to be their final home, but only the place of their sojourn; and that as pilgrims and strangers upon earth they were to seek a better country, that is an Heavenly; to look for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. In like manner, long years after, when Israel had become a kingdom, David in his prayer to Jehovah in the presence of the congregation of the people confessed concerning himself and his people; "We are strangers before Thee and sojourners as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow and there is none abiding." Another gleam is

the ray of hope which came to Israel's great king in his hour of sorrow and sore bereavement. The child which Bathsheba had borne to him was dead. When the boy lay sick, David had besought God for the child; he had fasted and lain all night on the cold earth. But after the boy was gone, he arose and said, "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept, for I said, who can tell whether God will be gracious to me that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." And so he comforted his sorrow-smitten heart with the thought that though his darling might not return, yet he should go to him. And what of comfort would there have been in the thought, if to go to his boy meant no more than a descent into a hopeless grave? Nay, I think that to David that grave was a portal; the entrance into a new life for the soul in a land fairer than day; its doors had swung open wide that his child might pass, and yet again would they swing on their hinges that he too might find entrance through. And the psalmist's hope of another life beyond the grave is further evidenced by the assured way in which he prophesies the redemption of his own soul from its chill clutches, for in the forty-first Psalm he sings in lofty strain, "God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for He shall receive me."

But these gleams of Immortality which struggle through the mists that envelop the Old Testament on this great theme, pale before the bright light of the gospel and the steady shining of the glorious sun of righteousness. At the appearing of our Savior, Jesus Christ, Who hath abolished death and brought life and Immortality to light through the gospel, then, the shadows and mists and clouds rolled away; and now we turn with hopeful, joyous glance toward the clear deep vault of the everlasting blue.

Leaving then the Old Testament and coming to the New we find that no clouds intervene to dim the light which it throws on the question of our text. We find that its radiance overleaps the chasm which we call the grave and makes a golden pathway over the dark bosom of the rolling river, and we can follow its sheen until the light is reflected back from the jasper walls.

The voices of the apostles give no uncertain sound on the theme of our thought this morning, but they ring out clear and

strong. They teach that while over the wicked the second death, i. e., final and eternal separation from God, has awful power; for the believer, death has been humbled and trampled under foot. And they base their certain expectation of an Immortality of blessedness on Christ's triumph over death, and His gracious promises of everlasting life to those who believe on Him. And so Paul speaks in tones of triumph, and his voice seems to rise to an exultant shout as he proclaims, "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on Immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on Immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victory?'"

And lastly, listen to Him who is the sure pledge of man's resurrection: "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly. He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." Listen to Jesus as He ministers consolation to a sister on whose cheek is the stain of recent tears, mourning a brother dead. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

Hearken yet again. He is communing with a little group of disciples who are somber and sad in anticipation of a bereavement whose prophetic shadow even now overclouds them. "Yet a little while and the world seeth Me no more; but ye see Me; because I live ye shall live also." And thus is life and Immortality brought to light.

I have read that the southern cape of Africa used to be known as the Cape of Tempests because of the violent and dangerous storms encountered by early navigators in doubling it. But a Portuguese sailor discovered a safe passage round the bold promontory and thereafter the old and ominous name gave place to a new and more auspicious one. For the daring navigator had said; "Henceforth it shall be called 'Cape of Good Hope.'" And so to-day that stormy headland bears a name of happy augury.

As man voyages over life's sea he knows that sooner or later he must round the headland called death; it is a storm-beaten promontory; at its base the surges roll and roar, and ocean makes its

ceaseless moan. Beyond the point lies peaceful harbor, but ere it is reached the wave-lashed cape must be doubled, and who does not dread the perilous passage?

But we need no longer fear it. A glorious Pilot doubled that point when the storm raged in its most cruel fury. And if our trust be in Him, because He has weathered the blasts we shall weather them also; because He lives, we shall live also.

Hence need we no more to call death the Cape of Tempests, and rather we may name it the Cape of Good Hope—of a hope that is as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast.

Therefore, this morning, should one ask, “If a man die shall he live again?” let us give the joyous answer, “Yea; because of the glorious resurrection and life of Him who rose triumphant over death nearly nineteen centuries ago.”

“He that believeth hath everlasting life.”—Standard.

IMMORTALITY

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Immortal life is something to be earned,
By slow self conquest, comradeship with Pain,
And patient seeking after higher truths.
We cannot follow our own wayward wills,
And feed our baser appetites, and give
Loose rein to foolish tempers year on year,
And then cry, "Lord, forgive me, I believe,"
And straightway bathe in glory. Men must learn
God's system is too grand a thing for that.
The spark divine dwells in our souls, and we
Can fan it to a steady flame of light,
Whose luster gilds the pathway to the tomb,
And shines on through Eternity, or else
Neglect it till it glimmers down to Death,
And leaves us but the darkness of the grave.
Each conquered passion feeds the living flame;
Each well borne sorrow is a step toward God;
Faith cannot rescue, and no blood redeem
The soul that will not reason and resolve.
Lean on thyself, yet prop thyself with prayer
(All hope is prayer; who calls it hope no more
Sends prayer footsore forth over weary wastes,
While he who calls it prayer gives wings to hope),
And there are spirits, messengers of Love,
Who come at call and fortify our strength.
Make friends with them, and with thine inner self;
Cast out all envy, bitterness and hate;
And keep the mind's fair tabernacle pure.
Shake hands with Pain, give greeting unto Grief,
Those angels in disguise, and thy glad soul
From height to height, from star to shining star,
Shall climb and claim blest Immortality.

CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY

BY THE REV. JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

The doctrine is brilliant and fascinating, but I cannot see that it has any logical coherency.

It is a matter of even more importance that the doctrine has for us no moral attraction; it tends more to spiritual arrogance than to sweet human pity. I have always liked the spirit of the engineer, who, advised to leap for safety as the open draw-bridge yawned just on before him, said, "I will go down with my train." I have always liked the story of the captain of the ocean liner, who, standing on the bridge of his vessel, the surging water climbing to his knees, then to his breast, advised to save himself, said: "Not without my ship," and man-like, met his fate. Immortality for all or none appeals to me as a more perfect good than any conditional Immortality, any Immortality which the good man may acquire, which the bad man must miss. My own personal resentment of annihilation, my own personal desire and longing for some larger life than this, are too intense for me to take up with any theory of conditional Immortality, recommended by whatsoever intellectual ingenuity or personal charm. I should be obliged to fear that if any line were drawn separating those good enough to organize a spiritual body and those not good enough, I should be found on the wrong side of the line.

I have generally observed that those who hold a doctrine of conditional Immortality hold it to their own advantage. Seldom or never does it seem to occur to them that they may fall short of that amount of moral energy which is sufficient to insure continuance beyond the grave. But moral energy is purely relative and, while A, compared with B, may notably excel, compared with C, he may be poor, indeed. Consider that it is not only the world-famed good ones that o'ertop their fellows, but that there are men and women doing humblest service in unwholesome darkness and obscurity, toil-worn mothers, poor men doing hard work, and doing it well, for little pay or thanks; poor, ignorant men servants

and maid servants devoting themselves to those they serve with a divine unselfishness. I can easily conceive that some of these have more of the energy of goodness than some of the world-famous ones and that, if the energy which means perpetuity is nigh by their level, the standard must be exclusive of many who have a good opinion of themselves. Indeed, that any man holding to this doctrine of moral Immortality—Immortality conditioned upon some moral energy—should count himself to have apprehended, would be *prima facie* evidence against him, the conceit of righteousness infecting all his actual good. The old doctrine of election carried with it for all sensitive souls a fear that they might be among the reprobate outside the pale. The new doctrine of selection should carry with it a like fear for all such. Its most comforting assurance would be for the intolerably bad. These could “sin valiantly,” in Luther’s phrase, and have no fear of any reckoning in a future life.

There is another aspect of this doctrine which I find repellent. It is fatal to the Immortality of all the little children who tarry with us but a few short years. These have no moral energy to build for them the Heavenly house. Dr. McConnell is too bravely honest not to recognize this painful incident. He meets it but not confidently with a plea for the transmission of virtue by inheritance. Then all good people should desire an early death for their children, so, evidently, as life goes on, do good people’s children often fall into unrighteousness, and bad people’s children choose the better way. But this whole matter of heredity is debatable ground. Spencer and Weismann are at sword’s points over the question whether acquired traits can be transmitted, so that we are in honor bound to deny ourselves any escape from the painful implications of conditional Immortality touching the little children on this ground. And in the meantime to commend the doctrine with these implications to the heart of sorrowing motherhood would be utterly impossible.

There is another objection to the doctrine which is, if possible, more damaging. It is that it secures Immortality for those who have least need of it, denies it to those who have most need of it. Bringing these things to an ideal standard, must we not say, “If any are to perish, let it be those who have already known the good of life, not those who have never tasted this?” Death, eternal

death, were not so terrible to contemplate for those who, in this present life, have loved truth and virtue with a great affection, who have devoted themselves to high causes, who have done much to widen the skirts of light and make peace and charity prevail. But to die before one has begun to live, that is another matter. And there are those—O God, how many—who do this, if there is no opportunity for them “in other kingdoms of a sweeter air.” And through no fault of theirs. Conceived in wickedness, they are born into the life of crime. There is a steady pressure on them of both persons and events to keep them down, to make them cruel, mean and hard. And if the ideal is to have any determination of these things, must it not be that these must have a chance. Must we not cry, “Blot out the saints and heroes if there is not room for all, the men and women who have already known the splendors of the moral life, but spare these poor unfortunates who have done nothing well and could do nothing well, they were so broken down and overborne. Perish the good and true if only so the false and bad, the robbers, murderers, deceivers, may yet come to know “how awful goodness is and virtue in her shape how lovely; see and feel their loss, and even though late, attain unto that glory which they had in the beginning before the world was with God, the glory of a manhood beautiful and perfect and entire.” The spirit of the Buddhist vow seems to me vastly better than the spirit of this doctrine of conditional Immortality: “Never will I accept private individual salvation, never will I enter into final peace alone (or with a chosen few), but forever in all worlds, so long as there is sin, sorrow and suffering, I will seek no escape, choosing to be with these.”

I have no word of blame for those who seek to penetrate the awful mysteries. Let those who must praise those who modestly confine themselves to questions that are easily answered and do much exceed in difficulty the paying of the butcher's and the grocer's bill, which sometimes is quite enough. Give me the mind which, like a Nansen or a Peary, flings itself on the unknown with dauntless purpose and resolve. The world is infinitely intelligible, and, because we have so far had poor success on certain lines, it does not follow that there awaits us here no final victories. And in these searchings of the spirit we must not be in haste in call any method common or unclean. No deep sea dredging is a particularly

sweet and pleasant work, I fancy, and yet it brings some precious truths to light. I set no limits to the power of man to penetrate the mysteries of God. The Unknown is He still, for the most part, not the Unknowable. Nor is it as if science had made no advance upon the road to the great secret of a future life. It has not gone so far as to confess its inability to oppose a negative to our daring hope. It has, I think, done more than this. The greatest of all modern discoveries, that of the conservation of energy, requires the conservation of that force of mind, of heart, of conscience, which often shows no diminution while the body's strength "melts from the smallness of a gnat to air." The law of correlated growth brings further confirmation. The hope of an Immortal life is correlated with all intellectual and moral growth, and if "it is impossible to God to lie," that correlation is the pledge of the eternal that our hope shall not be put to shame.

But if the voice of science were peremptorily hushed, the assurance of Immortal life would find the nourishment that it has always found, and that would be sufficient for our need. Indeed, one sometimes dreads the certainty of science here, as if it would despoil our relations to another life of that religious character which has inhered in them as compact of the great, reasonable hope which grows and grows just in proportion as the mind and heart and conscience have their proper exercise in the pursuit of truth and love and righteousness. If God is good, it seems impossible that what is best in us should nourish the great hope and in the event our souls be choked with dust. Wherefore, O friends, I bid you come with me and we will fling ourselves with glad abandon on this hope, while making no pretense that we can see, as yet, the fashion of the things to be, leaving all this to the sufficiency of God.

The power of an endless life—not the power which created it as fact, but the power which creates it in our bosom as a religious hope—is it not that life of thought and love and consecrated will with which death, save as the entrance on a higher life, seems utterly incongruous? The power of an endless life—the power this hope exerts upon our lives—it should at least be that declared by the apostle when he said: "Every man who hath this hope purifieth himself." Men and women are extremely voluble about this glorious mystery. They believe in Immortality. Oh, yes; and in

the recognition of friends, and that those whom we have loved and lost are very near to us, and all that. Do they really and actually believe these things? Sometimes it seems to me that they do not; that if they did they would not do and say so many things which would not bear the light of those dear eyes which we can never relume. The power of an endless life—it ought to be a power that will compel a man to stand up like a tower, four square to all the winds that blow, a defense for any who are weak or suffering, a challenge to the arrogance of those evil powers which come up against us and demand our base surrender to their rule and sway. To actually believe in Immortality is to be sufficient for these things. —Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

A PSYCHOLOGIST ON IMMORTALITY

On those subjects which lie nearest the human heart, men are apt to distrust professional advocates in the crises of the inner struggle. Thus some sorely tempted souls, when doubt of the unseen realities and the changeless truths rolls upon them, turn from the minister and the theologian, to find their comfort in some homely cottage where dwell true children of eternity, acquainted with the Almighty. At similar times men of another type wander aimlessly to and fro in the bypaths of science, seeking some opening through the tangled thickets of this world to Heaven's highway. A hint from a scientist, a "may be," from a man whose dictum has so often been a "cannot be," is sometimes counted worth all a poet's wealth of vision or a prophet's devout assurance.

These hints, these incidental admissions of science, may be easily overestimated by eager advocates. They are none the less significant. In a lecture by Prof. William James, of Harvard University, believers in Immortality will find a most stimulating and helpful discussion of two objections current among scientific men at the present day. Prof. James, whose main work as a psychologist, the author of standard treatises, is best known to the public, has filled a unique place in the Harvard philosophical faculty as an impartial critic of popular fallacies. There seems

to be nothing he enjoys so well as taking up in the class-room some ponderous and formidable system of philosophy like Herbert Spencer's and guiding his students in the merciless dissection of mystifying definitions and the sounding of unfathomable nonsense. The materialistic corollaries of over-zealous psychologists have found in him an unsparing enemy. For a psychologist of the modern school he has shown himself singularly hospitable to idealism. He has stoutly maintained the ethical supremacy of the will. In a volume of his essays published not long ago, two papers on "The Will to Believe" and "Is Life Worth Living?" have already been turned to the direct service of religion by Christian teachers quick to seize the fresh arguments presented by one who approaches ethical topics by a path still almost untrodden.

In the lecture referred to, which has been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., under the title, "Human Immortality," Prof. James answers two supposed objections to human Immortality. The first is based on the familiar formula of modern physiological psychology, "Thought is a function of the brain." This, as popularly interpreted, means that the brain produces thought as an electric battery produces light; and it follows, apparently, that when the brain decays, thought must be annihilated. Prof. James' answer to this objection is simple enough in form, but highly abstract in substance; so that it cannot be fairly indicated here. It depends on his explanation of the term "function." Besides productive function, there is what he calls permissive function, illustrated by the trigger of a gun, which simply releases the latent energy in the gunpowder by concussion; and also transmissive function, of which a colored glass or a prism is an example. The glass or the prism produces neither the light nor its color, but merely transmits already existing light, determining and limiting its intensity, direction and color. It is the transmissive function which Prof. James suggests may be nearest the real office of the brain. Consciousness may be the individual manifestation of a permanently existing mental, or as we might say spiritual, reality. The author's argument throughout is hypothetical. He is far from maintaining any complete system of idealism; he does not attempt to defend his suggested theory against the objection that Immortality which consisted in a gliding back into the stream of world-consciousness could hardly retain that personal identity

which, to our mind, is the most essential element of a future life. It is at best a hint that he gives us, a glimpse into new fields of thought. For this some of us, at least, are grateful.

The second objection which he answers is altogether concrete, and both objection and answer are intelligible to readers without philosophical training. It is an objection that a child might raise, yet one that troubles the wisest minds. If man be immortal, how inconceivable, how intolerable, how far beyond the individual imagination or sympathy of any one of us, must be the number of the undying. The unseen world, one fancies, must be so crowded that the Almighty Himself would almost have to reckon its inhabitants by logarithms. In Prof. James' picturesque phrase, "the tiresomeness of an over-peopled heaven" oppresses our puny imagination with a lingering doubt whether so vast a vision may not be after all a dream. In a passage of singular beauty the author brushes aside these questionings of little minds staggered by the tremendous sum of conscious beings. The difficulty arises, says he, from our selfish blindness to the worth of the individual, as estimated by the individual.

You take these swarms of alien kinsmen as they are for you: an eternal picture painted on your retina, representing a crowd, oppressive by its vastness and confusion. 'Tis you who are dead, stone-dead and blind and senseless, in your way of looking on. You open your eyes upon a scene of which you miss the whole significance. Each of these grotesque or even repulsive aliens is animated by an inner joy of living as hot or hotter than that which you feel beating in your private breast. The sun rises and beauty beams to light his path. To miss the inner joy of him, as Stevenson says, is to miss the whole of him. It is absurd to suppose, simply because our private power of sympathetic vibration with other lives gives out so soon, that in the heart of infinite being itself there can be such a thing as plethora, or glut, or super-saturation. * * * God has so inexhaustible a capacity for love that His call and need is for a literally endless accumulation of created lives. He can never faint or grow weary, as we should, under the increasing supply. His scale is infinite in all things. His sympathy can never know satiety. Was your taste consulted in the peopling of this globe? How, then, should it be consulted as to the peopling of the vast City of God? Let us put our hand

over our mouth, like Job, and be thankful that in our personal littleness we ourselves are here at all. The Deity that suffers us, we may be sure, can suffer many another queer and wondrous and only half-delightful thing.

It is likely that we should differ from Prof. James as to the very meaning of Immortality; certainly as to the process by which it is achieved. But for the thought he has here suggested, the limitless sympathies of a Creator who knows each man as the man knows himself, again we thank him. One said unto Jesus, "Lord, are they few that be saved?" And He said, "Strive to enter in by the narrow door; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able." But they that are saved are not few. "Behold, a great multitude, which no man could number, out of every nation, and of all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands; and they cry with a great voice, saying, Salvation unto our God, which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb."

LIFE THAT HAS NO END

BY THE REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

I know that my Redeemer liveth.—Job 19:25.

Because I live, ye shall live also.—John 14:19.

In every age the master minds have believed in Immortality. For the sons of genius and liberty the soul is cosmical, not planetary. Immortality seems an infinite invitation upward. In Tennyson and Browning the spring tides of life run so deep and strong; for Emerson and Lowell life is so full of laughter and songs and sighs, so full of struggle and victory, that hope expands the handful of years into Immortality. Call the roll of the great names of history, and each inspirational nature will contribute some testimony to faith, akin to Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality." In these children of beauty and culture hope vaults forward like a rainbow into the deep future; and no Tennyson cares one whit because the archangel's wing is not strong enough to return and report what lies at the end of hope's beauteous bow.

As those who dwell inland from the coast ever hear the muffled sound of the distant sea, so he who lingers long o'er Hamlet or Lear will hear unceasingly the waves of the infinite sea breaking upon the eternal shores. Each Dante and Milton also shows us sky rising above sky, and Heaven over-arching Heaven, even as one star rides high above another star. Upon this raft of reason Socrates sailed down the river of life, and when the night fell and the ocean heaved dimly in the vast dark, with a tranquil face he put boldly out and sailed the sea with God alone toward that eternal continent where light is ever constant beyond earth's gloom. And with like faith Plato looked forward unto that realm where earth's exiles shall be disentangled from the toils of ignorance and sin. Even Plutarch saw the earth exhaling its spirits into the sky, as the sea sheds Heavenward its whitest mists and purest clouds. Not even an atheistic education availed for extirpating in John Stuart Mill the faith of personal Immortality. After all life's fierce conflicts with doubts and questions a remnant hope still survives in each Greg and Mill, and this fact witnesseth to Immortality

far more strongly than does faith in some believing Browning. In great men Immortality is reason prophesying. The hope of Immortal life dies only with a dying God, just as the falling planets would mean the falling of the central sun.

Emerson profoundly says: "When the Maker of the universe has points to carry in His government He impresses His will in the structure of minds." Thus, in all the animal and vegetable world, the wish of the Creator is organized into the created. The maker of each loom or press accompanies his mechanism with a book of directions concerning the tapestry that will be woven or the pages that will be printed. In like manner we may logically infer that the divine mind will accompany each rose bush, each apple tree, each skylark, each human heart, with a handbook of directions called instincts and automatic forces. Now nature has fulfilled this expectancy. No rose bush is ever left in doubt as to whether it should be as red blossoms or thorns and thistles. To each young bird there comes a secret voice, bidding it trust its weight to untried wings and soft air. Through the boundless sky also the inner voice guides the water fowl in certain flight. Obeying these voices, the fish swims, the bee hives its sweets, the bird builds its nest. Having never once been deceived by these secret instincts the vegetable and animal realm attain the end of their being and fulfill their destiny. From these instincts in the creature science learns how to interpret the plan of the Creator. Each Agassiz returns from his survey of the world with the feeling that his hopes are God's written guarantees of Immortality.

It is as if all nature had broken into voice and through the soul uttered her "everlasting yes." He who meets the bird's wing with air that bears it up, the fish's fin with water that yields to its movement; he who meets the eye with sunlight and beauty; the ear with sweetness and melody; hunger with bread, and thirst with flowing springs, hath filled the soul also with hunger for Immortal life, with thirst for eternal love. At times this hunger becomes so great that man could stretch up his hands and eat the planets like small cakes; his thirst is so deep that the earth itself is but a small sup for the soul to drink in. Did God give man this infinite hunger only to find afterwards that his generosity had involved him in penury, so making it impossible to furnish man with bread wherewith to satisfy this hunger? This would make the Infinite

to be poverty stricken or a moral monster. Here millions die in ignorance and millions in sin. The joy of one heart is marred by the anguish of another; the wealth and beauty of one street by the pathetic poverty and shame of another; the music of one voice is destroyed by the moans of another. But God doth tempt all men upward toward the Heavenly heights with dreams of a land whose clime is eternal spring, whose air is perpetual music, whose life is endless joy. These aspirations and instincts are liens upon Immortal life. They are stepping stones that slope through darkness up to God. Out of them science and faith is building a new Heaven and a new earth.

Now human life is a colossal enigma without Immortality. The hypothesis of a future life alone can explain man's troubles and solve his mysteries. The inequalities of society baffle all intellects. Bad men rise to the throne, the good are forced to the wall. Tyrants dwell in kings' palaces, heroes starve in dungeons. Often vice wears purple and fine linen; sometimes virtue eats crusts and wears rags. When William Tell was denied his vine and fig tree, wicked men drove in chariots from palaces in the city to villas in the country. Why is it the heroes of liberty and religion have been hunted like partridges upon the mountains? Tiberius flung his victims over the precipice into the sea. Nero lighted up his gardens with blazing martyrs. But these tyrants lived on to the end in splendor, and died on soft rosebeds as did the murderers of Socrates. Meanwhile, where are the patriots of liberty, whose life was one long struggle against tyranny and oppression? Where are your fathers, who sleep at Shiloh and Gettysburg, where the hill-sides are all billowy with graves? What about that mound in the forests of Africa where Livingstone fell? If death ends all what compensation had Savonarola and William the Silent and Lincoln? The inequalities of mind and heart are greater.

Oliver Twist, living in Fagin's den, his teachers thieves, his trade crime, his only education gained in the school of iniquity, gives us pause; but Oliver Twist stands for multitudes of orphan boys in every city. Our physical atmosphere is laden with soot and smoke. No statue in the park but is blackened, no picture on the wall but holds some grime. Every marble in the gallery has some black dust on the white forehead. Thus man's moral world is full of ignorance and sin. Every mind hath suffered some injury,

and every heart is heavy with some pain. Trouble is big with mystery. Against its granite wall in vain we strike our black and bleeding forehead. Than Job none hath done more to solve it. If this is all, then for the multitude suicide is life's chiefest boon. But death brings compensation, and beyond all wrongs may be righted. Beholding in the perfected race the fruitage of their toil, the patriot and martyr will find in their continued life the explanation of life's every ill.

Moreover, if a man is Immortal, his ideals and aspirations, unfulfilled here, may be realized hereafter. In imagination, every plan is complete and every ideal perfect. Each purpose hangs before the mind's eye like a Heavenly vision. But the ideals suffer grievously in the work of embodiment. By the time the plan has passed through man's mind and been formulated, it is crippled and sadly disfigured. Beethoven tells us his polished symphony is but an empty echo of the Heavenly music he heard in his dream. The generations have gazed enraptured upon Raphael's Sistine Madonna. But the artist painted it with anxious face and left it with troubled and disappointed heart. Try as he would, the painting as we see it is only a photograph of the vision Raphael saw, but could not fully realize upon the canvas. What poet or prophet ever fully uttered all his dreams? What philanthropist ever realized all his reforms? What statesman ever overtook his ideals? Does not each new discovery open a thousand new and hitherto unsuspected possibilities for the inventor? Dying at eighty, Humboldt was still an eager student. Feeling that he had just begun to learn how to study, the great naturalist exclaimed, "Oh, for another hundred years!"

But what if there is another life? If Humboldt here thought through gross nerves and brain, what if there he can think through fine ether? What if Beethoven has completed the chords broken and interrupted here? What if Socrates has finished the argument interrupted by the jailer's hemlock, and justified the ways of God, to Critias? The canvas Raphael painted has endured for three centuries. But has God ordained that the canvas shall be preserved while the artist has fallen into dust? Is "In Memoriam" more than Tennyson? Is St. Paul's more than Sir Christopher Wren, its architect? Is the leaf to live, while the tree dies? Reason and conscience whisper, it cannot be. If thoughts

live, the thinker cannot die. To suppose that death ends all is intellectually as absurd as it is morally monstrous. Because God lives, His children shall live also.

Moreover, if man survives death, we have the explanation of the early dying of those from whom society has the right to expect the most of good. The list of illustrious ones whose star sank back to the horizon before it had approached its zenith is long and sad. At twenty-two Keats knew that he must die, and wrote his epitaph, "Here lies one whose name is writ in water." And Shelley, his friend, whose soul-rising poured forth sweet notes, like the skylark of which he sang, died when nearly thirty-one. No man in all his generation had a clearer vision, or promised more for his age, than Frederick Robertson. Dying at thirty-seven, the scholar-preacher explained: "It is all a great mystery; I am like a candle blown out by a puff of wind." In a single week after Fort Sumter was fired upon the colleges of our land stood silent; deserted all their classrooms. When several years had passed the rooms had filled again, but not with the old students! How pathetic, also, the death of the ten-talent minds, to fame and fortune all unknown.

Several years ago some one clipped a little poem from an obscure country paper and sent it to a great magazine. Scholars read it with rapture. An inquiry for its author was instituted. This poem, bearing the marks of supreme genius, proved to have been written by a boy—a section hand upon the railway, who was dead. This we know—no more. Why did the harp break after the first song was sung? Why died that noble boy, the Arthur Hallam whose genius promised so much for English literature? Young Charles Emerson rose above Harvard College like a rising sun; if that sun perished when it disappeared, what signified its rising? The forbidden builders are a great multitude. Angels have entered our homes—their footprints graves. Departing with them have gone our dear ones who were best fitted to live. With long life, from them there was nothing, nothing we might not have expected. Gladstone is eighty-seven, but his voice hath not lost its charm. Pope Leo is eighty-six, and his mind still hath its cunning. Bismarck is eighty-one, but his iron will and purpose is still potent. Had Robertson and Shelley and Arthur Hallam and all these children of genius lived to eighty and beheld the golden set-

ting of life's sun, what treasure might have come to our generation! If death is all, then is folly changeable upon the universe. But if life goes on beyond the grave, if these royally endowed ones continue their creative work under new and higher conditions, if there Raphael's best work awaits our admiring vision, if Keats and Charles Emerson are singing there, then physical death ceases to be an absurdity and becomes the highest wisdom.

Moreover, the withheld completions of life ask for Immortality. Life is full of wrecks and failures. The march of the generation is like the march of an army that is accompanied with heavy losses. In each great campaign some soldiers fall by the way overcome by heat; some fall through hunger and exhaustion; and wounded ones are ever dropping out of the column, to die in the thicket, unmissed and uncared for. Myriads there are who end their career having reared no house, fashioned no tool, bridged no chasm, written no book, lent no incitements to virtue. The larva eats its way out of its cradle, consumes the leaves upon the bough and falls back into dust. Thus whole tropic races live only an animal life, using the mind to gain supplies for the body. They were born, they ate, they died—this is their history. With others failure is ancestral. A hundred years ago the weapon that wounded them started upon its way. Many, through a single mistake, have wrecked life and happiness. A traveler crossing some mountain pass may indeed fulfill a thousand right steps, but by one hour of carelessness slip upon the precipice and henceforth go crippled, and by one error some have overthrown a thousand deeds of uprightness.

Others pass their early life in districts remote from knowledge and wisdom, and only in middle life discover their power. These rude and undeveloped ones are like geodes—outwardly they are rude and rough, inwardly they hold flashing crystals. Some end their career wholly unrecognized by those who walk through life beside them. As in these Western prairies men plow and plant their harvests over veins of coal lying hidden and unsuspected; as in the Western mountains men build their cabins over hidden veins that hold fabulous wealth were they discovered, so some men complete life and fall on death never knowing, never dreaming that talent and skill were latent in them, like undigged treasure. And others there are who if this life ends all are indeed most miserable,

in that they involved in grievous suffering those dearest to them. When the thunder bolt smites the tree in the forest, it also blackens the beauteous vines and flowers that wrap it round. And sometimes when society visits its scorching penalties upon the wrongdoer it also smites the innocent mother or wife or child.

The most piteous part of those letters that come from Mexico and foreign climes, whither men have fled from the consequences of their evil deeds, is their consciousness of suffering brought upon the innocent wife or mother. That man hath blighted other lives lends agony to agony itself, and adds poignancy to deepest pain. And oh! with what desire do such men beseech God for an opportunity of retrieving their errors, and sins! In the best goodness is only germinal. Men go toward death stored with latent faculties and forces, just as our winter-bound earth goes toward May stored with myriad germs and seeds, waiting for summer to unlock and send them forth to bud and blossom and fruitage. There are unexplored riches in the human constitution. What is man? No one knows. Many of his faculties exist in him like unwrapped tools in a box—not even examined, much less named. Three or four of his forty faculties ask threescore years for development—the other latent powers ask an immortal life for growth beyond the grave.

If, then, death ends all, life is robbed of its dignity and deeper meanings. Man spends seventy years toiling upon his industries, his arts, his books, his friendships. Each achievement in character is a victory after a fierce battle. No wisdom comes unasked, no virtue stays unurged. Character in man is like beauty in the statue, it asks for infinite pains. But no Phidias would toil unceasingly upon his Parthenon if he knew that once the peerless temple was completed the destroyer's hand would pull it down, leaving not one stone upon another. Praxitels would hardly have carved his matchless Venus, fronting the certainty that when the last finishing touches had been given some enemy would lift the hammer and break the precious marble into a thousand fragments. Our generation builds its libraries and galleries, its temples of science and religion in the hope of permanency, and sends these structures down as heritages to coming generations, even as Henry VII. sent Westminster Abbey down to the London of our day.

Thus also the highest motives for culture and character come from the thought of permanency and personal existence in a future life. Good men cannot abide the thought that, dying, they will be unwelcome and unknown when they enter the presence of the patriots and heroes, the brave and true and great of yesterday. The thought that character achieved not only lends happiness here, but happiness and worth hereafter, supports them in the long, fierce conflict with ignorance and sin. Dignity and honor can hardly attach to him who journeys forward toward a black hole in the ground. In view of the difficulties that confronted Clay and Garfield, in view of their days of poverty, their nights of study and struggle, the harsh winds that assailed their bark; in view of the fact that when death overtook them they had scarcely begun to work out their dreams, it seems difficult to believe that the brief and fragmentary success achieved in this life was worthy the heavy price they paid.

We joyfully confess there is more happiness in virtue than in vice, in culture than in ignorance. But if man builds a house just in time to die and have one's body carried out of it; if he gives himself to unceasing study, to find that threescore and ten years avail only for gathering a single handful of flowers from each garden, a single cluster from each of earth's many vineyards; if he founds a business only to discover that the outlay of strength means that the business must pass into other hands; if he loves and is loved, binding and being bound with hooks of steel, only to find that all dear ones must be torn from his arms; if this is all, is man more than the insect of an afternoon? Has life's game been worth the candle? It is the immortal realm that lends life its exalted meanings and messages. Let us believe with Tennyson, that man is supported here by the hope that "life shall live forevermore."

Today science is uniting with faith to strengthen the argument for Immortality. Gone forever the age when science denies the future life! No scholar is more distinguished than Professor Pope, who says: "He who believes personal Immortality is unscientific is one who believes on insufficient evidence." In view of phisic phenomena as yet unaccounted for; in view of thought transference, mental suggestion and telepathy, the great scientists

of all countries scorn the expression, "Brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile" and hold that as now the mind uses brain and nerve, it may later on use ether.

Call the roll of the great chemists, physicists, and biologists of Germany and England and almost without exception they are on record as teaching that death does not end all. The preparation of this vast world house, its adornment and furnishing by millions of years of preparatory work; the development under divine guidance of man's intellectual and spiritual forces, to the end only that man may live an average of only three and thirty years, turns the universe into a riddle without any meaning. Has the world architect and artist toiled for nothing? Is man ephemeral "a bubble that bursts, a vision that fades?" A thousand times nay! answers that new science represented by John Fiske.

"I believe in the Immortality of the soul," says the scholar. "Not in the sense in which I believe in the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work." The old skeptical science is becoming obsolete. Atheism has gone into bankruptcy again. Nature has ceased to be a rival of God. Nature is only the physical body through which God works. Nature as a self-sufficing mechanism has disappeared. The old science emphasized physical facts and forces. But the new science says that the idea is a fact as truly as a paving stone. Drop a stone out of a high window and it kills the man on whom it falls. But Garrison dropped from his window a tiny piece of paper on which was written, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," and that idea fell upon slavery with the force of ten thousand earthquakes and ground it into powder.

During the American revolution, when the English Secretary of War urged the increase of the troops in Boston, until their guns outnumbered the guns of the Americans, Pitt is reported to have said: "We must reckon not so much with their guns as with their sentiments of liberty." The great statesman knew that not rifle balls, but sentiments, win battles. And the new science perceives that instincts and aspirations in the mind are facts of nature that must be interpreted and accounted for by reason, as truly as a stone in the hand.

That little oratorical episode beginning, "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities; we cry aloud,

the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry," represents in popular form the old scientific scholarship. But the new science laughs at this crude culture. Only very ignorant people can any longer say, "We do not know, because no one ever came back." But no wide-spreading, acre-covering oak of 200 years ever put off its gianthood, folded up its stature and went back to an infant acorn. No Webster ever became an infant a second time and entered the cradle that he might whisper to the new-born babe the experiences of his superb physical manhood. Nature whispers to each babe, "The sage and seer may not return to you, but you may go to them." Nature whispers to each artist pupil, "Your master may not return to you, but you may go to his side." In all the realm of field and forest, of land and sea and sky, there has never been a ripe mature thing that has returned to unripeness in order to become the instructor of crudeness and rawness. If a thousand statesmen, dying, returned to unfold free institutions to a babe the going back would avail nothing. The babe must go up to Lincoln's level to understand his message. Only a sage can understand a sage! Only a seer can understand a seer! Man must go up adding sense to sense, and faculty to faculty, in order to prove scientific demonstration of the future life.

From these intimations of Immortality nature asks each to weave in one cumulative argument a chain that may not be broken. Mathematical proof may not be possible for every mind. That man should live again is not so strange as that man should live at all. Now that Watt's engine has been invented it is easy to foretell its continuance. Newton's mind is more than the clod beneath his feet. But Neptune is only many clods brought together. It is inconceivable that the great God grants an orbit of millions of years to that wintry clime and clod called Neptune, but gives Newton, the philosopher, whose mind squeezes the planet for truth as the hand squeezes an orange, a career of but three score years and ten. Does God make the "Iliad" to endure, and permit its author to fall into dust? When a benefactor has bestowed a thousand favors upon some youth, and so carries himself as to imply another gift, it would be an act of supreme meanness to doubt the continued kindness of the benefactor. The noble mind and the generous heart will trust God for the larger hope. God lures the soul forward by filling the soul with dreams of a

land where rude speech has become eloquence; where the misshapen face gives place to lustrous beauty; where the one-talent man shall go on toward supremest genius; where, like the tree of life, each mind shall bear fruit every month; where music is marred by no discord; where all love all and all serve all; where life means growth, power, maturity, beauty; where the sorrows and woes of hero and patriot and parent shall hang on the walls of memory like the shields of vanquished enemies. For this is the Immortal life and the eternal love that Christ hath brought to light. As at the northern cape the midnight sun sinks below the horizon, only to flash up again in the dawn of a new day, so man dies, that he may live again. Man is God's child. Because God lives, man shall live also.—Inter-Ocean.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor:
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure.
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare.
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea,
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave!
It matters little or naught to me.
But whether the Angel of Death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

—From the Swedish.

LIVING IN ETERNITY

BY THE REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

“He lives wisely who lives in eternity: our citizenship is in Heaven.” The gait of the Christian as he moves should indicate that he is not simply walking for exercise, but traveling towards a city which hath foundations; he has hardly time to take off his sandals or to set down his staff; he says, “I can tarry but a night.” Whither art thou bound, then? For the infinite, the eternal, the invisible; give me bread and water for the moment,—I hasten to the feast of God. Let us say that there is more or less of ideality in this: what would life be without its ideal views, its prophetic outlook, its genius of grasping the future? “Let us eat and drink; for tomorrow we shall die,” is a fool’s creed, even if it were true as to time. Say we die tomorrow, to eat and drink today is a beast’s recreation. Say there is no third day, that life is made up of to-day and tomorrow, even then the right way is to abstain from eating and drinking, so far as they are exercises merely ministrant to the flesh,—even then it were best to do good, to suffer for others, to dry the tear of sorrow, to help the lame, and lead the blind, and sing to those who are ill at ease. So that any way, even if there be no third day, it is better to live the upper life; and if there be a third day, and if that third day be a gate swinging back upon eternal duration, then blessed are they, and they only, whose lives are hidden with Christ in God.

ARE WE ASHAMED OF IMMORTALITY?

The question is not intended to be irreverent, but serious. Has the time come when a man should hesitate to speak of a distinct belief in the fact that there is a life after death? Is the agnosticism concerning the details of the world to come to be so dominant as to prevent our using that gospel which promises a Heaven? Shall we close our New Testaments and find consolation in psychical research? Any one who has followed the course of practical religious thought during the last few years cannot have failed to recognize the gradual lessening of emphasis upon the resurrection both of Jesus and of men. Even hymns that speak about Heaven are reserved for funerals. There has grown up a habit of treating all matters pertaining to life after death by way of allusion. We are told that the resurrection is present in the higher life, the moral uplift in human hearts. We are told that the life that now is is very much more certain than the life which is to come, and that we can very well let the future be settled by the present. In other words, although we should hesitate to say that we disbelieve in Immortality, we have belittled it and apologized for believing in it until it is no longer a great force in human life. It is "under investigation."

That is why we have trouble in our preaching. That is why we have preferred to turn our ministers into entertainers rather than to keep them prophets and priests. That is why men do not listen to ethical preachers unless they are "interesting." A morality that hesitates to speak of Heaven and hell is a very delicate, hectic mother of saints. You cannot get a man to be good on general principles. He wants to know something definite as to the outcome of his career. For practical purposes, if there is no hell we must invent one; if there is no Heaven we must invent that, too. Anything is better than sweet pictures and appeals to butterflies coming out of caterpillars.

You tell us, you writers of beautiful sentences printed on thick, cream-colored paper and bound in beautiful covers, you tell us that we should sacrifice for the benefit of other people. But

why? Why should they not sacrifice for us? Is it not just as much their duty to be altruistic as it is ours? You urge us to lay down our lives for the benefit of the race and for human solidarity, and tell us soul-thrilling stories borrowed from Victor Hugo. But why? Why should we sacrifice ourselves for posterity? If neither we nor they have anything more than a life here, why should we be so keen upon preserving a race of bipedal animals who wear clothes? Existence between birth and death does not seem to most of us sufficiently attractive to warrant maintaining it at all costs. And it is very difficult to discover the basis of morality in a stock farm.

Convince us that the story of the gospel is true, and that death does not close the book for us and ours, and you convince us that life has its great values in the newer stage for development into which men are going. Then we have something definite to think about, some hope worth acting upon, some motive that will lead to sacrifice. That sort of gospel will not be impotent. The Christian church professes to hold this great fact of the future life revealed by Jesus as its chief treasure; the Christian professes to believe it; a Christian preacher has promised to preach it. If there be no Immortality, if you please, poetize about spring and cocoons and ethical uplifts; only don't think you are preaching the gospel. If there be a gospel, and if there be Immortality, why be ashamed to talk about it?—Christendom.

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